

# Collier's

TEN CENTS

JUNE 8, 1946

© THE CADWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WEEKLY HOME COMPANION



## ATOMIC TEST CASE

BY VICE-ADMIRAL

VALUABLE  
Note

Francis Chase

*they're Sleek*

... and in tune with the times!  
See how the point of the Citation  
is cunningly protected by the barrel, yet  
visible, no "blind" writing! Yours  
for only \$8.75, or \$13.00 with  
matching pencil. (Plus tax)



*they're Slim*



*they're Trim*

Trim, smooth, glossy, and dainty-fresh  
is this new Waterman's Taperite with  
its lustrous Gold Cap and flattery  
tapered barrel. It's the Stateleigh,  
and costs only \$13.50, or \$19.25  
with matching pencil.

(Prices plus tax)



*they're Terrific!*

A "conventional design" pen can  
be slim . . . look at this sleek-yet-hunky, up-to-  
the-minute-styled Waterman's Medalist!

Priced at \$8.75 for the pen, or \$12.50  
the set...no tax. Others from \$3.50.

Have you any "graduates" in your family? They'll surely go for one of  
these scintillating, luxurious new Waterman's pens! They catch the eye,  
flatter the hand, and fairly skim over paper! Behind their beauty are the  
skill, the care, the accuracy in their making that have made Waterman's  
a favorite for more than 60 years. Points still ground by hand...

Ink Feeds still fashioned to microscopic accuracy . . . yes, precision is still  
the standard of Waterman's, America's oldest pen maker. A Waterman's  
is one of the most pleasure-giving, long-lasting presents you can  
give. And service on every pen, from \$8.75, is guaranteed 100 years,  
whenever it is returned to the factory with 35¢. See the new Waterman's  
at your dealer's now . . . so sleek, so slim, so trim, they're beautiful!

L. E. Waterman Company, New York 15, N. Y.

UNION MADE

WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE!

Waterman's famous Blue-Black Ink  
far out-writes other inks . . . yes, up to  
6,500 extra words per filling. It's  
all ink . . . nothing added, no harmful  
solvents, no dilution. Also in seven  
other colors, all in the handy  
Tip-Fill bottle . . . all only 10¢.



# Waterman's

Hear Gang Busters Saturday night, 9:00 E. T., 8:00 C. T., 7:00 M. T., 9:00 P. T.—ABC

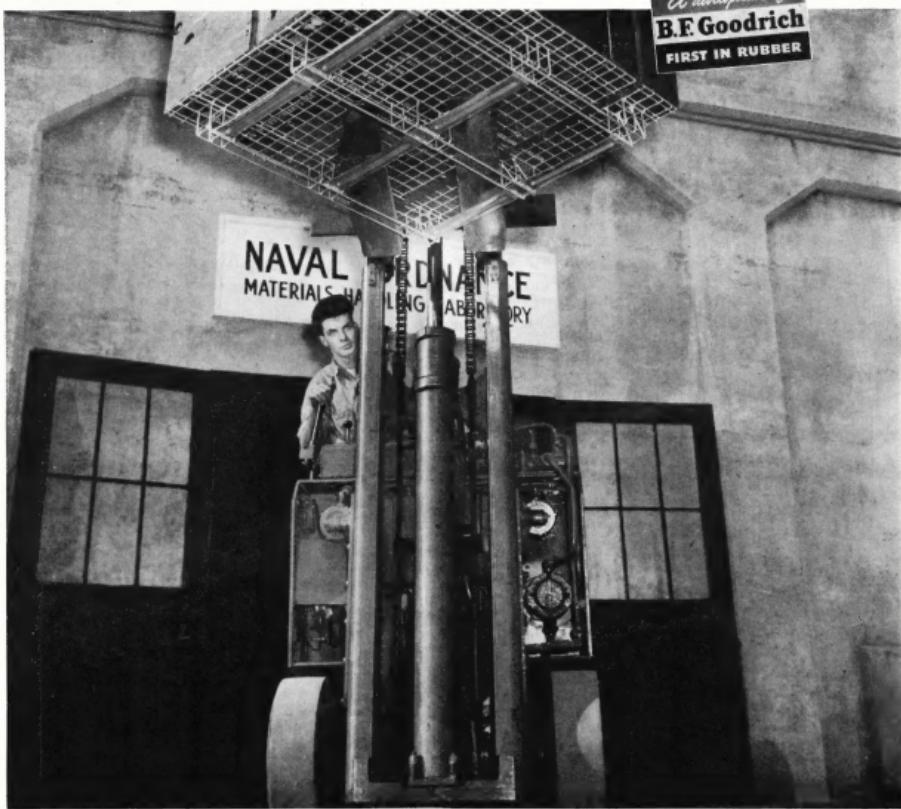


Photo courtesy of The Palmetto

## The tires with built-in lightning rods

*A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in tires*

**I**N POWDER plants, distilleries, chemical plants, and similar installations, one tiny spark may cause a terrific explosion.

Trucks and trailers used for interplant hauling generate static electricity as they roll over the floors and runways. How to keep this electricity from building up to the point where it might cause an explosion was a difficult problem.

Truck builders and users came to B. F. Goodrich for help. They found that B. F. Goodrich research men had already developed special rubber com-

pounds which made the rubber a conductor of electricity rather than an insulator. This material had been developed originally for use in airplane tires, meeting rigid Army and Navy specifications. (It has 20,000 times the ability of ordinary rubber to carry electricity.)

Used in industrial tires such as those shown above, this rubber allows the charge of static electricity that might build up to "bleed" from the truck to the floor. No sparks jump. Danger of explosions is reduced.

The development of this special compound for a specific purpose is typical of the B. F. Goodrich policy of continuing research. It has resulted in dozens of special tires for all sorts of uses ranging from coal

mines to cane fields. It has resulted in constant improvement of tires for trucks, cars, airplanes, farm and industrial equipment. When you buy from the B. F. Goodrich dealer, you are assured of tires backed by this policy of constant improvement. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

*Truck Tires*  
BY  
**B. F. Goodrich**

# so good ...it invites comparison



Don't be misled by high-flown phrases and extravagant claims. Make the test yourself. Compare Motorola for • BEAUTY • PERFORMANCE • TONE with ANY radio at ANY price!

Model illustrated is a powerful Motorola portable that enables you to take music along wherever you go—indoors or out. The built-in AERO-VANE antenna brings in every program with power and clarity. Operates on its own batteries and/or AC/DC current. Ask your dealer for demonstration today!

"...the proof is in  
the LISTENING"

**Motorola**  
PORTABLE  
Radio

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION • CHICAGO 51

HENRY LA COSSITT • Editor WILLIAM L. CHENERY • Publisher JOE ALEX MORRIS • Managing Editor  
KENNETH LITTAUER • Fiction Editor WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • Art Director

WALTER DAVENPORT	Poetry	EVELYN CLEUTON	Announcements	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles	ULRICH CALVOSA	Photographs
W. L. CHENERY	Editorials	FRANK GEOFASI	Washington	HERBERT ASBURY	Articles	GURNEY WILLIAMS	Books
JAMES MARSHALL	World Coast	ROBERT DE VORE	Washington	AMY PORTER	Articles	ALICE LARKIN	Drama
GRATIAN O'LEARY	Ottawa	WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington	ANDRE FONTAINE	Articles	IFOR THOMAS	Studio
FRANK D. MORRIS	Pacific	JAMES C. DIERIEU	Washington	RUTH CARSON	Articles	HENRY L. JACKSON	Warfare
FREDERICK R. NEELY	Airplane	EDW. TOMLINSON	The Other Americas	LEONARD A. PARIS	Articles	WILLIAM B. HART	Fiction
GEORGE CREEL	San Francisco	HELEN P. BUTLER	Syntax			MACLENNAN FARRELL	Fiction

*this week*

## FICTION

PAGE

JUNE THE GIANT KILLER By RICHARD STERN 11  
*Johnny got fighting mad when she let a beak take her to a dance.*

THANKS FOR THE PARTY By PHILIP DUNNINGTON 14  
*Making a little girl's birthday happy was out of Miss Parker's line.*

THE WAY IT ENDED By JEAN KINKHEAD 16  
*Jub fell in love with Susan too slowly—and almost too late.*

THIS CHARACTER, SAWYER By ALEX GABY 19  
*He was the kind of Army buddy you can hate without half trying.*

THE LONG DENIAL By VICKI BAUM 22  
*The Serial Story. The second of four parts.*

PENITENCE By JOHN TAIT 60  
*The Short Short Story.*

## ARTICLES

ATOMIC TEST CASE By VICE ADM. W. H. P. BLANDY, U.S.N. 12  
*The commander of Task Force One tells what may happen at Bikini.*

THE DRIES TRY AGAIN By HERBERT ASBURY 15  
*They're using their best techniques to bring back prohibition.*

QUEEN OF THE QUICKIES By HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW 18  
*Ann Corio, stripesque of burlesque, strikes a bonanza in B flickers.*

CALIFORNIA'S ELEPHANT BOY By GEORGE CREEL 20  
*Re-elected governor, Earl Warren will be a strong Republican presidential ace for 1948.*

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SPLASH By WILLIAM ABBOTT 24  
*Yosemite and Yellowstone don't compare with Niagara in popularity.*

TEXAS TRIGGERMAN By W. H. DEPPERMAN 46  
*The remarkable shooting exploits of one, Ad Teeperton.*

THE YOUNG IDEA IN ART By CARL FRENCH 84  
*Collier's again makes awards for pictures by high-school students.*

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FREILING FOSTER 6

THE WEEK'S MAIL From OUR READERS 8

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW By DAVID O. WOODBURY 34

WING TALK By FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE 90

THE WEEK'S WORK By AMY PORTER 93

EDITORIALS: *On the Proud Again • "After a Long Illusus" • The Judges and the Law* 94

COVER By FRANCIS CHASE

*any week*

VIRTUALLY all the world's troubles can be traced directly to the henpecking influence of Mr. John Reese of Temple City, California. The Russians are full of them and the rest of us aren't getting enough or aren't taking any at all. He has two red hens, each the mother of a large number of chicks less than a month old. The chicks have been crammed with vitamins and are all prodigies. "The impressed," he says, "are amazed like me at the way day by day these prodigies and eying each other scurifly." Mr. Reese is for the United Nations but he sees an analogy between his hens and the Security Council, too.

IN Hillsdale, Michigan, Mrs. L. B. Carpenter was reading her mail at her desk in the OPA office. Presently she came to this one: "Dear Sir: I have two children rationing books number four which they destroyed while I was milking our cow with shears. What shall I do?" Mrs. Carpenter appealed to her husband. He gave up and passes the problem on to us. We don't know either but we bet it hurt.



AND imagine the shock that Mr. Les G. Best of Dallas, Texas, got when he read in the Dallas News Wearing Apparel Wanted columns: "Wanted—small or medium-size concrete mixer with or without engine. Will go anywhere." But maybe, says Mr. Best, the person who inserted the advertisement is a woman and wants it merely as a hat.

BUT the situation is very bad in Oklahoma. Miss Eunice O. Plague of Ada reports that in the harder reaches of that state, ladies' underwear was no problem at all as long as you could buy flour in twenty-five- and fifty-pound cotton sacks. But the same size garment is hard to find in small paper containers when you can get it at all and paper bags do not make very good underwear. Don't last and much too noisy, anyway, she says.

NO, MR. JENS F. KONRAD of Syracuse, New York, has no rib roasts for sale even if he is a butcher. And he told the lady so. So she said: "Do you think I could get a nice one in the black market?" Mr. Konrad said that she probably could. Then she said sweetly: "Mr. Konrad, you know I always give you my trade when possible so I wish you would tell me where the black market is. They're not in the telephone directory." (Continued on page 51.)

Vol. 25, No. 25. Published weekly by The Cressell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. U.S.A. Publication of Collier's Magazine, Inc., 100 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. Copyright 1946 by The Cressell-Collier Publishing Company. President, Kenneth W. Morris; Executive Vice-President and Treasurer: John L. Chenery; Edward Ambrose, Vice-President and Secretary. Free to over 1,000,000 in the United States and Canada, one per year. Back issues three years \$1.00. The United States and Dominion, Canada, Argentina, Australia, Brazil, Chile, Costa Rica, Cuba, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Peru, Uruguay, Venezuela, and the West Indies, \$1.00. All other countries, \$1.50. Subscriptions sent to the Post Office, Toronto, Canada, postage paid. Second-class postage paid at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, and at Canadian and Great Britain. Manuscript or art submitted to the magazine must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope and return postage to be forwarded to the Cressell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address

should reach in five weeks to advance of the next issue date. Give both old and new addresses. Editorial and advertising rates, \$1.00 per column inch per issue. Copy must be submitted to the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, and at Canadian and Great Britain. Manuscript or art submitted to the magazine must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope and return postage to be forwarded to the Cressell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address



## *"Sounds like opportunity to me!"*

If you are looking for a career, your Bell Telephone Company may have exactly what you want—work that's interesting, important and pleasant.

Right now in many places Bell Companies need young women to help meet the demand for telephone service.

Wages and working conditions, good. Associates, friendly. Annual vacations with pay. Benefit payments. Attractive openings of many kinds.

Ask the nearest Bell Telephone employment office to tell you what opportunities there are in your community.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes  
... Then science made round-end PROLON



Actual Photomicrograph

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is our trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

#### **PROLON—no finer bristle made**

So, when you need or hear competitive tooth brush claims about "self clean" tooth brush, the same duPont bristle, is another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush? You know the answer . . . it can't!

#### **Only PROLON has "round ends"**

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big plus is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every bristle in the Pro-phy-lac-tic

Prolon Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

#### **And with PROLON these other "extras"**

In addition to round-end bristles, the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": 1. The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. 2. Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. 3. Guaranteed for 12 full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money!

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

**Pro-phy-lac-tic**

**PROLON BRUSHES**

**50¢**



PROFESSIONAL

*Keep up with the world*



Few artists in history have employed such a variety of unorthodox methods of applying paint as did Francisco Goya (1746-1828), famous Spanish painter. He often used the nearest object, which was sometimes a rag, a broom, a sponge or a stool. An outstanding example was the preliminary sketch for his celebrated May the Second, depicting the massacre of Madrid civilians by Napoleon's troops which Goya witnessed that day in 1808. Inspired, he dipped his handkerchief in a pool of blood and with it painted a large outline of the picture on the wall of a building.

A recent government study of the survival rates of retail stores shows that of the 1,746,400 which existed in 1929 only 31 per cent were still in business in 1939. This means that, on the average, one ranged from 85 per cent for combination grocery and meat markets to 15 per cent for heating and plumbing businesses.

Of the many species of fish that discharge electric currents several of them are found in the ocean, and the best known is the so-called electric eel of South American rivers which may attain a length of eight feet. As its electric tissues occupy about 80 per cent of its body, this fish is capable of producing a number of successive 200-volt, 600-volt discharges which are sufficient to stun or kill animals and kill small ones.

A true specific drug for leprosy has never been discovered chiefly because the disease is one of the few that cannot be reproduced in animals for laboratory experiments and the germs of which cannot even be cultivated in artificial media.

A new method of preparing seeds, by coating them with mixtures that harden into pellets, is now undergoing experiments in the United States and elsewhere. Besides enlarging the seeds so they may be planted evenly by mechanical means, the coatings contain ingredients that, for example, stimulate germination and growth, destroy insects, control diseases and even counteract the effect of soil that has too much acid or moisture for a particular kind of seed.

Theatrical producers in New York customarily send a pair of tickets for the first-night performances of their shows to as many as 200 important newspapers and magazines edited in the city. By Anna Stevens, Larchmont, N. Y.

*by Freling Foster*

Probably the only queen of modern times to have a sword of her own was Victoria of England. Forged for her in 1850, this sword, 27 inches in length and two pounds in weight, was used by the queen during the remaining 51 years of her reign in conferring knighthood.—By Ruth Fyne, New York City

A form of journalism, unknown outside of the United States, is the Washington news letter, the 35 published in the capital today being the survivors of approximately 700 started there since 1918. These periodicals, which cover political conditions and events, the majority specialize in one field, such as oil, food or aviation, and are issued daily or weekly. Written by some 200 experts, these letters have a combined circulation of around 200,000, range in subscription price from \$15 to \$175 a year, and do an annual gross of about \$4,000,000.

In modern candy and cigarette vending machines, the mechanism subjects each nickel and dime to eight separate tests in one and a half seconds. These tests determine whether the various metals not used in genuine five- and ten-cent pieces, and whether it is of the proper diameter, thickness and weight, and has no holes. By Harry M. Frecker, Saddle River, N. J.

The closest thing to an earthly paradise is beautiful Lord Howe Island, 360 miles east of Australia, which is six square miles in area and has 150 inhabitants. The island has no policeman, court or jail; new residents are not allowed; and all land is owned in common, except that the islanders have sufficient acreage to build a house and grow food. As little actual labor is necessary to live comfortably, many of the men work no more than two hours a week.

Only 22 states containing 63 per cent of our population have a law which guarantees equal civil rights and privileges to all of their citizens irrespective of race or creed.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for publication, unless otherwise mentioned, and compensation will be recognized by the source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. The author's copyright, and the name of the item may be reproduced without written permission.

Collier's for June 8, 1946

*This man's got something!*



YOUR SEIBERLING MERCHANT has *several* mighty interesting things for you—and one of them is shown above. It's the doubly-guaranteed *Seiberling ThermoWeld Recap* with the maker's signature cured right into the rubber—*visible* evidence of finest materials and factory-approved workmanship! Like the famous *Seiberling Heat-Vent*, the much copied Saw-Tooth Tread and many other contributions to motoring safety, *ThermoWeld* is a result of *Seiberling* pioneering in *practical* rubber research.

Because your *Seiberling* Independent Merchant *owns* his business, he *gives* you another priceless advantage that no amount of money can buy—a genuine interest in *you*. His welfare depends on *earning* YOUR good will.

Get to know him better—he'll increase the pleasure and decrease the cost of driving your car. Like so many other motorists, you'll discover that "*It has to be BETTER to be a Seiberling*" applies to merchants as well as to tires!

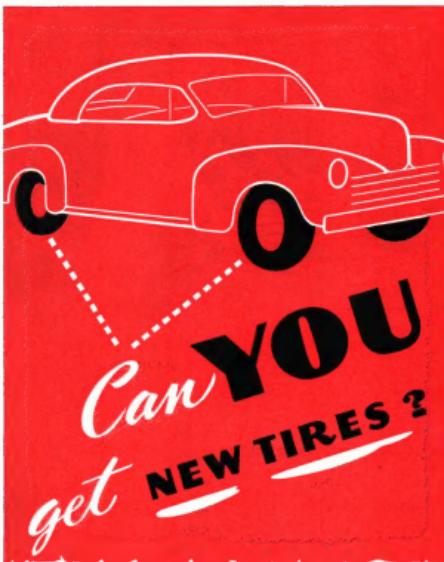
SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY  
Akron, Ohio, U.S.A. • Toronto, Ont., Canada

[ . . . If you need new tires, trust your *Seiberling* Independent Merchant to supply you just as soon as he possibly can in the face of an unprecedented public demand for *Seiberling* quality. ]

SEIBERLING  
TIRES

# SEIBERLING

*A name you can trust in Rubber*



## ARE YOU SURE?

• There is every reason to believe the tire shortage will continue for months. In the meantime, if you are like most drivers, your tires are old, very old and very thin... and you won't be able to get new tires if one of those old relics "blows."

### HERE'S THE BEST WAY TO "KEEP ROLLING"...

Many additional miles can be added to old tires if they are repaired PROPERLY before they reach the blowout stage. Once they blow, in most cases, a safe, lasting repair is out of the question.

#### HAVE YOUR TIRES INSPECTED NOW

Look for the Bowes "Seal Fast" SAFE Tire Repair Sign. Where you see this sign displayed you will find factory-trained experts who will inspect your tires, inside and out, and who have the equipment, materials and KNOWLEDGE to make SAFE, lasting repairs before the tire reaches the blowout point. If you want to keep rolling, better look for a Bowes "Seal Fast" Dealer today.

#### HERE'S AN AUTO POLISH THAT REALLY DOES THE JOB!

Nobody likes to wear himself out polishing a car. That's why Bowes "Seal Fast" Auto Polish and Cleaner makes such a hit—it cuts down on the "elbow grease." This superior polish cleans as it brightens—with a minimum of effort. Preserve the lustre of your car with Bowes Auto Polish. Buy it where you see the Bowes "Seal Fast" SAFE Tire Repair Sign.



BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION, INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA



#### Dear Editor:

Orcidors to Collier's for the Awards for Distinguished Congressional Service. How much more constructive it is to bring to our attention the mistakes of our legislators than the usual faultfinding in headlines. Most of us would be shocked if we realized how many votes are cast for public officials because their names on the ballot looked "familiar" to the voter, when in most cases their names were in print on account of their misdeeds.

GAE WOOD

Middletown, Conn.

#### Dear Editor:

Thank you for the reprint from the April 27th issue of Collier's entitled "The Week's Best Bet."

If available, I can and will be glad of the original article. It is printed in the middle of 150 of Erie's citizens whose influence will go a long way toward arousing the type of community interest which is needed.

RICHARD D. CLARK

Erie, Pa.

#### Dear Editor:

Our Army Is Undemocratic, by former Captain Westbrook, is a case for psychoanalysis. Specially privileged human beings always rationalize their special privileges. Our Army Is Undemocratic is an indictment of democracy! Ex-Captain Westbrook inadvertently presents the case for dictatorship.

PIC. E. R. FURUR

Fl. Jackson, S. C.

#### Dear Editor:

I congratulate you on being the first to publish an intelligent article on officer-civilian relations. I can't agree with all the points of Mr. Westbrook's exposition, but it was at least fair and sincere, which is rarely the case with articles written on this rather misological subject.

I was for three years an enlisted man in the Air Corps, a ground-crew maintenance man.

N. PAUL BOSTED

Pittsburgh, Pa.

#### Dear Editor:

Very little attention has been given to the possibilities of South America, specifically Brazil, as a refuge for the homeless.

Brazil has great tracts of unoccupied land and is anxious to welcome immigration, and has a minimum of racial and religious intolerance.

This letter is inspired by your article by Edward P. Morgan, Those Poor Jews seem to want escape.

GEO. E. SCHILLING

Bay St. Louis, Miss.

#### Dear Editor:

I am one of "radio's tens of millions of listeners," mentioned in your editorial, FCC Rides Again, but instead of rising up on my hind feet, as recommended, and mailing a copy of it to the most important congressman, I shall accuse Collier's of apathy and condemn the bias of your editorial.

After all, the FCC is an agent of the American people, acting for them under certain statutes that clearly imply that the

private use of radio channels is not an inalienable right, but a license or franchise, subject to control and regulation in the public interest.

JOHN A. DRON

Ojai, Calif.

#### Dear Editor:

Mr. Crichton's article, Our Schools Are a Scandal, is both timely and convincing. The readers should be moved to reflective thinking and aroused to action. We as educators must play our part in carrying on the principles of The Principals and I, for one, realize the power held by it. May we have more articles in the interest of America's many one problem: her schools.

E. S. HALL, Principal Rose School

Roseburg, Ore.

#### Dear Editor:

I want to compliment you on your editorial The Legion and the V.A. I have been a member of the Legion for twenty-eight years, and believe in the principles for which it was originally organized as set forth in its constitution. I do not think that the rank and file of the Legion agree very well with the outbursts of National Commander Stelle regarding the Veterans Administration, the housing problem, or the employment problem of the discharged veteran.

J. A. BELL

New Castle, Pa.

#### Dear Editor:

I was very interested in your article, England Still Takes It, in Collier's for April 20th. I can't say I enjoyed reading it because it is hard to think of anyone doing without what they really need to keep well. I thought perhaps you could supply me with the names of some of small family who would welcome a little box now and then to help strengthen their ration.

I couldn't send an extravagant box, to be sure, but I could send canned items, fruit, meat, vegetables, fruit juice, dried fruit and a few spices to dress up the meals.

MRS. HENRY E. PETTE

Rockville Center, N. Y.

*Mrs. Pette's letter has been forwarded to the author, Melville Pasteur-Dowson, in England.*

#### Dear Editor:

The enclosed cartoon I think is disgraceful. How any artist who admires women as all, could so draw them is beyond me. I will acknowledge that some women make themselves almost hideous and certainly they are not modest. Why add to the ugly scene in print?

MRS. HARRY E. PETT

Madison, Wis.



# HOW Does it Do it?

You can see it's a whale of a *big* automobile. The front seat is sofa-size, and the back seat, if you like, can actually be made into a double bed at night.

And you can see by the way a Nash "600" streaks away in traffic that it's packed with power—

Now why is it that this new Nash can do what the other big cars can't?

*Deliver 25 to 30 miles on a gallon of gasoline at moderate highway speeds—500 to 600 miles on a single tankful!*

Why is it that this Nash takes far less effort to drive—holds the road better—is amazingly quieter—doesn't rattle or squeak?

Why is it that *Nash* gives you the

smoothest ride in the low-price field, with individual coil springing on all four wheels—and why, too, does only Nash offer the Weather-Eye Conditioned Air System?

It's because the Nash "600" is a *new kind* of automobile—result of seven years research and engineering accomplishment. Different, from road to roof. Built on the scientific principles behind today's record-breaking planes and streamliners. No separate frame and body, with parts bolted on—but one great *unitized* structure, steel welded

to steel—500 pounds lighter and stronger.

*And all these amazing advancements are yours today—in this beautiful Nash "600" that sells in the low-price field!*

Your dealer has it now, and a new Nash Ambassador that's just as thrillingly far ahead in the medium-price field. Drive a new Nash, and see the difference.

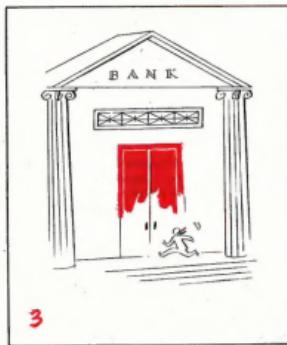
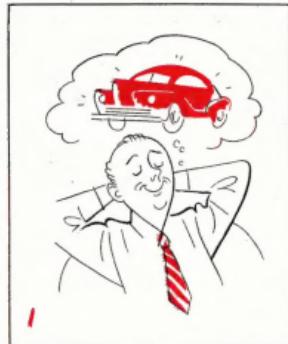
*Tune in the Nash-Kelvinator Musical Hit—David Rose and his Orchestra with Curt Massey, Wednesdays 10:30 p.m., Eastern Daylight Time. CBS—Full Network.*

NASH MOTORS—Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

**YOU'LL BE AHEAD WITH *Nash***



**Do you know this  
new-and better-way  
to buy a car?**



**MILLIONS OF AMERICANS**—you're probably one of them—are going to buy cars in the next year or two.

An increasingly large number of them are going to finance their purchases through the new Bank and Agent Auto Plan—in which your local bank and local insurance agent join forces to give you a much better method of financing than you ever enjoyed before. Among its advantages are:

**Low cost.** Under this new plan, you have the opportunity to save money.

**Better insurance.** You can get more complete insurance—insurance which protects you as well as the concern making the loan.

**Better service.** You will have better insurance service than ever before—service provided by a local agent who is on the spot, who is able to help you obtain prompt settlement of a claim, who is interested in protecting you and keeping you as a client.

**Better trading position.** You will be able to pay your auto dealer cash.

**Establishment of credit.** You will establish, under confidential circumstances, your credit at your local bank for future purposes.

There are common-sense reasons for the obvious advantages of this new way of buying a car.

Your local banks are in the business of lending money. They are in a position to know their customers personally and their customers are also in a position to know them. This relationship, together with the banks' low charges, results in cheaper financing for you.

Insurance is your local agent's business. He knows insurance from A to Z. What's more, he wants your business, wants to keep you as a

client. He's going to look at your auto insurance and other insurance needs from your viewpoint.

And in case of accident, he's right there on the ground, ready to give you the kind of expert help that you can get only through a local man who knows insurance and is interested in your personal protection.

So, when you get ready to buy that car—go to your local Travelers man or your local bank—first. Either will be glad to give you full details of the Bank and Agent Auto Plan.

**MORAL: INSURE IN**

***The Travelers***

**ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS**

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

**SERVICE THROUGH YOUR HOME TOWN INSURANCE AGENT**



"I think we've been pushed around enough," Johnny said to June. He grabbed Cory's coat, jerked him off balance and slapped him twice, hard, with his open hand

# JUNE THE GIANT KILLER

BY RICHARD STERN

She had expected a hero eleven feet tall and terrifying—so he wasn't (so what?) so she built him up to size

ROCKING comfortably in her favorite chair by the window, Mrs. Elwood Jonas Trout, of Pasadena and Encino Beach, looked out over the harbor, at the yachts large and small, lying quietly at their moorings, at the sea. She had just finished her meal back up to his anchorage. She wondered if it was mackerel he carried, or, perhaps, albacore. It really didn't signify. She stirred in her chair and looked again at the telegram and at June, sitting quietly at her desk, and strategy being close to her heart, she worked on her campaign carefully in her mind. "The best," she said finally, "it's cold, I hope, June?"

June nodded. "Yes, Mrs. Trout." "But not too cold?"

"No, Mrs. Trout."

"Johnny has always liked beer. I don't imagine that even the Navy has changed that," Mrs. Trout said. "I wonder how they kept beer cold aboard ship." Then she shrugged. "It really doesn't signify. Johnny will have managed somehow."

"I suppose he manages, doesn't he, Mrs. Trout?" June was curious about this Johnny who was coming home; he was a legend in Encino Beach, a legend she had never met.

"Johnny," said Mrs. Trout slowly, "is strong-willed." She looked at June. "Although a good boy, of course. A trifle high-spirited, perhaps, but always a good boy."

"Yes, Mrs. Trout," June said, recalling contrary testimony.

Mr. Davis, the druggist, for example: "The only good thing that was did for us," he said. "Mr. Davis had a tall country boy, was that it got Johnny Trout out of town and let some of the dust settle. You know," he added. "I've been sorta sorry for the Japs ever since Johnny

Trout joined the Navy." He handed June her package. "Been sorta sorry for the Navy, too."

Mrs. Trout resumed her rocking. "Johnny," she admitted, "had a few escapades when he was a boy. High spirits, that was all. But now he's older and I imagine that he has sobered up considerably." She stopped, then, and sat upright, "Sobered down," she amended. She looked at June; June was smiling. "Sobered," said Mrs. Trout. "You know very well what I mean, June Wiley."

"Yes, Mrs. Trout." She would be better, of course, if he had been, but she could be disappointing after all she had heard. June returned to her household accounts. She would know shortly; there was nothing to do now but wait.

It was two o'clock when Encino Beach's solitary taxi drew up in front of the house. In the cab, June could see a uniform with two and a half stripes on the sleeve. That was all. She stirred in her chair and cleared her throat and watched the uniform get out of the cab.

"See him, June," Mrs. Trout said. "You may just as well relax. He'll be here in a moment." She rocked placidly. June bent over her accounts and concentrated on them furiously.

She heard the cab drive away and then footstep on the porch and the sound of the door opening. "Hello, dowager," June said. "Hello, Johnny." Mrs. Trout answered. "Come here and let me look at you."

June heard a kiss. She looked up then and found Johnny regarding her with appraisal. "This is June," said Mrs. Trout. "June Wiley. I've written you about her."

"How do you do?" Johnny said gravely.

His mother's letters had been filled with little else.

June realized that she was staring at him and tried to look to her books. He wasn't at all what she had been led to believe. He wasn't eleven feet tall and everything, the way she had built him in *(Continued on page 79)*



A Leydenrest

# ATOMIC TEST CASE

BY VICE ADMIRAL W.H.P. BLANDY, U.S.N.

COMMANDER JOINT TASK FORCE ONE

13



The man in charge of the most stupendous military experiment in history sets the stage for the atomic bomb tests due to start within a few weeks at Bikini Atoll

**E**ARLY in July, the attention of the entire world will focus sharply on an obscure atoll in the Pacific Ocean. The United States Army and Navy will then partake in the mimicry of the first of three tests that will affect the life of every man, woman and child in this and succeeding generations.

In the first experiment, an atomic bomb of the type used against Nagasaki will be detonated several hundred feet in the air over a formation of ships. While scientists expect the results to be as drastic as at Nagasaki, they have no way of knowing what will happen. That's what we intend to find out.

In the second test, an atomic bomb will be fired on or slightly under the surface of the water amid a ship formation. It is expected to produce waves a hundred feet high, winds reaching a thousand miles an hour, and heat measured in hundreds of millions of degrees. Again, we intend to learn how ships of all types, including warships, will be affected.

In the third test, an atomic bomb will be exploded deep in the ocean, a half-mile under the ships. Here, we are really exploring the unknown, and no one can be sure what the results will be. The object is to see what will happen to the hulls of submarines and other vessels in the test area, but among the things that have been considered are the effects of the bomb might set up an endless chain reaction in the ocean, or radioactive activate the water over large areas.

When the results of all these tests are tabulated we're going to know much more about designing our fighting ships of the future and what defensive measures will make them less vulnerable to atomic-bomb attack. We will also learn what kind of atomic bomb will do to planes in the air, to tanks, artillery and other military equipment, and be guided accordingly.

Planning this test has not been easy. We who have worked on it during the past few months often thought the name "Operation Crossroads" might well be changed to "Operation Headache." A peacetime project of such dimensions can approach the complexity of any recent campaign planned by Nimitz or Eisenhower or Halsey.

#### Need of Further Testing Questioned

From the beginning there were objections to the proposed tests. A group of nuclear-energy scientists who had been working on the atomic project declared it was unnecessary to stage an elaborate experiment. They maintained that the scientific results gathered from the New Mexico, Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings were conclusive enough to show what would happen to ships when an atom bomb was detonated just above or on the surface of the sea.

One prominent physicist, Dr. Lee A. DuBridge, of the University of Rochester, in a recent news dispatch that the results of the test could be "estimated" from information in Army files on the damage done at Nagasaki and Hiroshima. There were protests in Congress when that body was asked to make the target ships legally available for the test. Some members considered this potential destruction of part of our fleet an extravagance, regardless of the results. Other critics insisted that the use of old ships would prove little and that we should use modern ships as targets.

There are logical answers to all these criticisms. Both the Army and Navy, as well as the many civilian scientists engaged in the Bikini test, decided that theory and paper work would no more substitute for an actual test of the bomb on naval targets than book learning and lectures can replace practice firing runs in training a gun crew.

(Continued on page 39)

Artist's idea of Bikini lagoon as atomic bomb falls. Targets include carriers Saratoga and Independence; battleships Pennsylvania, New York, Nevada; Arkansas, Nagasaki-Battle-Pushing, top right, is bombing plane; and also so-called "drone" planes are left



# THANKS FOR THE PARTY

BY PHILIP DUNNINGTON

MISS PARKER stepped off the bus at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Seventy-ninth Street. The air was cool and crisp and the first thing she saw was a dead and solid blue. It was a fine spring day, and Miss Parker felt good. She looked both ways to get her bearings, and started to walk slowly, because she had ten minutes to spare and only three blocks to go.

There were trees and flowers at regular intervals in the sidewalks, and a kind of indefinite green lingered in their branches. You didn't see the buds; you saw only the green—light and pale and thin. In another week there would be leaves.

The people were well dressed here, even the children, and Miss Parker with her dark clothes was a little newer, a little more expensive. This was the nice part of town, the rich part, the part with the town houses and the small apartments that cost more than they would anywhere else in the city.

The streets looked a little bit like streets in some towns—two or three of the streets at home. Rows of trees were like home, or as nearly like home as you could find in New York. Of course, if you looked around, you saw big buildings in all directions; but you didn't need to look far.

Miss Parker was comfortable enough in the clothes she was wearing. Her coat was a little shabby, and there was a hole in the finger of her glove, but underneath she wore a good black dress that she

had bought this year. With the five dollars she would earn this afternoon, she would be able to buy new gloves and stockings. A child's party ought to be cheap, and it might even be fun. And if Mrs. Reynolds was pleased with her, she would be sure to recommend Miss Parker to some of her friends, either as a sitter or as someone who could help with birthday parties. After all, every child had a birthday.

Miss Parker said, "Mrs. Reynolds' apartment," to the elevator man. She took off her gloves and pushed them into the pockets of her coat. Then she took them out of her pockets, folded them together, and put them in her bag. She looked at her watch. She was early. Somehow, even in the elevator, she could tell it was a fine spring day.

Mrs. Reynolds, wearing a gold flannel dress, met her at the door.

"Oh, yes! Come in, won't you?"

"I think I'm late."

"Oh, heavens, no," Mrs. Reynolds said. "You're right on the dot. It'll be half an hour before those kids come—at least, I hope so. Throw your coat in the bedroom. On the bed—anywhere. I'll be with you in a moment."

Miss Parker folded her coat neatly and laid it over the foot of one of the twin beds. She put her bag under her coat, tucking the corners to cover it completely. She found Mrs. Reynolds in

The day was bright and so full of promise—until the shadow of a little boy came between Miss Parker and the sunlight

the kitchen, running hot water over the backs of ice trays and dropping the cubes into a big glass bowl.

This isn't for the kids," Mrs. Reynolds said. "This is for the mamma and papa. There's the bourbon and there's Scotch, and I hope to God they go light on the Scotch."

Miss Parker smiled uncertainly. "Can't I help?" she said.

"Oh, no, you're perfectly for the kids. It'll probably be murder."

"Oh, I don't think so," Miss Parker said brightly. "I think children are lots of fun."

"Do you? Maybe, maybe not," Mrs. Reynolds said. She looked up at the clock on the kitchen wall, and called in voice that could be heard all over the house.

"Mollie, Mollie, are you dressed?"

There was no answer that either of them could hear.

"Go back there and see what's holding her up, will you?" Mrs. Reynolds said. "See what's holding her up. Past the bedroom, on the right."

Miss Parker opened a door tentatively. A little girl, wonderfully pretty, with blonde hair and large blue eyes, was sitting on the floor, putting on her socks.

"It'll just be you're Mollie," Miss Parker said. "Mollie, I'm sorry."

"And I'm Miss Parker. And I'm going to help you with your party. And I wish you a very happy birthday."

Miss Parker smiled up at her. It was a real smile, and Miss Parker was suddenly

sure that the party would be a lovely time for everybody.

"I'm six years old," Mollie said. "I'm six years old today."

"Well, I think that's just fine. Did you get a new present?"

"Oh, no, yet. Not until the party," Mollie said. "I can't find my other barrette."

Miss Parker found the other barrette on top of the pink-and-blue bureau, and handed it to Mollie.

"You're not being afraid my hair."

"All right," Miss Parker said, "but you'll have to hurry with your shoes and socks. Your mommy's waiting."

"I will. I'm very fast—when I try."

"You try, then," Miss Parker said. "I'll see you in a little minute."

"I'm glad you're not old."

"Like you, I have had old ones."

Miss Parker laughed.

"You hurry, now," she said. "Socks and shoes, and then you're ready."

MISS PARKER closed the door behind her and went back into the kitchen.

"When the mothers come, after the party," Mrs. Reynolds said, "show them into my room; I'll make drinks there. The kids will be here any minute. They all know one another from school, so you won't have to worry about that. There's a pin-ball game there, and the presents, and the hats there. I'll have the cake and stuff about four. And there's a Mickey Mouse movie that's all ready to go; you'll have to pull the shades, but it's all ready. Keep the kids in the living room. I don't want them crawling over me."

"Oh, I'm sure we'll all have a wonderful time," Miss Parker said. "Mollie's a lovely little girl."

"Know where she is anywhere near ready?"

"Almost."

"Well, I'll finish her up. I think you'd better hang around the door. They'll be coming in, and you'll have to keep their hats and coats together."

Miss Parker waited in the hall. The afternoon sun slanted in on deep-piled rugs and brightly colored pictures, and the whole apartment looked warm and friendly. Miss Parker could hear voices in the room next door, and this was her house that she had lived here a long time and knew where everything was and owned everything she could see; and that the pretty little girl in the back bedroom was her little girl, for whom she was giving a birthday party. Miss Parker stood before the hall mirror, pushing her hair into place and smiling, when the doorbell rang and the first children arrived.

Miss Parker was careful to keep hats and coats together, arranged neatly next to her own on the bed, in the order in which the owners had arrived. She tried to learn the names of the children, but she did her best.

Miss Parker was very quiet and well mannered, and Miss Parker found herself feeling proud of the way she said, "Thank you very much, Patsy," and, "Thank you very much, Geoffrey," when she opened the door. Miss Parker folded the gift paper carefully and wound the ribbons into neat little rolls, and handed them to Miss Parker to put away.

Miss Parker said, "I'm Miss Parker, and I'm helping Mollie with her party," to all the children when she helped them out of their wraps, but most of them didn't say anything, but a few of them told her their names in return. They all knew one another, and began to play games of their own, which all of them seemed

(Continued on page 37)



FOR almost two hours the Reverend Sam Morris had lambasted "the damnable brewers and distillers" and had "tacked their hides to the door." Now the time had come for the collection, but instead of calling for a generous offering of "folding money," Brother Morris said he prefers to be called "the dry speaker." For so long a moment he looked out over the heads of his audience, some 700 people packed into a country schoolhouse in McCracken County, Kentucky. Then he beckoned to a little boy and a little girl in the front row, and asked them to let the speaker's plaintive words be repeated.

Placing his hand gently on the boy's head, Brother Morris looked down sorrowfully at the little fellow. Finally, in a voice of infinite sadness, he asked if anyone would vote to send the innocent lad into a life of crime and degradation, perhaps to end his days in a padded chair. No one would. After a brief pause, Brother Morris cradled the little girl in his arms and walked up and down the center aisle, shouting:

"Tomorrow by your vote will you decide whether this bright-eyed angel will have an opportunity to live a clean Christian life in happy surroundings, or be enticed into the honky-tonks by the slick-haired jelly beans and liquor dealers, to be carried to life's lowest depths and die in a house of prostitution?"

The applause was terrific and the collection amazing. Next day the citizens of McCracken County voted to make a state election and the Wets won by 247 votes, a much smaller majority than had been anticipated. Significantly, of the 23 precincts outside the city of Paducah, where Brother Morris had put in his strongest licks, all but two voted dry. With such a statement, the Drys had their result as a victory and they have no doubt that when they try again in a year or so the entire county will go dry. And

Brother Sam Morris, spearhead of a new prohibition campaign, goes over his fan mail after a recent broadcast

it may well be so, for Brother Morris will be back.

Brother Sam Morris is a 45-year-old Baptist minister of San Antonio, Texas, a director of the Winona Lake Bible Conference, an associate editor of the National Voice, oldest dry paper in the country. He is also nationally known as "The Booze Buster" and "The Voice of Temperance." He is little known in the East or the Far West, but in the South and the Middle West he has achieved extraordinary popularity.

#### A High Priest of Prohibition

Of all the voices crying in the wilderness, his is the loudest and the most potent. He is the great white hope of the Drys, and the emotional spearhead of a prohibition crusade, well-organized and bountifully financed, which is flooding America with a flood of propaganda far greater than preceded the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. If or when prohibition returns to this country, Brother Sam Morris will probably be more responsible for it than any other one person.

The National League of America has made most of Brother Morris' lecture tours and gives him unlimited backing. When he refused to be a candidate for General Superintendent of the League, that organization created for him the office of National Field Speaker. He is reputed to be the best speaker the League has ever seen into the field.

Even the Wets recognize Brother Morris' pre-eminence. A representative of one of the country's largest breweries attended the annual convention of the Anti-Saloon League in Florida last year, listened to the rhapsodic reports of Brother Morris' exploits and saw him ride sides and photographs which showed him talking to enthusiastic audiences of from 10,000 to 15,000 people. He reported to his company, "Sam Morris is easily the most valuable man who has entered into the service of the dry cause in several generations."

(Continued on page 56)

# The Drys Try Again

BY HERBERT ASBURY

Armed with reams of propaganda and ample finances, the temperance crusaders are going all out for the return of prohibition

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

## THE DRYs TRY AGAIN

Liquor Increases Crime  
(Win the War Series No. 1)



Liquor  
Wastes Food  
and Materials  
(Win the War Series No. 2)



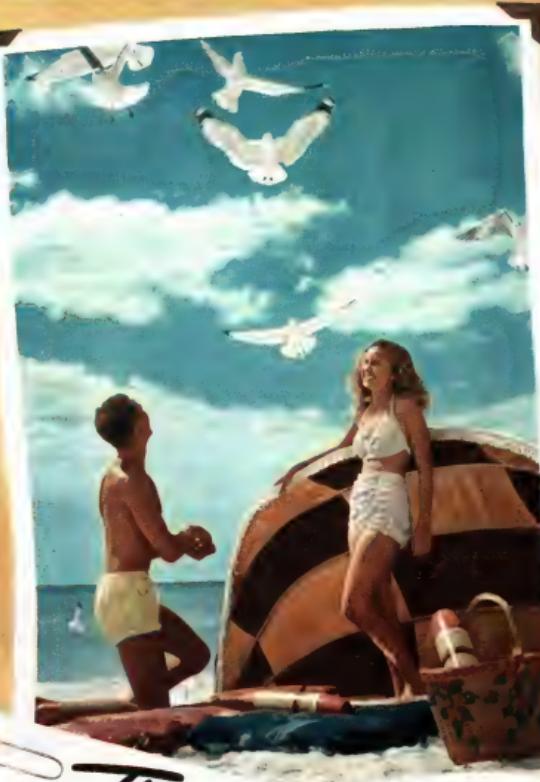
Liquor Wastes Manpower  
(Win the War Series No. 3)



Drinking lengthens all classes of industrial disabilities, according to a survey conducted by a New York insurance office for the cost of all disabilities among wage earners. The National Association of Manufacturers found in 1936 that among surveyed, "dryspers" are a conspicuous class of workers in war producing plants are as important to victory as men in the firing line. - *Illustrated by G. M. Miller, Life & Death*

Workers in war producing plants are as important to victory as men in the firing line. - *Illustrated by G. M. Miller, Life & Death*

There is  
no  
middle  
ground  
OPEN



# The Way it Ended

BY JEAN  
KINKEAD

ILLUSTRATED BY HOMER HILL AND IRE VERN

Mr. William Herbert Scott

with love



With love from with  
Jack and Mac

Sweet regards  
with the family



Mr. William Herbert Scott

with love



**I** Josh blamed himself for one thing when tragedy came—he had fallen in love with Susan too slowly and too late

I USED to keep a scrapbook when I was in my teens. We call it The Book, and it's a great hole of a thing bulging with dried gardenias and West Point Hop programs, with match covers from places like Max Hop and the Nassau and the Inn at Williamson, and snapshots of the kids I used to know. Bill—that's my guy—thinks I hang on to it to show him pedantic. "Now we can go around," I'm impressed, ange, he says. "Now be." No, I can't quite explain it, but all I have of so many people I used to love is in that book.

Now and then, I tell him about some of the kids through it with me. They got married," I'll say. "That's Carol and Jake. They got married," I'll say. And he'll give a thumb at another picture. "What about those two?"

"Oh, them," I'll murmur. "Jane and Mac."

"What became of them?"

I can't hear 'em. They were so blissful. Bill kids me for being a sucker for a happy ending. I don't know. I am, although I do prefer them—and excluding Chekhov, and those boys, do you know anyone who doesn't?

Zachary, one night his eye lit on a picture of Susan Zachary, and their Hastings. The one where she was wearing white shorts. There're both a white play suit and he's wearing good and godless "beautiful people," Bill said. "Anything ever come of it?"

"Susan and Blair? Plenty." But I didn't feel much like talking about it. It was all so messy, and I didn't know then quite how it had turned out. I flipped over the page, and Bill kissed my cheek and said:

"'N happy ending, ange?"

And I said, "I never really heard."

We put The Book away after a while, and I sat in my wing chair thinking about Susan and Blair, and of course about Josh. Susan told me part of the story, and bits of it I got from Josh. And of course a lot of it was smeared all over the papers for anyone to see. It was just about the strangest triangle I ever saw.

Susan had known Josh forever. Ever since she was a skinny, brown-skinned little girl, with pigtails and braces, hanging around the shack where the guys were getting their sailboats ready. She was twelve then, and Josh was fourteen—a square, stocky kid with short black hair and eyes the color of the Sound on a stormy day.

The shack was an enchanted place, smelling of paint and salt water and fish, and she'd sit for hours on an empty nail barrel watching the boys work, not saying a word so that they'd forget she was there, and not chase her away. But sometimes she'd get excited and yell, "Hey, the red's dripping all over the place!" or "Golly, that looks pretty!"

"Who let the cat in?" And someone else would say, "Get the hell out, beat!"

Once, when she slid down off her barrel and started crimson-cheeked to leave, Roth Harper looked up from his painting and winked at her. She ran out into the sunlight, feeling a little dizzy and beautifully happy, and after that, I remember, he rolled up her blue dress the way he walked. She rolled it over. And somehow in the summer that followed, they established this easy, wonderful relationship that completely mystified everyone, but themselves.

Susan taught Josh how to dance, and he taught her when she had lipstick on her teeth and which boys not to mess with.

Once, they went out to Pete's with a gang of the kids, and Bill Tenney carved a big heart on the table, and inside wrote "Susan loves Josh." She looked at it, and Bill Tenney said, "Don't try to dry it, squint. You're crazy about him."

Josh said, "Hey, Bill, take it easy," but Susan was very calm and very earnest about it.

"Of course, I love him," she told Bill. "But not like that—with a big heart around it. It's not that way at all."

THE year she was sixteen, Josh was a sophomore at Princeton, and that summer he simply killed the people. There wasn't a girl in Hamptom that didn't burn for him. It was quite a summer. That July, Bill's family came up from New York to spend a couple of weeks at the yacht club. I remember the day they came, with lots of shiny luggage and a room in tow, and I still remember my first glimpse of Blair. He was standing on the sun deck in a white linen suit, and he had the kind of tan you just can't beat, and that wonderful bright crisp sort of blond hair. "Who's the viking?" I said, and Josh said in a funny, surprised voice, "Why, that's Blair Hastings. He's a senior down at college."

Blair had only planned to stay one week, but he stayed on and on, even after his family had gone, and of course, the reason was Susan. She met her the first Saturday night he was there, at the yacht club dance. She was wearing a white plique-a-jour evening dress, and her brown skin glowed against it, and there was a little bunch of corsage roses in her white-blond hair.

"Who's the tomato?" Blair asked. "Josh."

"Which one?" Susan asked.

"That's Susan Zachary," Josh said, and he introduced them. With Blair and Susan, it happened right in their first look. "You're making a noise," like a Princeton man, but he didn't think he doesn't love it. He squeezed her hand gently, and Susan had to shut her eyes tight, because it was so wonderful. She had a million beaux, and no one could dance three consecutive steps with her.

"Look, let me take you away from all this," Blair eventually said. "There's a (Continued on page 26)

# Queen of The Quickies

By Harry Henderson  
and Sam Shaw

Ann Corio, formerly of burlesque, got a foothold in Hollywood by keeping her clothes on and making a movie a week. The work is tiring, but it pays well

**T**HIS telephone jangled backstage at the theater where Miss Ann Corio, famous in the burlesque world as Gypsy Rose Lee's biggest competition, was appearing in brown paint and a loincloth as Tondelya in a revival of *White Cargo*. Her maid answered and, a moment later, reported to Miss Corio that "Mister Briggs" insisted on speaking to her.

Miss Corio, who was sitting in a little tin tub doggedly scrubbing off the brown paint in which she had been slinking around all evening, wriggled into a towel and took the call. The dialogue went something like this:

*Voice:* Hello? Miss Corio? This is Mr. Briggs.

*Corio:* Yes, Mister Briggs.

*Voice:* I'm president of PRC and I'd like to know if you'd be interested in going into the movies.

*Corio:* (who thought she had heard them in a burlesque—aside to her maid) Get this kerrick! He's gonna put me in pictures.

*Voice:* Well, I'd like to talk it over.

*Corio:* (who had never heard that PRC means Producers' Releasing Corporation, a small movie distributing outfit for independent producers) Uh-huh.

*Voice:* When could you see me?

*Corio:* (aside to her maid) Next he'll be asking me to come up 'n' see his canned goods...

*Corio:* Really, Mr. Briggs, I'm so busy I don't know when I'd have time. Thanks so much.

*And Briggs* was going up, told her maid, "If that Briggs kerrick ever calls up again, I'm out. Imagine, putting me in pitchers."

But Mr. Briggs didn't give up, and two weeks later he showed up backstage. Miss Corio almost fainted because he looked like a movie star. He was president of Producers' Releasing Corporation, which was a legitimate movie distributor, and he was making a very legitimate offer to put her into the movies. Miss Corio's shock came from the thought that she had almost driven him away.

His offer was simple. A small independent producer named Max Alexander wanted to make a picture starring Miss Corio. Mr. Briggs, as the distributor, was ready to advance the money for the picture if Miss Corio would make it, her salary to be \$1,000 a week.

Miss Corio talked it over with her friends—she has three. They disregarded their advice to wait for M-G-M, fired her agent and okayed the deal. She is a very ambitious and independent young lady and she had been virtually on her own since her poverty-stricken parents died in Hartford, Connecticut, when she was small. Miss Corio saw this as at



least a foothold in Hollywood. What she never realized was that almost overnight she'd be getting rich as "the queen of the quickies."

"A 'quickie,' we should explain, is what Alexander calls a movie which is slapped together with virtually no money and no time. Basically, the idea is a little investment and a big return. Miss Corio, it turns out, represents just that. She has made six quickies, the total cost of which would probably not equal *Lana Turner* for the same period of the return amount to millions of dollars."

As for the quality of these flickers, they are genuine stumble-bums. This doesn't mean people don't like them. Most of the people who see them like them because they like to see Miss Corio, even in full-dress sarong. And there are always a few exceptions when she gets a laughing jag on watching Miss Corio stumble in the jungle, register surprise, pain, love and pathos, and speak to a guy on her left who she thinks is on the right. This doesn't bother the producers who, Miss Corio says, "don't want 'em good. They want 'em Tuesday."

It doesn't bother Miss Corio either, though it did at first. But eventually she came to realize that a quickie is a quickie and the idea is to make money. Ever since, that's all she's been interested in.

She makes \$10,000 a week, 25 percent of the picture's gross profits for not taking off her clothes because she has a reputation for taking them off. This may sound contradictory, but it's capitalism that works. So far she has made, she estimates, close to a half million dollars.

She first learned about the economics of quickie production忽然 shortly after seeing Mr. Briggs. She flew to the Coast at PRC's expense, arriving at 6 A.M., and was met by a man who hustled her through a cup of coffee.

"Quick," he said, "we gotta rehearse you some."

"But I don't sing," she protested. "You do in this one," was the reply. They rehearsed the song two or three times, then the producer said, "You gotta rehearse your dance."

"But I don't dance," she protested. "You do in this one," was the answer and before the picture had ended, she

knew there wasn't anything she didn't do in this one." Five hours after she had landed, and without having seen a motion picture set before, she was shoved before a camera.

"All I remember," she says, "that the make-up man wanted me to look exotic. I was barefoot and knew I was facing Jack La Rue before the cameras. Jack said, 'Look, honey, this profile is very bad for me, d'ya mind changing places?' And big dumb me, I changed."

"The first time I opened my mouth I blew the sound man off his seat. I never even knew the guy was there. He came down and I said I was having speech softly, which was new to me, because I was used to reaching the gallery boys. By this time I am in a whirl, dog-tired, and the director and producer, everybody is shouting directions at me, like 'Look sexy and throw your chest out.' (Continued on page 89)

**T**HIS Sawyer was a private first class. I met him the same day I joined the outfit. He had come in through Naples from that Repple Dapple outside of Oran. He was in the Reinforcement Depot or the division I was assigned to. I noticed him right away. A tall, skinny, ugly, redheaded G.I. with big hands. That's what most guys at the depot at that time. I learned later that the division had run into a lot of trouble a few days before, and the guys had been used up . . . You know.

There wasn't much to do in the place for a few days, and I came in from Oran pretty well fixed up, clean and all. So, I sat down in my chair, reading some old letters and wondering where my mail would catch up with me, when this red-headed Sawyer came in. He sat down on a cot belonging to a corporal who was out on some detail. The first thing he did was throw the man's duffel bag on the floor. Then he kicked the legs over both sides of the cot.

"Got a cigarette, Mac?" But the way he said it, it wasn't a request. I gave him a cigarette.

"New guy, huh?" he said, in that loud, scratchy voice of his. "Well, you won't last long in this outfit."

I gave him a lot of thought while he smoked his cigarette. Finally I said, "What's wrong with the outfit?"

"They kill you faster here than in a slaughterhouse."

A nice piece of news. "Oh, I don't know," I said.

"They kill Mac. You don't know." Then he got up, up, up, but for real. It was about Anzio. How the division killed the guys like flies. What they did wrong. What he did. Anzio this and Anzio that. I was good and sick of Anzio and his part in it until he got to his wound.

"That ain't no scratch, Mac." He showed me one right shoulder. And it was a pretty good-sized scar. I gave it the big eye because, after all, the man was a combat veteran and even had a scar to prove it. Still, you can get hit even when you're hiding behind a rock.

He talked on. How dumb the doctors were at the hospital. How they let him lie there on the table while he almost bled to death. How they butchered him. How the nurses chinned with the brass while he went hungry. Funny, I thought, his scar didn't look that bad.

"So, what do they do, the tramps?" he would yell. "They take me right back to the same old lousy outfit. Mac, you ain't got a chance with it. They get you, one way or the other."

He lifted one muddy combat shoe and dragged it across the blanket, leaving a long, muddy smear. "I tell you, they ought to take out the Old Man and all the officers in this outfit and shoot 'em."

**B**Y THIS time I got started not liking this Sawyer in a big way. First, I began to suspect he was one of those goons —men who were trouble, wherever they went. Every platoon has them, one more or less. The boys who figure the angles, use the brass, and think they're big. Now, I was no eager boy, believe me. In fact, I was busted down from sergeant twice even before I was shipped overseas, for one thing or another, but I hadn't tried to get somebody else in trouble, or mess things up in general. Another reason I was getting not to like him was the fact that I was kind of proud to get this division. Everybody knew the record—a good division. Did its job, and took its objectives. Made the landings in North Africa, Sicily—Anzio, too. Did a fine job later, with the Seventh Army in France. "Look out," I thought this division's pretty hot," I said.

"Sure, sure," he said, rubbing his nose with one of those big hands of his. "You been reading Stars and Stripes, Mac. What do they know about what goes on? Hah? Ask the doughface. That's who to ask. Those guys with their heads blown

# THIS CHARACTER, SAWYER

BY ALEX GABY

off, because the officers of this lousy outfit know from nothin'. Ask—Oh, hello, Mac. Come in. Come in."

He sat down on the cot and the cot came into the tent. First he looked at the mud bag stuck three inches in the mud of the floor, and then he looked at the smear on the cot, and then he looked at Sawyer.

"What's the idea?" he asked, reasonably enough. He was a big boy, a corporal.

"Aw, sit down, Mac," Sawyer said. Then, pointing to me, "I'm givin' this new guy some good dope." But his eyes were taking in the build of the corporal.

The corporal was a new man himself and eager to learn—as we all were in those days—so he sat down. But he'd kept his eye on that duffel bag, which he had picked up off the floor with a couple of pounds of that special Italian goo sticking to it.

Sawyer went on where he had left off before the interruption. The same song, only louder. The same wind, only stronger. The same gripe, with the dirtiest, foulest language I have ever heard in my life. And, with the four years that I

put into the Army, I used and heard plenty of it before and since. But not like Sawyer's. His swearing broke the record, and I mean to say a sentence without making it dirty.

Then, he started in on the C.O. of the division. Now the Old Man, from what we'd heard and what we could figure out, was a plenty good Joe. He didn't take any foolishness, but he was respected and what he did made sense and turned out good. Which, in combat, is a damn good over-all quality.

"If that old so-and-so ever gets out of his C.P. long enough to come up on the line, I hope they drop an 88 down his throat. Man, I'd shove it to him myself, if—" He stopped right there, because the corporal was leaning over him, a look on his face that would chill a brass doorknob.

"Get out of here, meathead," he said, very slow, "before I kick you in the face."

Sawyer stood up, but immediately. He was about three inches taller than the corporal, and for a minute I thought there'd be a scrap. But there wasn't. I should have known there wouldn't be.

The story of a gripping soldier who asked for what he got—and got just what he deserved

His face just went kind of soft and uglier at the same time, and his eyes wouldn't stay still. He looked down at the ground and then his time. He even spit once. But he left.

"Hope I don't end up with a yellow monkey like that redhead," the corporal muttered. "He'd be one sweet boy to have with you on the line. . ." Then he started cleaning up his dirty blanket, with the mud all over it.

**W**ECKED, it was me that finally got stuck with Sawyer. When I got my orders in a couple of days, I found we were both assigned to the 315th Infantry, Company B—a rifle company. And, when we got up to the company, which had the C.P. in a broken-down farmhouse near a bridge on the road, we were assigned both to the first platoon, which was then occupying the crest of this hill.

"Lots of luck to you men," he told us. "Keep your noses clean and do what you're told. Lieutenant Grange—oops, I mean Lieutenant Garonkin—is as good an officer as the first platoon ever had,

(Continued on page 53)





# CALIFORNIA'S ELEPHANT BOY

BY  
GEORGE CREEL

This year Earl Warren is fighting for re-election to the governorship. If he wins, he'll be a major contender for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1948

**C**ALIFORNIA's gubernatorial election is easily the star political offering of the year. A Presidential candidacy is at stake, and it will also be the first open test of voting strength between the two great warring bodies of organized labor. The A.F. of L., abandoning its traditional policy of non-partisanship, has indorsed the Republican nominee as a challenge to the C.I.O.-PAC support of the Democratic ticket.

It is generally conceded that if Governor Earl Warren wins in November, no other aspirant for the Presidency will join him in gathering in 1948 to plan a fifth drive for return to power and glory. Not only has California become a pivotal state—a major battleground—but in the important matter of population it bites at the heels of New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois.

Governor Warren, to be sure, denies any such ambition, modestly averring that he has no thought of the White House, and no higher hope than to serve out a second four-year term as executive head of "the fastest-growing and greatest state in the Union." Moreover, that removal is to come by nature that any removal, even to Washington, takes on the dark colors of exile.

His friends, however, are less reticent.

Pointing out that their hero is established as a national figure, they refer regularly and proudly to the Chicago convention in 1944 as the "Pride of West." They implored him to accept the Vice-Presidential nomination. Republican leaders begging him on bended knees? And what about the "delirious enthusiasm" of the delegates as Earl laid down "the tenets of Republican faith" in his keynote speech?

The pretensions of other Presidential possessors are dismissed with a flick of the finger. Even if the voters of New York should return Governor Dewey, the sad experience of the Democratic Party with William J. Bryan proves the futility of giving any loser a second chance. Other candidates are easily bounded off as Neanderthal men ages removed from present-day problems and the trends of modern thought. Harold Stas-

sen receives larger consideration, but at the same time there is significant reference to the case of the late Wendell Willkie as evidence that a private citizen cannot keep himself from the public eye for any length of time.

While admitting that the governor's re-election is a necessary first step on the road to Washington, the Warrenists insist that it is in the bag. Where and when was there ever more of a "natural"? A poor boy who worked his way through college, a soldier who toiled and sweated in the harvest fields; a gallant soldier in the first World War; a long and distinguished record of public service marked by courage, sane liberalism and administrative genius; only fifty-four built on the majestic lines of California's own sequoias, and his "magnetic personality" attested by many successful campaigns.

A fairly accurate picture, although somewhat overdrawn in spots. The Ho- ratio Alger implication, in particular, fails to stand up under investigation. The son-of moderately well-to-do parents, young Earl's toughest struggle was learning to play the clarinet, and hard-shells would have been shocked by the neighbors. After getting his degree from the University of California in 1914, he signed up with a prominent law firm, and stayed there until put into uniform. His military service, through no fault of his own, was spent in the United States, and he did not even begin the competitions of private life for an office-holding career. Appointive positions in the beginning—first clerk for a legislative committee and then various deputizations in Oakland—but since 1925 all elective.

#### One Touch That is Lacking

Physically, at least, the governor lives up to his billing. A big man, standing well above six feet and weighing 215 pounds, every pore exudes a sense of fitness, and there is a booming heartiness both in his laugh and his voice. And though despite this sturdy equipment, there is no trace of the personal magnetism claimed by his admirers. The effect that he gives is one of solidness and dependability, rather than color and excitement, and while people like him, there is at no time of the year stirred by Bryan or Wilson or Roosevelt, nor rather the friendly liking for a neighbor.

No audience has ever been brought to its feet by a Warren speech, but on the other hand, no audience has ever walked out on him. He talks instead of orating, and specializes in the homely and the forthright. Whether he is addressing three boys and three girls—he never fails to stress the values of home, family and motherhood even at the expense of major issues. Nevertheless, there can be no dispute as to Earl Warren's vote-getting ability.

Working for District attorney in Alameda County, he buried his opponents under staggering majorities in three successive elections and won a notable victory when nominated for attorney general in 1938. At the time California was a welter of political cults with Good Old Doctor Townsend and the Hams and

Eggers only two of the hundreds that peddled pink pills for the cure of every social ailment.

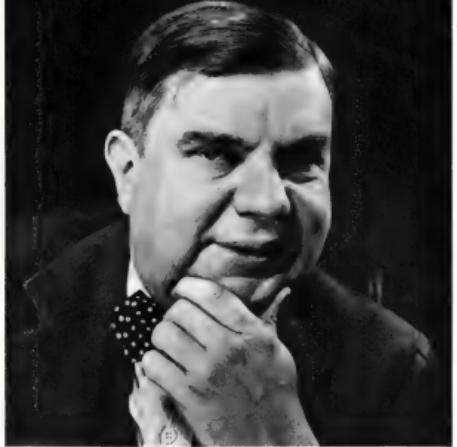
The Democratic ticket, headed by Culbert Olson, a carry-over from Upton Sinclair's End Poverty in California movement, rode with the tide. Sheridan Darby, his chief defender, William G. McAdoo was the primary shoo-in. Sizer was with his screams in behalf of "senior citizens," and as the campaign warmed up, Thirty Dollars Every Thursday was succeeded by Forty Dollars Every Friday. Of the Republicans who tried to stoke up hysteria, only Earl Warren came out alive, winning by a handsome majority.

Nominated for governor in 1942, it was again the case that he looked to be no more than a burst offering, for the Democratic registration totaled 2,300,000 against 1,370,000 Republicans. Now California had an easy task in which to campaign, for the state's border to the Mexican line is a stretch of over 1,000 miles—as long as from New York to Iowa—yet Earl Warren covered every inch. Not even hamlets were overlooked, and only the bedridden escaped his fond handshakes. As a result, he carried every county in the state, winning by a majority of 342,000.

It is only fair to point out that 1942 found California rejoicing in full employment, due to the war, and with everyone at work at high wages; all of the "gumshoe" types were employed. With "senior citizens" earning good money, they had no time for Doctor Townsend, and Thirty Dollars Every Thursday was chicken feed compared to weekly pay checks in aircraft factories and shipyards. Even so, Earl Warren's simple, homely style had a lot to do with the election's result.

Coming to Earl Warren's office-holding record, a study of his various administrations shows conscientiousness and competence even while emphasizing his colorlessness. As district attorney of Alameda County, he conducted a clean-up campaign in which he exposed evidence of rackets, racketeers and grafters, many in high places, but did so ploddingly and matter-of-factly that it seemed no more than part of a rather dull routine. Tom Dewey, doing much the same job, became a national figure.

Warren's inability to dramatize himself



Robert W. Kenny is the most probable Democratic nominee for the governorship. A shrewd politician, he has a genius for estimating popular trends

stood proved again when he prosecuted the three heads of a maritime union for the brutal murder of a marine engineer. Organized labor made it another Tom Mooney case, but a frame-up by employers and through the machinations of the trial, from one to four thousand pickets patrolled the courthouse, damning Warren as a labor baiter and shouting threats against his life. A great change for a melodramatic pose, but the district attorney merely plugged on, and when the evidence was heard, earned a verdict of guilty.

His one burst of fire came when Culbert Olson, elected governor, followed a pardon to Mooney by freeing the three imprisoned unionists. In doing so he did not attempt to declare their innocence, but merely to meet with the statement that they had been "misjudged." Although Warren, advised by political associates to keep his mouth shut, indignantly refused, and turned loose a mighty blast, "The murderers are free today," he said, "not because they are rehabilitated criminals, but because they are politically powerful Communists."

During his term as attorney general, the scandal of the state was the brazen operation of gambling ships off Los Angeles, but outside the three-mile limit. When city and county authorities did nothing, professional helplessness, Warren, a determined soul, threatened husky grants, loaded them into a fleet of small boats and set out to sea. Storming the decks of the floating Monte Carlo, the little army smashed away with axes and threw the wreckage overboard. All highly dramatic, but Warren, as usual, managed to give it the appearance of routine.

Turning to the Warren record as governor, even the opposition makes certain grudging admissions. His administration has been untouched by scandal; cordial working relations with the legislature, the results of his appeal for co-operation on a number of bills, and the fiscal deadlocks that made former administrations so barren; taxes have been reduced in the amount of \$225,000,000, and the majority of his appointments have been based on merit rather than politics. Only recently he defended the practice by this administration to position an interest in machine politics. I have not tried to build a political machine. No

man should be permitted to be both a governor and a political boss.

So far from being the "tool of reaction," as charged during the campaign, Governor Warren has lifted plank after plank from the platform of the Democratic party from despite unashamed outcries from that party and also his own. One of his first acts was to up old-age pensions to \$50 a month, the highest of any state in the Union, and raise payments to the blind to \$60 a month. Going still further, he established a minimum wage and unemployment Insurance Act so that it provided cash payments to wage earners when ill or injured through nonindustrial causes. Rhode Island is the only other state with a "sick pay" law.

#### Favors More Benefits for Workers

In addition, he has made unsuccessful fights in behalf of larger unemployment insurance benefits and for longer periods, backed a "full employment" bill, and given ardent support to a Prepaid Medical Insurance measure. This proposal would require employers and employees each to contribute 1½ cents from pay rolls for creation of a Health Service Fund from which the fees of doctors, hospitals and laboratories would be paid for services rendered to workers, their wives and all children under eighteen years of age.

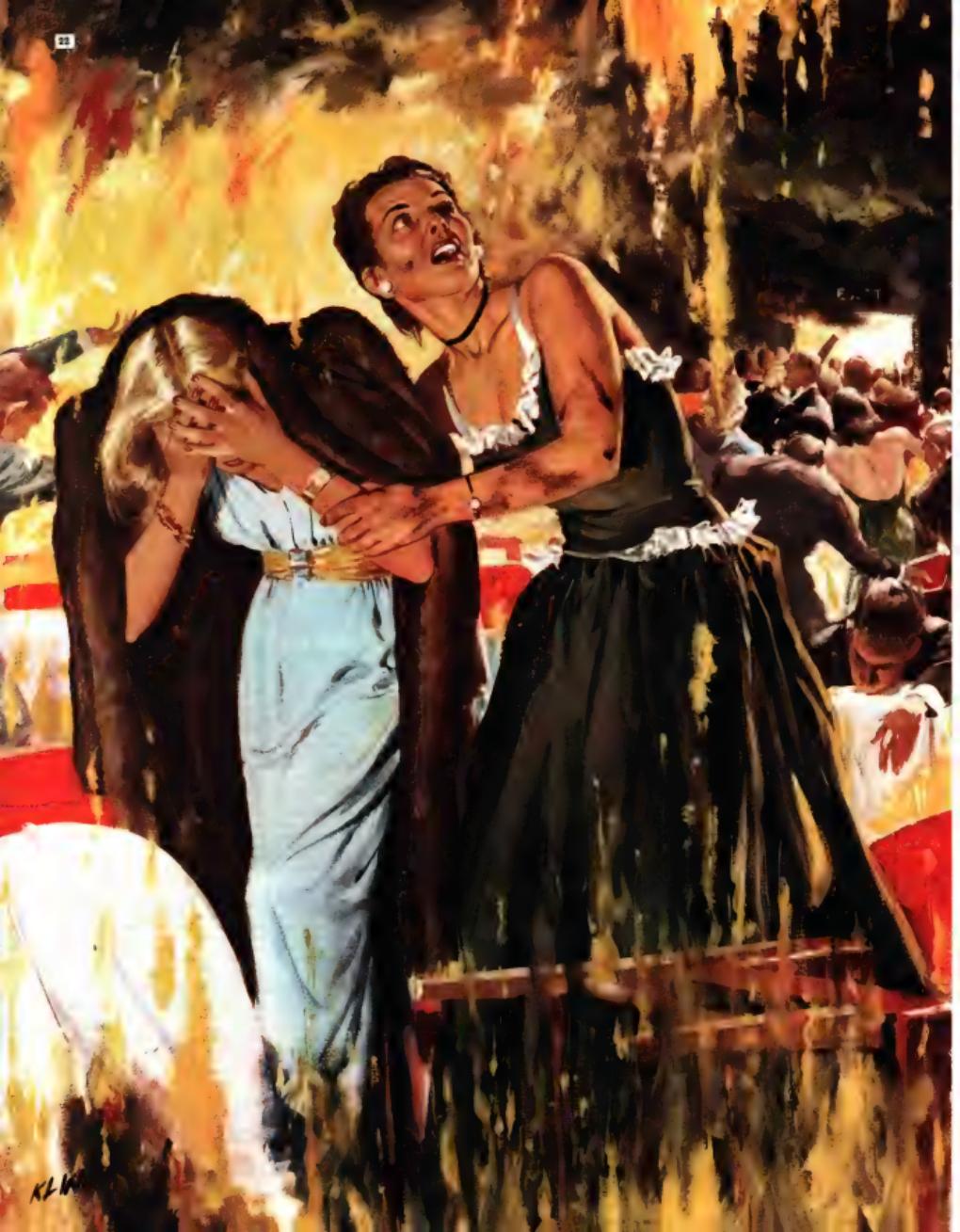
Whether cagily, or out of honest preoccupation with state affairs, Governor Warren has been silent with respect to international and national issues. Various stray utterances indicate that he supports the U.N., the best means of promoting world peace, but otherwise he has not gone beyond blanket endorsement.

On domestic issues, about his nearest approach to a positive stand is a consistent advocacy of the "American system," and an equally frank repudiation of foreign ideologies. In his opinion, we should and must hold fast to "the age-old principles of individual freedom released through the system we call private enterprise." At the same time he admits that it is the function of government to ride herd on private enterprise to guard against abuses.

None of the however, worries the Warrenites, for they prefer to have the governor judged by his California  
(Continued on page 76)



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF-FIX



28

ENT

KLW

# The Long Denial

BY VICKI BAUM

*The Story:*

MARYLYNN (who started life as MARY LIVES), famous and beautiful night-club singer, lies in a hospital, a bullet close to her heart. BESS POKER, her manager and best friend, has shot her, and BESS is being held by the police. . . . In a series of flashbacks, we see the rise of BESS and MARYLYNN from bootleggers to stars. BESS is the one who exploited the brains and MARYLYNN the beauty and talent. BESS was secretly in love with LUKE JORDAN, a young song writer. Sublimating her love for LUKE in MARYLYNN, she undertook to create a MARYLYNN more glamorous, more desirable and more successful than any other girl ever hoped to be. But then LUKE fell in love with MARYLYNN.

Now, while MARYLYNN lies close to death, the men in her life gather: ALAN HUYSMANS, an aging publisher whom she has jilted; DALE CORBETT, a young lawyer who hopes to marry her; SID CAREY, her loyal, treacherous press agent; and ROBERT STILL, his dimwitted friend. All hope to save her life, but it is LUKE alone who fears more for BESS POKER than for MARYLYNN.

II

BY THE time Professor Meredith, the eminent heart surgeon from Rochester, arrived at La Guardia Field, the second morning editions had reached the streets. They were flung in heavy bundles from trucks, spread out on newspaper stands, carried into houses to scream their headlines at the early risers of the city.

MARYLYNN SHOT THROUGH HEART. CONDITION HOPELESS, SAYS DR. BASSINGTON. SONGBIRD'S EX-HUSBAND QUZZED BY POLICE. WHO IS MYSTERY WOMAN ELIZABETH POKER? CITY PLANNER DALE CORBETT INVOLVED?

At least three sob sisters had been carried away by the strange coincidence that *Too Near My Heart*, the hit from Jordan's first musical comedy, had been Marylynn's last song before a bullet struck too near her heart. The newspapers treated her as if she were already dead.

Professor Meredith went into a telephone booth to find out whether the patient was still alive. He had flown in to please Huysmans, but in the back of his mind he was convinced that he would be too late. In that case he would have married off his Yankies and spent a few hours with his grandchildren all expenses paid. Dr. Bassington, at the other end of the line, sounded even so slightly disgruntled as he reported that, yes, indeed, and against all reasonable expectations, the patient had shown remarkable signs of recovery to the moment, still alive. She was, however, in a semicomatose state: grave shock, pulse very weak and frequent—140 per minute; blood pressure low—systolic 80, diastolic 50. Probably she would die within the hour.

"Well, I'll have to look at her," Mere-

dit said, with a thin smile. He knew that he might as well go as he might not, if any of his diagnoses were wrong. Still, if Baughton was right and the bullet had penetrated the heart muscle, the patient would unquestionably have been dead by now.

As in any hospital, the hour between six and seven was a very busy one. Patients were admitted, visitors were ushered mercilessly out of their early-morning sleep to take their temperatures; breakfast trays clattered into the wards, and, as the daily routine got under way, there was an air of hustling, almost cheerful, activity in all the corridors. Still Corbett had been assigned to the case in the middle of the night, fought against the sleepy, stupor that overcame her regularly at this hour. In the small anteroom, Dale Corbett was reading old magazines without absorbing a word; and Luke Jordan was pacing back and forth on the drummed-up single rhythm of the window-pane, and drumming Corbett crazy.

Sid Carr put his head in the door for a moment to report that Professor Mer-

edith had arrived and was by now consulting with Dr. Bassington. He put a batch of morning papers on the table.

"The Star," he said, "is after you." Then he went out again. At the door he gave Luke a wink, and Luke got up and followed him on tiptoes, trying to keep his shoes from making that unpleasant noise on the linoleum which fills the corridors of the hospitals in the world.

"Well?" he said.

"Sorry, Luke. I tried my best, but they told me that Poker absolutely refused to get herself a lawyer."

"Why, she must be crazy," Luke said.

"What can we do about it?"

"Nothing. You know Poker. Once she's made up her mind, there's nothing you can do to make her change it."

"What can you do with a girl like Pokerface?" Luke said. "Have you ever seen such a stubborn, mushy, heart-breaking idiot?" Suddenly a wide smile lit up his face. "Our good little manager! Our good little manager!" So level-headed and untouchable. Ani! off she goes, takes a gun and shoots the kid. The fire behind it, the passion! The glorious she turns out to be, our neat little bookkeeper! Okay. If she doesn't want to be with us, that's abrupt! He turned around and marched back to Room 35, leaving Sid to cope with the reporters downstairs.

IT WAS still very early, the sky was covered with clouds, a glaring, head-on sun was trying to break through them. In Room 35 Marylynn was lying, very flat, very quiet, very close to death. She was what in hospital parlance is called "resting comfortably." A thin wall of morphine stood between her and pain, between her and consciousness. She was drifting, drifting, drifting, wandering on dark and tortured errands. Her face was gray. From time to time a few thin bubbles of blood would appear between her pale lips, and Miss Cripps would pull herself up from the chair in the corner, go over and blot up the red froth. The doctors had given Marylynn a blood transfusion and kept her ben-

guoed heart going with a shot of cal-

fium. Her breath came shallow and hasty, and her heart beat frantically against the pressure of constricting bandages.

There was a little commotion at the door, and two men rolled in the intricate apparatus for taking the X rays which Meredith had demanded before deciding for or against an operation. The noise of the machine, the whirling of the oil and morphine in Marylynn's miffed brain; but the cruel and ironical fact is that she smiled for the fraction of a second as if it were not a picture of her poor, punctured heart they were taking, but another one of a thousand publicity shots.

In the anteroom Corbett put down the Star Tribune and dried his perspiring face and neck. Luke Jordan enjoyed watching his distress. "Don't you feel like the funny little guy in the maternity ward cartoon?" he asked.

"What do you do?" Luke asked. "For myself, I am wholly oblivious of the humurous aspects of the situation," Corbett answered stiffly.

"Oh, can it, Dale! Save your hundred-dollar dollars for your voter. And if hanging around here makes you so miserable, why don't you scram? I've an idea that you needed at your office more than you are here."

"It's open to discussion which of us is needed more here, you or I. I wonder if Marylynn would like to find you at her bedside when she comes to."

Luke patted his hands on the lapels and bowed forward to kiss the hand of the doctor.

"You don't like me, do you, Dale?"

"On the contrary, Luke. You know that I'm a great admirer of your music and have been for years. You may not care to remember that I got you the money for booking your first show."

"How listen, Dale!" Luke said under his breath. "What do you want from me? You got Marylynn, didn't you? I gave her a divorce! I haven't seen her for ages. Why, I'm not even on speaking terms with her any more. If I'm not jealous of you, what's the hell reason have you got to be so damnation good?"

"I? Jealous? Don't be silly, I—" Dale Corbett began; but at this moment a nurse's aide opened the door to usher in a newcomer. Both Luke and Corbett turned around to gaze at the huge figure in the double-breasted Palm Beach suit that you would have seen Mr. Huysmans' this little aside told. "Call you the moment Professor Meredith comes out of his consultation."

If it had been in Huysmans' character to show it when he felt ill at ease, he would have done so now. "Uh—good morning," he said to no one in particular.

Luke Jordan gave him an amiable smile and cleared a chair for him. "Why, Mr. Huysmans—sit down. Imagine meeting you here! This certainly is a surprise, isn't it, Dale? Dale was just resting when you came in."

Corbett had hastily unbuttoned the Star Tribune under a batch of magazines and rearranged the expression on his face into a manner fitting the situation. He shook Huysmans' hand with the disarmingly truthful friendliness due a fellow member of the Yale Club who was also a dangerous political opponent. He showed a polite deference to Huysmans

age, position and power, mixed with the sympathetic consideration due to an unlucky rival. All this courtesy was suavely tempered by the reserve which the place and the occasion demanded. "How are you, Alan?" he said. "And how is your dear mother these days?"

"Very well indeed, thanks, considering that we'll celebrate her ninetieth birthday next month. How are you, Dale? Very busy with the coming elections, I understand," Huysmans replied—civilly enough, but ready for attack rather than for defense. Luke watched the two with grim amusement. Under his glance Huysmans began to chuckle, and Luke allowed himself to give an explanation of his presence. "I came here mostly to make some financial arrangements with Professor Meredith," he remarked without convincing anyone, not even himself. "As long as he lives here at my instigation," he added lamely, and the sentence fizzled out.

"Good, good," Luke thought. "You always dispel an overdose of sentimentality—especially where Marylynn is concerned." Luke said grimly, Huysmans picked up the same magazine which had served Corbett as a camouflage and stared at its worn page while he was thinking of his own. "How lucky happened when he found it: 'I'm sorry I'm not seeing your show in Washington, Mr. Jordan. It never got to New York, did it?'

HERE they were, three men whose every thought circled around Marylynn. And each was still reflexively afraid to admit it. The stale hot air in the small room was charged with tension. Occasionally, from behind the closed door which led into Marylynn's room, came the muffled voices of doctors in consultation. Then, again, the room was ominously silent. Huysmans felt that this was bad for him; here was where he should have come here. Not another word was spoken until, at last, the two heart specialists emerged from Room 35.

Professor Meredith went straight up to Huysmans and shook hands with him. "I'm glad you sent for me, Alan," he said. He forced his questioning eyes upon the other two men, and Dr. Bassington mustered some perfunctory words of introduction. "Uh—" said Meredith. "How do you do? Excuse me; I'm still a bit deaf from flying. It's what planes always do to me."

"Are you going to operate, Professor?" asked Luke.

"Dr. Bassington and I agree that possibly the bullet missed the heart by a fraction of a fraction of an inch," Meredith said, showing the short-cut nails on his broad surgeon's fingers.

"You mean that there is a hemorrhage in the pericardium," Dr. Bassington explained with some eagerness. "However, there seems to be a possibility that the projectile is lodged in the cardiac sac and, in that case, there may be some prospect of saving the patient. However, I must warn you against being too optimistic."

Bassington has performed a miracle in keeping the patient alive until now," Meredith added perfusorily as a soothing ointment for his colleague's ruffly professional prestige. "If you'll excuse me, Mr. Huysmans, I've got to go upstairs and wash up."

(Continued on page 63)

"Help me, Pokey. I'm blind," Marylynn sobbed. "Don't be afraid." I said. "I'll get you out." I had to fight hard to push into the opposite direction. Flames were all around us and the heat was terrible

# THE WORLD'S GREATEST SPLASH

BY WILLIAM ABBOTT



In the old days, all sorts of daredevils performed for the amusement of visitors at the falls, and so many were killed that a halt to all stunts had to be called. Here Prof. Jenkins rides a "velocipede"—according to contemporary accounts—over a slack wire. Lack of such high jinks hasn't cut the falls attraction.

**T**HAT big travel boom is getting launched with something less, it seems, than the usual fanfare. There's no blare here, no shouting like where to sleep, ballooning prices and the tire shortage are smudging slightly the bright 1946 tourism picture. But they won't stop the hordes of travelers; what they probably will do is change the destinations. What makes it a good bet most people won't be going to Kamchatka, Cairo or Inner Mongolia. They'll go to Niagara Falls.

They'll go there by the hundreds of thousands. They'll be going, moreover, smack in the face of a conviction, practically universal in our upper travel circles, that Niagara is not a place to go to; it's old hat, an abandoned honeymoon spot, a sort of atmospheric hang-over from the nineties. In short, as an up-to-date travel factor, it's out.

But the crowds we're speaking of don't seem to know that, or they just don't care. For old Niagara, with relatively no ballyhoo and despite knocks that range from the low laugh to the explosive, is the most popular vacation, a matter of fact, the biggest tourist attraction in the world. It is drawing more than 2,000,000 customers a year, a total that makes all its up-and-coming rivals look like amateurs. Regardless how many people show up this season at Niagara, they'll be making out all right. The destination, after all, is the greatest waterfall in the Americas, the second largest in the world, and the third largest in the hemisphere.

Park by three to one; four times as many

folks will see the Big Waterfall as will visit the Yosemite. Niagara's list of callings will be double that of the great Shenandoah Valley or the Big Smokies; and it will top by as many as six times that of the Grand Canyon.

Well, what's the answer? With a country jammed with attractions, most of them more or less gaudy, why do the folks with neon, siren calls and loud-speakers, why do the folks go to Niagara? Not just to look at some old-fashioned cascades, surely. The noted Mr. H. G. Wells, who has certainly been around plenty, settles that point very definitely.

"The reason," he says, "are medicines."

There are a dozen or good or better."

So that would seem to be that, although if we leave the falls out of it, the thing that makes Niagara such a magnet isn't readily apparent. The place is unpretentious, without swank landscaping or architectural巧s. No casinos, either, or roller coasters, or roller-skating rinks, bands. Flanking the "medicine" cataracts—there are two of them—are just nice unexciting parks where mobs of people walk around. Goat Island, separating the two falls, is also a place of grass, trees, tree walks and benches.

Fairly recently, though, with buccolic scenes, visitors have to trudge through the noisy and busy main street of one of the nation's bigger manufacturing towns.

They must pass stores, movies, eating places, bus terminals and shoe-shining parlors and, just as they seem to be coming out of the town, there's another, smaller park—the American falls; beyond, with the tall column of mist rising, is the Horseshoe, or Canadian, cataract.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., is probably the world's only Class-A sight-seeing rendezvous without a single tourist trap. Its hotels are designed neither to impress the tourists nor to make money.

The hotel that's the best for visitors, the Hotel Royal, is one of the largest, recently wrecked by fire, opened for business soon after the War of 1812 and had Lafayette as a guest. The railway station was put up in Cleveland's first administration. The falls' history is set forth in a museum full of Egyptian mummies, the largest in America, with a Wild-Animal Annex situated close by.

tion was started in 1830. In the intervening 116 years, a combination of amateur taxidermy, moths and weather have turned these creatures into candidates for a surrealist Noah's Ark.

So our holidaymakers stream through the town and stare at Mr. Wells' fourth-rate cataracts. Perhaps part of the attraction is the general gaudiness of them; more than ten minutes in the fact that Niagara a few years back had some of the wildest press-agency and rough-and-ready entertainment in the business.

The ballyhoo was invented by no one person nor was it subtly conceived to "improve" opinion. It was an amateur creation, drumming mainly for jobs on the kick that people in general got from the falls, the rapids and the other local phenomena. They thought it all was wonderful and they said so loudly, persistently, and in so many keys that before anyone realized what was going on, the word-of-mouth propaganda was blabbing a couple of hemispheres.

## A Resort of Varied Attractions

To hear them tell it, Niagara Falls was a society center, a health resort, an exclusive club, a Big Business meeting place for all arts and sciences. It was a center too of wonders and mysteries. Eminent preachers contributed the opinion that "a trip to Niagara is one of the holiest pilgrimages of life." Most of all, it was touted as a spot where there was plenty of fun—wild, wicked and dangerous. Visitors came expecting low-down as well as high-up diversion.

Where our orderly crowds now stand gazing at the American falls was a solid roaring acre of amusements. A visitor progressed toward the cataracts through the usual beat for children, the jugglers, and souvenirs and medicine pitches. The site of the present park on the Canadian side was decorated with stores, coffeehouses, Chinese pagodas, saucy, tree gardens, and a "collection of Egyptian mummies, the largest in America, close with a Wild-Animal Annex situated close by.

(Continued on page 91)



## *How Long is a Honeymoon?*

**H**OONEYMOON or Vacation! Even though you have only two weeks, you can go anywhere in the United States or to many foreign countries by air and spend practically all of your time there!

The giant airliners are truly luxurious and the service is personal and courteous. You travel at speeds up to five miles a minute in comfort and cleanliness. Yes, you're there almost before you know it—refreshed and eager for the wonderful days ahead.

Consult the nearest Airline office or authorized Travel Agent. They will be glad to help you plan your trip in detail—show you where you can go, what you can see and do with the time and money you have to spend.

When you consider the very low cost of air

fares today—when you figure how much you save in time and extra expenses—you'll plan your vacation or honeymoon by air!

Air Transport Association of America, 1107 16th Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

This advertisement is sponsored by the nation's airline and leading manufacturers in the aviation industry

FLY THE PLANES THAT  FLY THE U.S. FLAG  
THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES

# The Songstress and the Man Across the Court



1 You know how welcome a songstress is in an apartment house! Well, when I finally found a place to house the vocal cords, I did not tell the landlord about my operatic aspirations! And everything was fine at first, with no complaints from the neighbors.



2 Then one night late—when I couldn't sleep—I forgot the neighbors. And I paced back and forth in front of my bedroom window trilling "Mi-mi-mi-mi!" Suddenly a howl went up from across the court. I stopped in mid-trill, and peered out.



3 There, in the window opposite mine, was an irate male. "Stop that revving!" he roared. "I want to go to sleep!" It's not screaming," I screamed back. "And if I'd like to go to sleep, no—but I had coffee for dinner, and it always affects me!"



4 "I'll say it does!" he bellowed. "You should drink Sanka Coffee. It's 97% caffeine-free, and it's the caffeine in coffee that keeps you awake." "I've heard of Sanka," I shouted, "but never thought it would taste good." "Nonsense!" he thundered . . .



5 "It tastes swell! Sanka is fine coffee. Grand flavor, grand aroma. I know—I drink it myself! Now, let's have quiet!" The nervous I hissed. But next evening I found myself drinking Sanka Coffee! And it was delicious. I had 3 cups.



6 That night I tried just once. Next day, I had a fit of nightmares & dream talk for him for the Sanka Coffee tip. When he saw me, he spluttered, "Oh-m-gosh!" "I'm so neartighted, I didn't know it was insulting the most beautiful girl in the world!"



**Sanka Coffee**  
Each coffee—mill coffee  
has it as strong as  
you like, it's 97% caff-  
feine-free! A Product  
of General Foods.  
You can drink it and sleep!

**ICED SANKA! DELICIOUSLY COOLING!** You may prepare Iced Sanka by any coffee-making method you prefer. Just be sure to use 1½ well-rounded tablespoons of Sanka Coffee to each cup (½ pint) of water. Pour over ice cubes, and serve with cream and sugar.

## The Way It Ended

Continued from page 17

full moon tonight." They went out on the little pier in back of the club and stood looking out at the water, her hand in his hand. "So what?" Why, there's no moon at all—" "Do you care?" she leaned down and kissed him.

That was the beginning, and they were together every waking second from then on.

In the daytime, they sailed and swam, dug for clams and lay side by side in the sun. And at night they took a blanket and some books down to the beach. They lay there softly and aimlessly, until suddenly Blair would say, "Lord, you're lovely," and she'd put up her face and they wouldn't talk any more.

They stayed aloof from the rest of us, and strangely enough we were glad. There was something alien about them. He was a little too smooth. I don't know how to describe it. He just didn't belong. But, gee, I never knew a guy with so much charm.

There was one night that they stayed at the beach very late, and Josh went after them. It was a hot moonlight night, and countless tiny stars were visible. When he got closer he could hear them singing off key: "We'll build a bungalow, big enough for two." And Josh thought: So help me I'll kick his teeth in if he lets her get tight. They didn't hear him coming, but when his shadow fell on them, they looked up.

"Hi, Josh," Susan said with a small, frightened voice, and she looked so mussed up, so kind of blurred, it made him sick.

"You kids know it's late?" he said.

"What's it to you, Pappy?" Blair said, and he settled back again. "The moon's out of our hair!" Susan didn't say anything, but Josh could see her hand on Blair's sleeve, small and square, the nails still short and

neat the way they were when she was twelve; and he couldn't wait it at that. He was somehow responsible for her.

He said, "Let's get up to the shack, and I'll make us some coffee."

"Okay, Josh," Susan said, and she sounded very tired. He gave her his hand and pulled her up.

"Coming, Blair?"

Blair got to his feet unsteadily and pushed himself between them. "I'll get it, get out, Harper," he said in that same low voice. And then he swung hard at Josh and missed. Susan cried out softly and Blair swore under his breath and plowed through the sand toward the car. They called after him, but he didn't turn around.

JOSH and Susan walked down the beach, down the scrub pine-sand and broken-down boardwalk to the shack. They didn't say much while Josh made the coffee, but sitting across the crude homemade table from each other, Josh told her what he'd been wanting to tell her for days.

"I know you like Blair," she said, "you know I like Blair a hell of a lot, he's no nut, sugar."

Susan lifted her eyes from her cup and smiled her slow, naïve-sophisticated smile.

"That depends on your definition," she told him. "For my dough, he's heaveen in a bed tie."

He was going to be harder than Josh thought. He looked at her soft, little-girl face, and he put one of his hands on one of hers. "Watch him in the clinches, baby," was all he said, and he tried to say it lightly, but he still felt like Scrooge. "Look," he said then, watching her face and not quite understanding what he was doing. "Maybe you're a big girl now. Maybe I ought to mind my own damn business."

She looked at him and beyond him. "Maybe you ought," she whispered, and she took her hand away.

He took her home after that, and on his way back to his house, he heard the bell out of balance, somehow he knew it was for Blair. He caught up with it and followed it over the beach road until it stopped, and



"He's rehearsing his objection to the wedding ceremony tomorrow!"

FRANK OLLER



# Ford's out Front IN EVERYTHING!



TUNE IN **The FORD**-Bob Crosby Show  
CBS, Wednesday, 9:30-10 P.M., E.S.T.  
•The FORD Sunday Evening Hour—  
ABC, Sundays, 8-9 P.M., E.S.T.



← If dates say "NO"  
like this...

When tu-lips could  
say "YES" like this →



### TRY THIS

MORAL: Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.



there was Blair's convertible smashed against the high stone boulder. It was pretty messy. Blair was badly cut up, but it wasn't only that. Slumped in one corner, her arm over her face in a vain effort to protect herself, was a town girl. Very dead. The publicists were there. In a decent little town, an accident like this is front-page news for a month, and every angle of it was played up. Blair's family came up the next day and drove him down to a New York hospital, and the legal end of the accident was settled out of court, but it was a long time before the papers stopped talking about it.

Susan hardly ever mentioned it at all, but she was never quite the same afterwards. Oh, she put up a good front. She still dished out the wisecracks and mowed them down at the yacht club dances, but her face had a strange, sad look when she thought no one was looking. Josh took her out a couple of times, and their date was carefully bright, and then she'd Blair namesake if it was a land mine. Then the last Saturday night before Labor Day, Josh took her to the Ferrises' farewell barbecue. On the way home, they drove over the beach road, and when they came to the place, Susan said, "This is where we were, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Josh.  
"Josh," she whispered. "I wonder why." She didn't have to say any more. They had been filling in the gaps in each other's conversations for years.

"He was right, and he was mad. That's the whole story. That's Blair."

Susan said again, "And I'm still crazy about him. I miss him so much—I can't tell you. Since it happened, there's never been a word."

"It's better this way," Josh told her. "Honestly, baby, you're not the same kind of people."

"I am his kind of people," Susan said with a soft, disturbed intensity. "Josh, you hardly know me any more."

**I**T WAS fall again, and Josh went back to school, and Susan was a freshman at Smith. He thought about her quite a lot, since obviously she would mention him. "She was a real nice tomboy," he said. "Too bad she was jail bait." Never anything tender or particularly winsful. That's why it came as such a bombshell to hear that they were going together again. Josh didn't hear from Blair, but from some of the guys. They saw them around the bars in the evenings, in certain places like Old and A's. She always looked pale, though, but Blair was usually tight. One Saturday night, Bill Gets saw them checking into a hotel on Forty-sixth Street.

"Maybe they weren't checking in," Josh said. "Maybe they were visiting someone."

"I was just curious," Gets told him. "They'd closed the register Mr. and Mrs. Blair Hastings."

"Damn Hastings," Josh said after a while. And Bill said, "That's quite a torch you're carrying." Josh opened his mouth to deny it, and then he closed it again. Sure, he thought. That's what it is. That's why he was so much. And he said, "I've got a bottle of good Scotch in my bag. How about a drink?"

Christmas holidays came soon after that, and as usual Josh's family spent them in the country, and, as usual, so did Susan's. There were the regular egg-and-parties, the round of holdovers, the secret desire to go to the heart-pounding with a queer thrill-boy excitement. And when he'd see that Susan wasn't there, the excitement would drain from him as from an open artery. She was visiting her roommate in New York, her mother told him, when at last he phoned, but they'd closed the register.

That was the day of the Ferrises' party, and around six-thirty he walked into the big living room, warm and bright with the traditional Yule log, and someone handed him a hot buttered rum, and then he saw her, standing near the piano singing Good King Wenceslaus with a dozen other people. She was wearing a soft, flowing dress with a square neckline, and her hair shone palely like moonlight. That kid is beautiful, he thought.

Really beautiful. And his thought. I wonder how long I've been in love with her. Then he came up behind her and touched her arm. She turned slowly, still singing, and then she saw who it was.

"Josh Harper," she said slowly. And now there was tension, the tension that had been mounting in his chest, the torment that had been coiling tighter and tighter in his stomach was gone. It was all familiar and easy just the way it had always been.

"Hi, sugar," he said, and then he looked over her shoulder at the songbook and began to sing.

It was eleven o'clock by the time they'd sung all the songs and eaten the fabulous buffet dinner. Going out into the night with Susan's arm in his, Josh felt happier than he'd ever felt in his life. He wanted to tell her then that he loved her. He wanted to stand still in front of the Ferrises' fat and comfortable living room. Chances were, The first kiss, he thought. After five years, the first kiss. But it still wasn't time, somehow.

They walked along the quiet street, and after a while the church bells began chiming. "Josh," she said, "let's call it a night. We'll have to have another one."

"Ah, Josh," Susan said in her low voice. "Don't be smooth on Christmas Eve. I'm all dewy-eyed and sentimental."

"So am I," Josh told her. "I feel wonderful."

"Midnight Mass!" she asked him, lifting his face.

They were under a street lamp, and there was an odd radiance about her. A sort of deep-lying excitement.

"Sure," he said, and somehow he wanted to say to her, "Everything okay with your life, Susan?" But the moment was gone, and they walked on toward the church steps together. The little church was crowded with people. They knew all their lives, and it smelled of wax and evergreen boughs. The service was beautiful and meaningful, and when the choir sang the *Adeste*, everyone joined in. Afterward, when they were walking home, Josh said, "This was like every Christmas Eve I've ever known, and yet there's never been anything like it. It's like an ache, it's so good."

"Josh Harper, you're in love!" Susan said it teasingly, her hand resting lightly on his elbow, and he turned toward her.

"Yes," he said quietly, and there the darkness had found her soft, sweet mouth and kissed her.

They stood still a minute, and at last Susan said, "Josh Harper," in a voice that was at once tender and confused and very sad.

"I love you so much," he said in a new, rough voice.

**T**HEY were walking toward the shack then, not purposefully, just sort of drifting there, and now and then Susan would kick a piece of wood on a shell with her sandal, and neither of them spoke. The shack was dark and musty, and Josh lit the matches, and then he heard the sound of something hitting the floor, and then he was running into the stove. It was blazing after a while, making jerky orange patterns on the ceiling. Susan moved around, picking up cigarette butts, making the magazines march in a row down the splintery table, and Josh watched her and said, "You're cute." He put his hands on her shoulders and started to kiss her again, but very gently she put her hand on his mouth.

"Don't do that," she said. And then with very little drama, she told him why, and it rocked him all the way down to his shoes. She was married to Blair. Nobody at all knew about it, because she wasn't planning to tell her family until she got married, because she knew that they'd have it annulled. He looked at her sitting there in the firelight, a half smile curving her mouth, and he knew he should say something, but he couldn't get his hands on the words.

"We're terribly happy," Susan said, and looking at her he really believed it. And . . . the two were a分erisness mixed in with the happiness. A kind of synthetic



"So that's why they took time out between sets"

**How to make your service tops!**

A delicious Calvert highball is just about the best thing we know to make winner and loser *both* feel mighty pleased.

For when you serve up Calvert you're scoring with the *real thing* in whiskey. Its pre-war quality is so rich and flavorful, there's no imitating it.

The reason is simple. At Calvert we've blended more fine whiskey in our time than any other distiller in America. And that experience certainly makes a big difference!

Want to net some compliments? Just be sure that your next highball is made with Calvert.

\* \* \* \* \* *It's the real thing!*

**Clear Heads Choose Calvert**



# For Safety's Sake

THE NEXT TIME YOU HAVE YOUR CAR GREASED  
.... have your brake fluid checked



BRAKE FLUID SHOULD BE CHECKED  
AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR . . .  
... and for dependable  
performance specify

## Wagner

LOCKHEED No. 21  
HYDRAULIC BRAKE FLUID

You can't afford to neglect your automobile brake system any more than you can safely drive your car indefinitely without having it lubricated.

Over a period of time, dirt and other abrasive materials are "breathed" into a hydraulic brake system. Temperature changes cause condensation which dilutes the fluid, and the combined destructive effects of these condensations can cause brake failures and serious accidents.

Whenever you have brake fluid changed or added, it pays to specify Wagner Lockheed No. 21. This proved fluid is recommended for *all* hydraulic brakes. It functions under all driving temperatures. It amply lubricates the system, and maintains its chemical characteristics over a long period of time. Used by automobile manufacturers, and recommended for *all* cars and trucks having hydraulic brakes.

In addition to taking care of the fluid level, ask your serviceman to inspect wheel brake parts for wear. If any need replacement, specify genuine WAGNER LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS. Minor repairs today may save you a major service expense tomorrow. Wagner Electric Corporation, 6400 Plymouth Ave., St. Louis 14, Mo., U.S.A. (In Canada: Wagner Brake Company Limited, Toronto.)

LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS  
AND FLUID...NoRol...AIR BRAKES  
...CoMax BRAKE LINING

**Wagner WE Electric**

TACHOGRAPHS . . . ELECTRIC  
MOTORS . . . TRANSFORMERS  
. . . INDUSTRIAL BRAKES

quality, as if it were drug- or drink-induced. I must be nuts, he thought, and then he said, "Blair," almost to himself.

"Yes," Susan whispered. "Peck's bad boy. He drinks too much. He's too fast with his fists. They tell me he's no good. But I happen to love him." And still Josh didn't say anything. Susan was suddenly proud of her. "That's fine," he heard himself saying at last. "Really, Susan."

"Thanks, Josh," she said. They sat there a minute, not talking or looking at each other, and then Susan said, "We have a love lesson on Eighth Street. Will you come and see us sometime?"

"Josh," she said. "I'd like to." And he knew what she lying. As far as he and Susan were concerned, it was the end of the line. "There's some rum in the cupboard, let's have a nightcap, shall we?" Susan nodded and Josh poured two drinks, then added some water. "To you two," he said, and Susan took a sip.

When he left her that night, it was with the feeling that he'd never see her again; but of course he did. Once at a football game, a couple of times at the Nuns. Here and there he'd catch a glimpse of that blond head, and she was always with Blair, and she always had that strange, ecstatic look about her.

BUT the two of them seldom joined the old crowd any more. They belonged to different clubs, had different friends. All he knew about Blair now were the not very pretty rumors that followed him around. Her name, one of the girls in his room last night. He'd walked into this dive down Monday morning. He'd nearly killed a guy in a fight in a Greenwich Village bar. Blair, the violent, the spectacular, the undisciplined, Josh would think, and Susan, the brave and gentle. Once in a while he was tempted to call her, just to hear the warm, smiling voice to know she was okay. But he never did.

It was a funny summer, that next one. Susan was visiting friends most of the time, according to her unsuspecting family, and a lot of the old gang weren't around. Bill Tamm had moved to New York, and Royce Meyer had a job in a bank. The rest of the kids all seemed to have paired off. Carol and Jake, Jane and McDougal. And it hit Josh with a heart-stopping impact that things would never be as they used to be, that the easy, sun-drenched summers would never come again.

He thought of Susan a lot, but on the few weeks ends that she was up, he deliberately avoided her. And then one night, toward the end of the summer, she called him. The

phone rang very late at night and he found it was his downstairs, his heart racing, and he was thinking what an eerie quality a phone ring had in the dark. "Hello," he said quietly, and the voice on the other end wasn't warm or smiling, but it was unmistakably Susan's.

"It's me," she said. "I need you. How soon can you come?"

"Easy, sugar," he said, and he made his voice steady. "Where are you?" She gave him the name of a hotel in the Village. He looked at his watch. "I can make it in two hours," he told her. "By around four o'clock." He'd never done it in less than three, but he'd never been in such a hurry before.

"Susan," he said, "are you all right?"

"Yes," she said, "I'm all right." Her voice was tight and afraid, and he wanted to question her more, but the connection was very bad, and he decided to wait. He dressed in his pajamas, got his coat and hat and coat and got into his car. It was a clear, warm night, and there was no traffic on the twisting country roads. He was in New Haven in twenty minutes, and when he got on the Parkway, he pushed the ear up to sensitivity and never let it down. He got off the highway, took a Twentieth Street exit, and he was in front of the hotel. Susan was sitting in the deserted lobby, looking the way she always looked, cool and soft. In a searching glance he saw the familiar sun-bleached streak in her hair, the silvery brown legs crossed so she always crossed them in her lap. And she was suddenly unbearably dear to him that he wanted to pick her up in his arms and hold her and hold her.

"Josh," she said, smiling at him.

He said, "Hi, Susan," and then they went into the room, and he closed the door. Josh handed her a cigarette and lit it for himself. Before he could get out his matches, Susan was holding one for him, her hands trembling, and there was something terribly touching about the way she was trying to control them.

"Okay," he said, "What's new?"

"She blew the smoke out in a long, thin stream, and then she said, "It's Blair." She looked directly into Josh's eyes, and said, "Let me tell you the whole story before you say anything. If you drool over me right in the middle of it, I'll be sunk. Promise?" Josh held up three fingers and the old man folded his hands, and then Susan began to talk.

She had been at her mother's for the week end, and last evening she had become lonely for Blair. He was living at their



"And that goes for you, too!"

ROBERT DAY

# "Books won't tell you these things, honey"



## You think these things happen only to others?

They occur somewhere daily, hourly. Every newly married couple—every family, in fact—should be protected against them. Ask your insurance Agent or Broker to show you how little it costs to be completely protected by North America insurance.

\* \* \*

By the way, if you intend to finance the purchase of a new car, ask your North America Agent about the Bank-Agent Auto Plan. It's a one-stop, low-cost, modern way to finance and insure your new car.

Insurance Company of North America, founded 1792, oldest American stock fire and marine insurance company, leads the North America Companies which meet the public demand for practically all types of Fire, Marine, Automobile, Casualty and Accident insurance. Sold only through your own Agent or Broker. North America Agents are listed in local Classified Telephone Directories.



1792  
INSURANCE COMPANY OF  
**NORTH AMERICA**  
COMPANIES, Philadelphia



1 "It could happen that our house, with all its nice furnishings, might burn down. So we carry enough fire insurance to take care of any loss that might happen, even if fire destroyed everything we own."



2 "If a visitor should break a leg falling down our front steps, that \$10 policy I just bought would pay up to \$10,000 for damage suits, and also would pay doctors' bills and such."



3 "Suppose your silver tea set or the diamond pin mother gave you were stolen. Our burglary insurance will not only cover such losses, but the rest of our belongings, too."



4 "If we ever have an automobile accident and hurt someone seriously, it could cost us every cent we own. I'm making sure that our automobile insurance will properly protect us."

# For that Personal Touch THE RIGHT POINT for the way you write

Try an Esterbrook with the point number you personally select for your way of writing, and discover a new thrill of smooth, effort-free writing. Your Esterbrook never needs coaxing—it writes at first touch. And remember, you can replace the point yourself—a Renew-Point anytime means a new pen always.



33

NUMBERED POINTS

# Esterbrook

RENEW-POINT FOUNTAIN PEN

apartment, working half days at his dad's law office, and Susan had told her mother she was going to have a baby's, her roommate insisted, she'd gone straight to Fifth Street. It was about eleven o'clock when she got there, and she'd dashed up the two flights and let herself in with her own key. The apartment was dark, so she'd flicked on a light. She paused now in the telling and pressed her palm against the wall.

"They were asleep on the couch, Blair and this girl," she said in a flat, emotionless voice. "I haven't any idea who she was." Josh wanted to say something, but he remembered his promise. "They woke up and saw me, and I was so—so stunned, I didn't say anything. And sometimes the girl was gone, and I'd find her there laughing at each other." She turned and looked out of the window, remembering, and then she told him that Blair had begun to laugh.

"You with your dreams," he'd said. "Me carrying you over the threshold. Like a couple of jerks in a movie." "I didn't say I liked you," she'd bargained. "And Susan had said, "I never believed it before."

"And then, Josh," Susan went on, "Blair broke down. He put his head down in my lap, and I could tell he was almost crying. Twenty-four hours ago I'd have been lost, but in a matter of minutes I'd grown up. And then he was just drunk again. So she'd gotten up and put her key on the masterpiece, and when she'd started to leave, Blair had come after her. He had turned her around and kissed her roughly, insistently, and she had felt no emotion at all. But looking into his eyes for just a second, she'd had a glimmer of such decadence, such evil, she'd been afraid."

She leaned forward in her chair now and looked at Josh. "I left my purse there," she said. "I was too terrified to go after it. Josh, there's something about him. Something I can't put my finger on. I just feel that he's not quite right. And she looked up at the door as though half expecting to see him there. "I loved him so, Josh," she went on. "It was like a madness, a fever. No matter what he'd do, he only had to look at me a certain way or whisper my name, and I'd believe him. He'd put a spell on me, and I thought it was beautiful." Her voice dropped, and she said, "And now I know it wasn't beautiful at all."

**Y**OU poor little kid, Josh was thinking and he put his hand to her. There was a moment of distance, and Susan looked at her watch. "What a heck of a time for a fire," she said.

"Yeah," he murmured, and there seemed no way to begin saying all the things he had to say. "Let's go somewhere and have some breakfast, and then I'll take you home. They'd driven into the city last August morning, and the signs of shell and persistent in their care. It came closer and closer until it was upon them—a big light-colored ambulance from St. Vincent's—and they watched it, hypnotized, until it drew up to a building in the next block.

"Come on," Susan said, and they hurried, turned toward the building that didn't quite know what. "That's our building," she said. There were policemen patrolling the entrance, and no one was allowed to go in. "What's happened?" she asked one of the officers.

"Don't know, miss," he told her. After a while, a crowd gathered, and rumors were rife.

"There's been a murder," someone said. And somebody else said, "No, it's just some dame having a baby." And then there was a stir. The police pushed the crowd back, and the two ambulances appeared carrying a stretcher, and there was a figure on it, covered with a sheet. She'd been picked up from somewhere—Blair Hastings. He'd shot himself through the head. The rest of the night was hideous; and so was the next morning, with the papers carrying the whole terrible story.

After that, Josh could only remember fragments of it: Susan, white-faced and composed, listening to the doctor say, "He died instantly." Susan at the police station

being fingerprinted, interrogated. Susan, so tired she could hardly stand, talking to Blair's mother and father. There was almost no chance to talk to her, but once Josh managed to sit with her, another time he squeezed her fingers hard with his and whispered, "I'm here." And both times, she had contrived a smile for him.

It was a sensational and ugly case, with a lot of dirty angles, and when at last it was closed, Susan was free. The townspeople were kind, and everyone respected her desire for peace and privacy. All of them, having known and loved Susan for so long, hoped that she'd come out of the whole mess unscarred and unembittered. Hoped that a good boy would come along for her.

**T**HAT was the winter we got into the war, and late in January, Josh came up to Harmouth, strange and new-looking in his uniform, to say goodbye to Susan. She put on her coat and jacket, and they walked out and took a taxi. Over the top of the shack, way out to Pete's, and they both knew it was a little ceremony, a sentimental pilgrimage, and neither of them said anything sentimental at all. Even when it was time to go, Josh just took her hand and said, "I'll have you, sugar." As if it were only goodby for a day. "As if it were only Saturday night, as if he'd seen her Sunday."

And she said, "Take it easy, Josh. Write to me." And after he'd gone, she came over to my house, and we each had two beers and she said, "Josh has a girl. I asked him, and he said, 'Yes.'"

"Doesn't mind?"

And she said, "I seem to. Quite a lot." Then she got that wonderful letter from him, the first paragraph of which she let me read. It said, "Darling: You asked me if I had a girl. I said I had. But I'm not quite sure. I think it's been you. With you as an all-day sucker in bed. You think you're Katherine Hepburn voice—remember that phase? You in a turquoise bathing suit with your long, wet, beautiful hair. There seems to be no beginning to my loving you, and I promise you that there isn't any end. I couldn't talk about it the other night, but now, when I wake up forever when I come back, will you be my girl?"

And that was almost the end of the story, because that spring our family moved out West, and I sort of lost touch with Harmouth. Of course, I used to wonder about them a lot, and I was sure they'd gotten married. That was a close-knit little town, and the sergeant who managed to look out in GI clothes; a very young, very pretty child clinging to a Navy lieutenant. And then there was this familiar-looking girl, with white-blond hair and an unforgettable smile, clutching a small blond boy by the hand. That was a close-knit little town, face anxious, waiting, heartbreakingly lovely, and then it changed. It was as if someone was playing a spotlight on it, and it showed her running, running, and my mind said, "Oh, Susan," over and over again. I was so excited for her. I could hardly stand it when it showed her in his arms, and a Christmas-morning look in his eyes, and, of course, it was Josh. It didn't show the clinch, but it didn't need to. It was the most perfect love scene I've ever seen. I got up and went out, and I was two blocks from the theater before I realized that I'd missed the train and completely unexpectedly, I got the low-down. There were pictures of the Army-Navy game. Pictures of a New York murderer. Then some candid shots of servicemen's reunions with their wives. There was a picture of a bracelet, and a Marine sergeant who managed to look out in GI clothes; a very young, very pretty child clinging to a Navy lieutenant. And then there was this familiar-looking girl, with white-blond hair and an unforgettable smile, clutching a small blond boy by the hand.

Somehow I found myself in a phone booth and I telephoned Bill. "Yes, ange?" he said in his sweet, very busy voice. "I just love you so," I said and then I hung up. I blew my nose and came out of the bar and had a cigarette, and all the way home I was thinking. Gee, I really am an awful sucker for a happy ending.

The End



To a legendary name is added a great record of achievement ...

## *The Hiawathas*

THE Milwaukee Road points proudly to the record of its great fleet of HIAWATHAS. Improved again and again since the original was placed in service, these Speedliners were so soundly conceived and built that they have scarcely been marked by the huge traffic of the war years. Today's

F. N. Hicks, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago 6, Ill.

HIAWATHAS are still tops in comfort, beauty, speed—and in patronage. Milwaukee Road trains now in the making will provide luxury and beauty that will lift passenger travel to new high. Your vacation or business trips will pay dividends in comfort if you ride on one of the HIAWATHAS.

HIAWATHAS SERVE CHICAGO • MILWAUKEE • NORTHERN WISCONSIN • MINNEAPOLIS  
ST. PAUL • CEDAR RAPIDS • DUBUQUE • DES MOINES • OMAHA • SIOUX CITY • SIOUX FALLS

**THE MILWAUKEE ROAD**

*There is Only One*

### "JOCKEY BOY"

Jockey became a "winner" in men's underwear support and comfort the day it was born. It is well "out front" in the U. S. A. today, and is sold throughout the civilized world. "Jockey Boy" symbolizes the internationally known brand of underwear—JOCKEY. Pick a "winner" by the brand it bears! Only Jockey brand bears the "Jockey Boy."



*There is Only One  
Jockey*

R.E.D. U.S.A. REG. U.S.P.

### UNDERWEAR



Favored by men everywhere because of its exclusive support comfort features—Only Jockey brand underwear has the patented Y-Front construction... scientifically perfected for correct masculine support. Only Jockey has the "friendly" pouch structurally cradled for gentle, bracing, buoyant uplift. You'll appreciate its convenient No-Gap opening... its bulkless crotch... its smooth seams properly placed for complete freedom of action without binding or chafing... and the extra all-round comfort of Jockey's soft knit fabric. Whether you wear longs or shorts, you'll find these unmatched Jockey support and comfort *exclusives*... but in the garment bearing the label—JOCKEY. We hope that retail stocks will soon be sufficiently plentiful to ease your shopping. Keep looking for the "Jockey Boy."

Jockey  
Shorts

### THERE'S ONLY ONE JOCKEY

*It's a Brand... It's a Trade Mark... It's Made By*

Trade Marks Reg'd U.S. Pat. Off.

*Cooper's*  
KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

**Jockey Underwear**

Licensed for Canada, Mexicay; for British Isles, Lyc & Scott; for Australia, Speedo  
Knitting Mill; for New Zealand, Love-Wilkin-Rashdin; for Switzerland, Veltzendorf



*Your Life TOMORROW*

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

### Honeycomb of Strength

The old familiar cellulose acetate that everyone knows as cellophane has come soon to us as a solid foam, containing millions of bubbles. It will be lighter than cork but strong enough to be used as a major building material. Nicknamed "CCA" for short, this foam plastic will be teamed up with thin sheets of magnesium aluminum, stained steel, to make a kind of heat and sound insulation and as a featherweight substitute for heavy hardboard or plywood.

CCA made up into boards will be used for suitcases weighing three or four pounds, so strong that you can jump on them without harm. It will be put into the walls of houses to replace insulation, making the machine much lighter than at present. It will find numerous uses in airplanes, as floor boards, body and wing structures. It is not brittle and won't crack, even under prolonged vibration.

The bubble-filled plastic is made by heating the acetate under pressure, then releasing the pressure to cause violent foaming. On cooling, the mass hardens and becomes permanent, with innumerable tiny air spaces.

Sheets of CCA can be glued together to form thick blocks, which can then be cut into various shapes for insulation, truck-body insulation, light toys are some of the possible products. A cubic foot will weigh only five pounds.

### Fresher Than Fresh Air Itself

A new kind of air conditioning is coming that will make the interior of trains, buses, public buildings and homes fresher and more invigorating than the outdoors. Adaptable to large ventilating systems or compact units for vehicles, it will pass room air through filters containing activated charcoal.

Using the recent discovery that "bad" air is not lacking in oxygen but is loaded with odors and vapors, ventilating engineers have applied the well-known ability of carbon to "absorb" gases. By constant

recirculation through these filters, vitiated air can be scrubbed clean. The result, especially for travelers, is less fatigue, and relief from the effects of long trips. Some 90 per cent of new railroad coaches and Pullmans will use the system. There is so little space for air-conditioning equipment in trains that older systems could not add more than 25 per cent outdoor air and hold the right temperature. This was too little for comfort. But, fitted with carbon absorbers the same apparatus will give the equivalent of 75 per cent air renewal—more than sufficient.

Carbon filters are such powerful deodorizers that during the war they were used in planes carrying serious casualties. They were strapped off outside to absorb the patients. A tiny outfit no larger than a rolled newspaper, placed inside the bedclothes, pumped out all obnoxious odors and captured them in carbon. A famous Harvard library has now adopted carbon-controlled ventilation to keep its rare books from turning yellow. The air is thus cleared of sulphur dioxide, found in cities everywhere.

### Something New to Eat

In these days of food shortages you will welcome a new kind of sauerkraut made entirely out of potatoes and skinned milk. Small, cheap-grade potatoes can be used; skinned milk is always an abundant by-product of the butter and milk industry. The wafers will melt in hot containers or Cellophane and can be flavored in any desired way. They can also be shaped into sticks or croutons as well as crackers.

Any baker can make them. A mixture of diced potatoes and dried skinned milk is seasoned and whipped until it is thick. When the wafers or sticks have been shaped, they are dried in a hot oven, then lightly toasted. This gives them a slight cheese taste.

The new wafer contains no fat. And it keeps better than potato chips or shoe-string potatoes.



"The interesting feature of my latest improvement is that it takes the sound out of television entirely" GARRY PRICE



Its cleaner, brighter **Taste** means cleaner,  
brighter teeth — **New Pepsodent** tooth paste  
with **Irium** removes the film that  
makes your teeth look dull!

Use Pepsodent twice a day — see your dentist twice a year.





## How to make Father proud as a Peacock on June 16!

### FATHER'S DAY

Duratwill Ties are Wilson Brothers exclusives. Patterns are specially designed—colors chosen to complement men's slippings. Fabric is satin-smooth Duratwill, woven of Celanese® yarn of rayon. Drapes with ease. Doesn't skid, slide or wrinkle.

Your Wilson Brothers dealer has his new Duratwills!

Give Dad a couple for Father's Day. And watch him strut!

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

# DURATWILL TIES

by *Wilson Brothers*

QUALITY MEN'S WEAR SINCE 1864  
CHICAGO • NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO

*Wilson Wear includes:* FAULTLESS PAJAMAS • SHIRTS • SKIPPER SPORTSWEAR • SWEATERS • SUPER SHORTS  
WILCREST TIES • BUPPER SOCKS • T-SHIRTS • KHIT UNDERWEAR

to know. Miss Parker admired the ease with which they played together, and began to feel that she was one of them. She played draw-a-circle-on-the-old-man's-back and took the part of the witch in Hansel and Gretel. There were no more dead end noise, but not too much. After all, children wouldn't care if they didn't like to make a little noise.

Geoffrey made more noise than anyone else, and Miss Parker began to watch him with apprehension. He was the biggest boy there, and he was louder than any of the others. He was the leader, and the other children played the game he wanted to play. He was rough with the girls, and Miss Parker spoke sharply to him when he put his foot behind Mollie and pushed her down on the floor.

"That isn't a nice way to play," she said, helping Mollie up. "That isn't nice at all."

Geoffrey stuck out his tongue at her and turned away.

Miss Parker hung the cloth with the picture of the tailless donkey on the wall. She clapped her hands until the children quieted down.

"There's a donkey on the wall," she said, "Who can tell me what's missing?"

"No tail!" "The tail!" "It doesn't have any tail!"

"Anybody knows that," Geoffrey said.

"We're going to blindfold the person as it is, and give him a tail with pin through it, and turn him around three times, and the one who comes closest wins a prize."

"I'll be first," Geoffrey said.

"No, Geoffrey," Miss Parker said. "The girls first."

"Oh, come on," he said. "That's a dumb old game. Let's play bull-in-the-ring, and I'll be bull."

The children shouted for Geoffrey's suggestion, and Miss Parker found herself standing alone with a handful of tails and pins. "We'll play blindfold games after we play pin-the-tail," she said despondently; but bull-in-the-ring had already started, with Geoffrey roaring defiantly as the bull.

**W**HILE the children were having ice cream and cake, Miss Parker sat down next to Geoffrey.

"I wish you'd help me," he said to him quietly.

"Why should I?" he answered, so that all the children could hear, and could laugh.

"You don't have to, but I'd appreciate it if you would," she said, keeping her voice low and confidential.

He stuck out his tongue at her and laughed. "When are the movies?" he shouted. "Moviel! Moviel! Moviel!"

The children abandoned the ice cream and cake and joined in the clamor. Miss Parker gave up and pulled the shades and started to clean up. In the quiet of the room, she watched Geoffrey sitting restlessly on the floor. "I've seen that before," he said. "It's not good."

"It is, too," Mollie said timidly.

"No, it isn't. If you've seen it before, it's no good," Geoffrey said.

He sat up straight and pulled Geoffrey's blinds. She cried, and the noise rose until all the children were shouting at once, and Miss Parker had to turn on the lights and stop the movie. Mrs. Reynolds came in to ask her for God's sake to keep them quiet—tell them a story or something—and Miss Parker knew she was sorry and that she'd try to be better.

She looked at Geoffrey, and clenched her fists. He was laying for her, she knew, but she wasn't going to let him get away with it. She watched him moving through the room, and then, once she saw him as a little girl's skin, and then mostly. She tried once to stare him down, but he stared right back and made a mocking gesture of defiance, and she was angry with herself for having tried to frighten him. He won the little battle she had with him, and he knew it. Miss Parker felt helpless and defeated. Some of the girls wanted to hear Peter

and the Wolf, and Miss Parker was grateful for the chance to encourage them. If the children would be satisfied for half an hour, the party would be over. She got them quiet, and put the first record of the album on the turntable.

"My dear children, young and old . . ."

"Who wants to hear that?" Geoffrey shouted. "I hear that all the time at home."

"We do," Miss Parker said firmly.

"You do? That's all. Just you. Nobody else wants to hear it. Just you. Just Miss Hoory-foozy. What's your name?"

"What's your first name? Everybody has a first name. What's your first name? What's your first name?" Geoffrey cried, his excitement rising.

The other children took up the cry. "What's your first name? and Miss Parker put her hand over her mouth.

"My first name is Agnes," she said.

Immediately Geoffrey whooped and laughed derisively; and high, shrill laughter ran through the group.

"Agnes Bagnes Salamagenses," Geoffrey shouted, and the others took up the chant, screaming Miss Parker's name stupidly and incessantly in her ears. The record was still

shook him furiously. He kicked her in the shins, his thin body writhing wildly from her grip. With all her strength, she slapped him in the face, once. For one startled moment he looked straight into her eyes. Then he knelt down on the floor, and all the fight went out of him. He began to cry softly, and the other children crowded around him, room, and Mrs. Reynolds was right behind them. She pulled Miss Parker away and shouted at her angrily, in a harsh, strong voice: "I won't have that! I'm damned if I have to have that. Get up. Get out, you kids. You're up."

Mollie herded the children out of the room, and Miss Parker was left alone. The jabber of young voices came to her from a great distance as she sat alone on the bed in the empty room. The children's clothes were still piled neatly, but her own clothes were never on the floor. Her empty hands lay open on the bed, and she sat on the edge of the bed, staring blankly at the floor. Her forehead felt hot, and she pressed her hands over her eyes. She could hear the chant "Agnes Bagnes Salamagenses" from the living room, and covered her ears until the sound seemed unreal and far away.

From time to time, children and their mothers came into the room to gather up

"Of course not," Mrs. Reynolds said. "It was just an unfortunate arrangement all around."

Miss Parker picked up her bag and put on her coat. There was nothing more to say. Mollie was waiting in the hall, and the children who were still waiting to be called for. Her hair blond was rumpled and loose on her little shoulders, but she was pretty and sweet and young. Miss Parker wanted to get away quickly, and she wished there were no children but Mollie to see her go. She stopped in the doorway, and Mollie made her forget everything that had happened—but there was no chance. She stood awkwardly at the door, trying hard not to let the children see she was ready to cry. "Goodby, Mollie. And I hope you have a happy birthday."

One of the boys began to chant "Agnes Bagnes Salamagenses" and as Miss Parker closed the door behind her, she thought she could hear Mollie's voice chiming in with the others.

Miss Parker pressed the button for the elevator. She leaned weakly against the wall, waiting. She listened to the mechanical whine in the shaft. The elevator was slow in coming—too slow, much too slow. Miss Parker covered her face with her hands, and tried to breathe deeply and regularly to keep from crying. Her cheeks were hot, and the heat and noise and confusion still echoed in her ears.

There was a burst of sound in the corridor. Miss Parker looked up quickly, embarrassed and ashamed. Mollie stood in front of her, saying nothing, watching her with big eyes. The door clicked shut, and the elevator moved slowly upward, and Miss Parker and Mollie were alone.

Miss Parker tried to smile, tried to speak, but words wouldn't come and she didn't know what to say.

"I didn't have a nice party," Mollie said slowly. "I didn't have a nice party at all."

**M**ISS PARKER couldn't answer. She wanted to kneel down and take Mollie in her arms and hug her and hold her close, but she was afraid to—afraid the door would open again, or the elevator would come.

"You've mussed your dress, Mollie, your pretty dress."

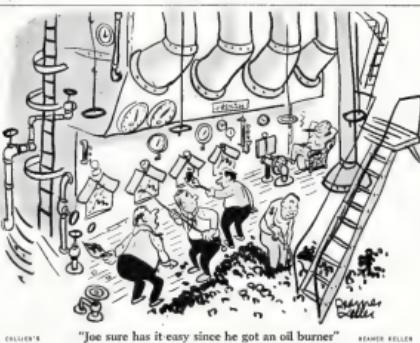
Mollie smiled, and in her eyes was a silent wish to understand and to help. She put out her hand and touched Miss Parker gently at the arm. It was a small gesture, clumsy and at the same time beautifully graceful. It was the only way she could sympathize with a child, but Miss Parker, feeling the soft touch run through her body, was overcome with the gentleness of it. She felt sick with the sadness of it—the loneliness of a child, so young and so lovely, who knew about fear and emptiness and the deep hurt of being alone.

The elevator door slammed open, and Miss Parker bent suddenly down and kissed Mollie clumsily on the cheek. She felt the small hand squeezing her own, and she saw the wide brave smile of success on Mollie's face just before the elevator door closed. Miss Parker stepped forward and waved her hand. Miss Parker held her hand, but she couldn't tell now whether Mollie had or not. And it was important, terribly important, that Mollie should know.

Miss Parker walked all right by the time she reached the stairs. Her eyes were red and her face was flushed, but she was sure she wasn't going to cry.

The afternoon was colder now—darker—but still fresh and clean. Miss Parker was tired, more tired than she had ever been in her life, but she was in the same time a little bit happier than she did remember. She leaned against the wall of a building, not caring who saw her. The sky was a deeper blue now, but still there were no clouds. And it was still spring; there was still green in the trees. The green was delicate and fragile, and you saw it only where the bright sun struck to catch the colors.

The End



"Joe sure has it easy since he got an oil burner" REAMER KELLER

playing, and Miss Parker started toward the photograph to turn it off. Geoffrey saw what she was doing, and reached for the switch before she did. The bedlam rose. He turned the volume control up as high as it would go, until the room was filled with a wild uproar. "And now, dear children, here is OUR STORY," Miss Parker grabbed for the record, but Geoffrey had already turned the arm and was scraping the needle back and forth over the record. The terrible screaming made the girls scream louder.

**M**ISS PARKER suddenly abandoned the control and lunged for Geoffrey. She caught him by the arm, but he fought free of her and ran into the bedroom, yelling at the top of his piercing voice. He was hysterical now, and he ran from fear and fury. The children opened a path before him in the crowded room, and the noise was deafening.

Miss Parker caught Geoffrey in the bedroom. He stood by the open window, screaming. His face was flushed, and he held her handbag in his hands. It was empty now, and the last papers fluttered on the window sill. One glove lay on the radiator, and she snatched it up, but Geoffrey grabbed it away from her and flung it out the window.

She caught him by the shoulders and

their hats and coats. Miss Parker didn't look up, or offer to help them. The din of the screaming children was deafening, and there were fewer people in the apartment; it was possible to distinguish individual sentences and fragments of conversation.

"Say 'Thank you for the nice party, Mollie.' " And the sweet, mannerly answer: "Thank you, Pansy. I'm glad you could come."

And Mrs. Reynolds' voice, tired and strained: "I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Collins. I can't understand it at all. Geoffrey's such a nice boy. I do hope you'll forgive me. I shouldn't have taken someone I didn't know. I'm terribly sorry Geoffrey was the one to break it."

And Geoffrey's voice, loud and jarring again, directed at Miss Parker in the bedroom: "Agnes Bagnes Salamagenses"; and his mother's stern: "That's enough, Geoffrey."

Miss Reynolds didn't wait for all the children to leave. She came into the bedroom and stood before Miss Parker.

"I won't ask you to stay and help clean up," she said. "I agreed to five dollars, so here's five dollars."

She held out a bill. Miss Parker looked up at her, trying not to cry. "Terribly sorry," she said. "I'm sorry as I can be. I don't know how it happened. I never meant—"

# What to do for a Higher E.Q.! [Energy Quotient]



**1** Here's a swell way to step up your vacation breakfasts! Serve a brimming bowl of fresh, crisp Kellogg's CORN FLAKES with plump red raspberries, sugar, and milk. Look how much extra energy it can add to an ordinary skimpy breakfast!



**2** Mother, who deserves a little fun, can get enough extra energy to paddle her own canoe for a whole hour!



**3** Father can get enough extra energy to breeze through that hour's bike ride to the general store and back!



**4** Sister can get enough extra energy to swim steadily for almost three-quarters of an hour!



**5** Junior can get enough extra energy to run at top speed for about thirty minutes!



**6** Also, Kellogg's CORN FLAKES are the equal of the ripe whole grain in valuable protective nutrients declared essential to human diet! Get a REGULAR SIZE package of Kellogg's CORN FLAKES from your grocer today.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Try Kellogg's Variety  
-Extra Energy! Extra Fun!**

In Kellogg's Variety you not only get Kellogg's CORN FLAKES, but PEP, RICE KRISPIES, RAISIN BRAN, SHREDDED WHEAT, and KRUMBLIES. It's fun to choose from 6 different cereals, 10 generous packages, all in one carton! Some flaked, some popped, some shredded. All foods for extra energy—with valuable whole-grain protective nutrients, too. Get Kellogg's Variety!



\*All statements in this advertisement about extra energy are based on authoritative, scientific sources, considering the ordinary skimpy breakfast as about 300 food-energy units. Eat a better breakfast!

"THE GRAINS ARE GREAT FOODS"—H. H. Kellogg

## Atomic Test Case

Continued from page 13

As far as the charge of economic waste in sinking or damaging our own ships, most of the ships selected as victims had outlived their usefulness and were doomed to the scrap heap anyhow. Bombs modern ships? Well, we had so much difficulty in getting the obsolescent-type atomic bombs to stick at all for new construction. In this connection, however, we're sure of one thing—if the old riveted ships stand up well under the atomic-bomb blast the new welded construction will take even more punishment.

Then we had to choose a site for the testing ground. Offhand, this seems simple, but certain strict requirements had to be met. It was decided that for best results the site should be one governed by the United States, preferably an island group located at least five hundred miles from the continent. We wanted a good gulf with consistent favorable wind and weather conditions. Finally, it was important that the local population be small and co-operative so that they could be moved to a new location with a minimum of trouble.

We considered more than a dozen likely spots in the Pacific. Most of them were ruled out when we found the water was too shallow, the population too large or the weather unpredictable.

Bikini is a coral atoll in the Marshall Islands, about twenty-one miles long by twelve wide. It has the typical formation of the island groups in the area—two main Pacific archipelagoes of low-lying islands surrounding a lagoon of azure blue water. None of the islands is more than ten feet above sea level at the highest point and palm trees are about the only vegetation. We're taking a census of the palm trees now so we can tell later how many there are.

There were only 160-odd natives on the atoll and most of these lived on Bikini, at the northeast corner of the lagoon. Their chief, Jeimata Kabwa, told our emissaries he and his people would gladly move out. The Marshallese are so grateful to us for removing them from their island who tried to keep them back, they're more than willing to co-operate. We transferred Kabwa's tribe to Rongerik, an island 135 miles east, and there the Seabees will help them get established in a new village by building a church and a meeting-house.

We have three target ships, about seven of them, in Bikini lagoon. The exact disposition can't be revealed, for security reasons, but this will not be a normal anchorage plan. Ordinarily, in a fleet anchorage, each ship is spaced so that it may

"swing around the hook" with the wind like a weather-vane and still be in no danger of colliding with neighboring ships at anchor. To prevent such swinging, the individual target ships near the bull's-eye will not be anchored in the same area, but in separate bays and sterns. This will enable us to place them in a tight formation, presenting a more compact mass target for the bomb test. We expect several ships in the bull's-eye area to be sunk, and those located in the successive outer rings to incur damage ranging from heavy to slight.

The center of attraction will be the proud old carrier Saratoga, veteran of many a campaign in the Pacific war and, having survived two torpedoings, a bear for punishment. Another small carrier, the Independence, which was constructed on a cruiser hull, will also be "singled out." Both of these carriers now have planes on their hangar and flight decks—a carefully selected group of Army and Navy types.

### Veteran Battlewagons Doomed

Present plans also call for the spotting of four battleships in the lagoon and, of these, the Pennsylvania and the Nevada, lashed through the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor, and another, the Arkansas, is a real old-timer. She got her first taste of action in the landing operations at Vera Cruz in 1914. Target Number Four, the New York, was built before World War I and rounded out her career almost thirty years later by helping blast the Japs out of Iwo Jima and Okinawa, after taking part in the Aleutians and Normandy sieges.

For the fifth battleship target we've picked the Nagato, a battleship designed and built in Japan in 1911 and later modernized for service in the recent war. The Nagato has been under attack before. Last July, while she was anchored in Tokyo Bay, Admiral Halsey's carrier planes gave her a terrific pasting, scoring several direct bomb hits which ended her fighting days. The Nagato was the last battleship left in the world trying to find out something we've been curious about for a long time—what the atomic bomb will do to Japanese battleship construction.

Two of our oldest heavy cruisers, the Pensacola and the Salt Lake City, will also be exposed in the lagoon that day. Both ships were built during World War I and served until through the war. Another heavy cruiser target will be the German Prinz Eugen, which gave us plenty of worry in the European theater until the German fleet was bottled up. Incidentally, the Nazis say now it was

# FREE!

This beautiful 40-page vacation book: profusely illustrated, scores of suggestions for the grandest vacation of your life!

## Summer IN NEW YORK STATE

### Extra reward for promptness!

Postage-free picture mailer in color showing romance and history of the Empire State. 30 x 40 inches. Suitable for framing. Offer good only while supply lasts. Mail coupon today!

## Hundreds of exciting vacation spots in one great state—NEW YORK!

No matter where you live, don't settle your vacation plans without this helpful book.

It's full of acres of helpful suggestions. Look at the attractive color photographs. Find out how many different kinds of fun a vacation in New York State can bring.

Here is one great state, you have a choice of fifteen entirely different regions—each containing a wide variety of summer resorts! The book tells you where to go and what to see.

Helps make holidays perfect!

Planning your New York State vacation with the aid of this book is the first step toward a perfect holiday. It helps you to

make your reservations in advance and avoid disappointment.

It's all here in pictures: the greatest mountains; the quiet rolling country; the broad white beaches of the seashore; the multitude of historical shrines; the host of lakes and rivers; the glamour night life of the large cities.

### It's yours—free!

The whole family will enjoy planning a vacation with the help of this informative book, *Summer in New York State*. The book is full of vital, up-to-the-minute information. Helps you decide exactly what you want to do and where to go to have it done quickly.

This is Victory Vacation Year. You've earned it—now enjoy it in New York State. Mail the coupon right now. That's all I need to do to get you a 40-page book with color photographs—FREE.

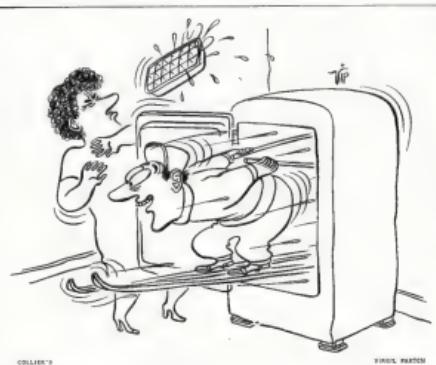
### FILL IN—MAIL—TODAY!

New York State Department of Commerce  
Room No. 14, 112 State Street, Albany 7, New York

Please send me, without cost, your color-illustrated booklet, *SUMMER IN NEW YORK STATE*, and further information about the region I have checked.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE CHECK  Send me, for training, the full-color New York State Resource Map.



# Keeps dry, wild "SUN-BAKED" HAIR looking Handsome all day!



**WHAT A MESS!** After a day of golf, tennis, swimming or gardening his hair looks a *sight*. Baked and scorched by the sun. Frazzled by the wind. Combining with water doesn't keep it in place. Kreml Hair Tonic is famous to groom dry, wild "sun-baked" hair. Keeps it neatly in place all day.



**WHAT A MISTAKE!** And what a *drip* with the ladies. Thinks he's well-groomed with his hair plastered down like a dummy's. How gals laugh at him. If only he were up-to-date and would try Kreml. It keeps hair looking so handsome yet so **MASCULINE**—never greasy, oily or dirty.



**WHAT A MAN!** How trim and attractive his hair always looks even on sun-scorched, windy days. Kreml makes tangled hair so easy to comb. It grooms dry, "sun-baked" hair so handsomely—keeps it looking its best at all times. Let Kreml help improve the appearance of your hair!

- Ask for Kreml Hair Tonic at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at any drug counter. Use it daily for a *cleaner scalp*—for better-groomed hair.



## KREML Hair Tonic

A product of E. B. Seide, Inc.

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—  
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp — Removes Dandruff Flakes

the Prinz Eugen which sank the British battle cruiser Hood in a brief running battle in 1941. For a long while we thought the Nazi battleship Bismarck was responsible for that sinking. We're particularly interested in observing how the Prinz Eugen will withstand the bomb test, for she has more compact armament than any of her class and more electrical equipment.

A Japanese light cruiser, the Sakawa, will represent that class, and the other combat ships will include fourteen destroyers and eight submarines. In addition to these we'll have a wide assortment of craft used in landing operations from full-sized transports down through LSTs to the smallest landing boat. Some of the latter will be moored alongside the bigger ships and others will be beached to simulate actual landing conditions.

These guinea-pig ships have been readied in Navy yards on the East and West coasts and at Pearl Harbor. The ships may be their own targets. Testing instruments are being installed and still other devices will be used to help us glean every bit of information we can after the blast. One of these, for example, is a special type of paint which will be sprayed on the ships at strategic structural points. The paint is a heat thermometer. Naturally the paint smokes in the immediate vicinity of the blast will reveal nothing since the paint and the surface it covers will be destroyed, but at points more remote from the core of the explosion we can tell by examining the colors what temperature the metal has reached.

Scientists believe this heat will reach 100,000 degrees Fahrenheit at its source. Some ammunition will be loaded aboard the ships. Just how much should be carried has been a subject of debate between the "proboship" group and the "proship" group. The former wants the magazines to be filled to capacity as they normally would be in a fleet prepared for action. The proship people, however, argue just as strongly this would be both unnatural and unfair, since the magazine of a ship hit by bombs can always be flooded to prevent resultant fires from spreading them off. So the target area will be unoccupied, probably impossible to do, but again security prevents us from being specific on the amounts.

The main objective of the test is to ascertain under what conditions performance simulated conditions—just what new bombs would do to the various types of ships which made up the average task force or convoy used in the last naval war. The entire experiment is comparable, on a much larger scale, to the bombing tests made on the old battleship Iowa shortly after World War I. That venerable ship, unmaneuvered, provided a target for bombers and bombs of that time. Our

armed forces didn't know very much then about bombing or bomb defense, but eventually, after a number of separate attacks, the old Iowa was sunk.

This time we're much more ambitious scientifically. We expect to get a precision report on the sinkings and proportionate damage of a single boat on a large number of ships simultaneously exposed to it. We'll even go further than that. So far there has been no adequate demonstration of the destruction an atomic bomb can inflict on Army and Marine field equipment such as tanks, trucks, mortars, jeeps, howitzers, mobile radar and radio equipment. Decks of ships will be specially prepared for this. They will be loaded with samples of all of these and there'll also be dummies aboard wearing field uniforms, gas masks, ammunition belts and packing field rations when that first blinding flash blanketed Task Force One. A detailed examination of what's left of that equipment will be made later.

#### Must Test Effect on Animals

Obviously, there won't be a human being within a radius of ten miles or more. Nevertheless, we feel it essential to study the reaction of living things to the atomic bomb, particularly to its intense heat and radioactivity, so we will have rats, goats and pigs on some of the ships. We regret that some of these animals may be sacrificed but we are more concerned about the men and women of the next generation than we are about the animals themselves. The Army and Navy simply can't be stony-eyed about this phase of the experiment.

That's the setup afloat on Bikini lagoon. Now, let's see what's happening ashore. Already Seabees are busy on two of the main islands in the atoll, Bikini and Enyu, erecting observation posts and setting up mobile shelters of reinforced concrete. Sensitive instruments and automatic cameras operated by remote control will be installed in these vantage points.

Later in May, Task Force One will have converged on Bikini and filed into the lagoon. Each ship will be maneuvered to its assigned position and dropped its anchor or moored to its buoys. Meanwhile B-29s from the 309th Composite Group, the same unit which dropped two atomic bombs on Japan last August will be making "dry" runs over the target area from a base on Kwajalein, minutes away by air. They will drop dummy bombs on rehearsal targets in the lagoon.

By this time oceanographers will have finished their surveys of the flow of ocean currents in that area and will have a good idea in what direction the water affected by the blast will move. Aerologists similarly will have a full report on prevailing winds at varying altitudes over the atoll.

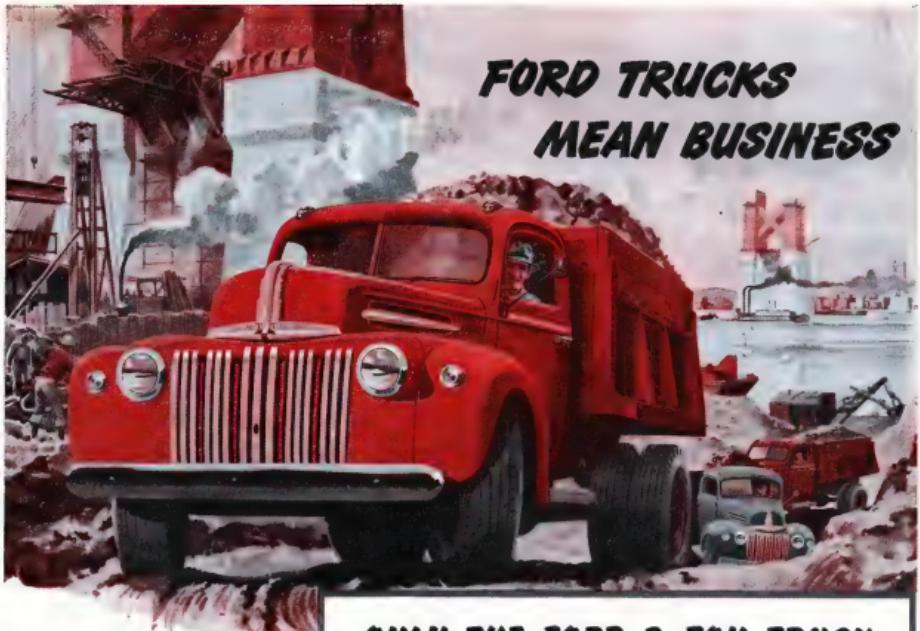


COLLIER'S

"Run for your life—the dam's busted!"

RICHARD FELLER

# FORD TRUCKS MEAN BUSINESS



THIS Ford message is urgent and important to every truck operator in America—from grocer, laundryman and farmer to construction contractors and coal merchants.

FORD TRUCKS ARE BEING BUILT AND DELIVERED, BY THOUSANDS, RIGHT NOW. They're rolling to work, to help lick the biggest hauling job America ever faced. Whatever your favorite type and model of America's foremost truck, it is more than likely available among the seventy-eight different Ford units now in production.

Ford Trucks Mean Business! They're the finest in Ford history—with big, basic engineering advancements designed to save you money. Your Ford Dealer is the man to see . . . get your order in . . . NOW!

**MORE FORD  
TRUCKS IN USE  
TODAY THAN ANY  
OTHER MAKE**

## ONLY THE FORD 2-TON TRUCK GIVES YOU ALL THESE BIG FEATURES!

- ★ Performance! 100 h.p. Ford V-8 engine or 90 h.p. Ford Six!
- ★ Flexibility! 2-speed rear axle . . . 8 speeds forward, 2 reverse!
- ★ Strength! Heavy-duty, double-channel frame!
- ★ Driving ease! Vacuum power axle shift! Power brakes!
- ★ Long engine life! 4-ring Flightflight pistons . . . Oil filter . . . Oil bath air cleaner!
- ★ Roodability! Shock-proof steering! Auxiliary springs!
- ★ Range and capacity! Conventional and C.O.E. units . . . 14,500 and 15,000 pounds GVW rating, respectively! 8.25 x 20 10-ply dual rear tires!

The 2-Ton nominal rating applies when this truck is equipped as described above.

It's big . . . it's rugged . . . it's reliable . . . see the new Ford 2-Ton now! A big step toward an even greater range of truck sizes—it rounds out the range of Ford Trucks now rolling off the lines . . . Light Duty, Tonner, 1½-ton Conventional, 1½-ton C.O.E., School Bus chassis, Dump Truck chassis. Visit your Ford Dealer today!



# FORD TRUCKS LAST LONGER

# Absorbine Jr. effective for Athlete's Foot in 3 out of 4 cases tested!



Clinical tests, laboratory tests prove Absorbine Jr. may relieve your Athlete's Foot symptoms, too!

To kill laboratory cultures of the organisms which cause painful Athlete's Foot is one thing. To reach and kill them on living tissues of human feet is far more difficult.

Yet that is exactly what Absorbine Jr. has been proved to do in 3 out of 4 cases tested under strictest clinical and laboratory control. REPEAT—3 out of 4 suffering from Athlete's Foot get complete relief, not partial relief, from the symptoms of this painful skin condition by application of Absorbine Jr.

## Cracks warn of danger



Look before you toes tonight! If a cracked, dead toe These signs often mean your feet have been infected with Athlete's Foot organisms.

## Drench these cracks with Absorbine Jr.



Pour on—full strength. Often a cotton swab soaked in Absorbine Jr. will help remove loosened patches of dead skin, if rubbed gently.

## Guard against reinfection!

Bail socks 15 minutes. Disinfect your shoes. In advanced cases, consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. \$1.25 a bottle of all drugstores.

W. F. Young, Inc.,  
Springfield, Mass.

# Absorbine Jr.

Kills Athlete's Foot organisms on contact



COLLIER'S

SCARF GREEN

last item is most important to the success of the test and to the safety of personnel. It influenced us considerably in choosing Bikini for the proving ground.

We specifically wanted to find a place where, for the convenience of all observers, the bomb would detonate in the same quadrant of the compass, either at five, ten, twenty or thirty thousand feet above sea level, because of what will happen when that mushroom cloud of smoke, vapors and gasses rises over the bomb burst and starts to travel. The particles formed in the cloud will carry everything with them with radioactive rays, some of them lethal, until they are dispersed or lose their activity.

At Bikini, we can station our observation ships and planes safely to windward, and still fairly close to the center of the bomb blast. The distance is about three miles, which probably will last for hours, should expect itself eventually over the ocean wastes hundreds of miles to the southwest.

The day and night before "A-Day" (Atom Day) will be full of busy hours with engineers and chemists, technicians and mechanics, working hard to make sure that the testing equipment they have slaved over for months. Thousands of men in the skeleton crews of the hundred "sitting ducks" will pack their gear and go over the side to transfer to other ships in the transport unit of Task Force One. This part of the operation will be done in strict order, without precedent, may take hours but will probably go off smoothly. Then we'll all wait, some thirty thousand of us, for dawn to break.

The Bikini bomb probably will be dropped in the forenoon, say about ten o'clock. A study of cloud conditions indicates that the best time to observe the lagoon is clearest then, so the B-29 bombardier should be able to sight his target visually.

Around nine-thirty, fighter planes and heavy bombers will start circling at various altitudes over the ships lying peacefully at anchor in the lagoon. These planes, mostly obsolescent A-17 Flying Fortresses, will be "drones," pilotless and operated by radio from control planes some distance away. Here is a unique phase of the entire experiment, which may produce vital information scientists have been seeking for years. The "drones" will be guided through the heavy cloud envelope over the bomb, through its atmosphere ionized by radioactivity which converts it into charged particles capable of conducting electricity. The scientists are

anxious to know what effect these charged particles will have on the ignition system of the planes, whether engine failures and plane crashes may result.

At the same time, a Superfortress will take off from Majuro, 1,000 miles to the southeast, and climb rapidly until it reaches an altitude approximately thirty thousand feet. The bombardier will take over from the pilot as the plane starts its bombing run, and the huge bomb-bay doors of the B-29 will open to drop a single missile on the ships grouped below. The bomb will be of the type used on Nagasaki.

Several hundred feet above the lagoon the bomb will be detonated in the most brilliant flash of light ever conceived by mortal man. Crewmen and observers in the B-29 will get a reduced view of that flash through welder's dark goggles and even aboard my flying boat, which is the only personal equipment required to prevent essential protective glasses to shield his eyes from that fierce glow. The same rule will apply to everyone aboard the observation planes and ships still farther away.

### Blast Will Be Felt Miles Away

Immediately after that flash, a tremendous blast, as of another "tsakata" exploding, will be felt by everybody and everything within a radius of miles. Accompanying this shock will be a heat wave of incalculable distance. In the New Mexico desert test, persons in towns twenty miles away from the tower on which the bomb was detonated felt a sudden warm flush in their faces.

This gargantuan blast of heat will radiate from a huge, rapidly expanding ball of fire marking precisely the scene of the explosion. The intense heat of the fireball will be a pillar of smoke which will spread out, umbrella fashion, at an altitude of some 30,000 feet, while the core of the smoke pillar continues to climb, forming a grossly exaggerated umbrella tip. The base of that umbrella will be a mass of incandescent metal—some of the ships in the lagoon.

What will happen to the men in the B-29 while this pyrotechnic show they started is gathering momentum? Well, if the air burst follows the pattern of the Hiroshima bomb, the 65-ton plane will let go its seven less than two minutes after "Bomb away!" though it were flying through close fog. The more remote observation planes should feel some of this disturbance, too. As for the pilots

# MEDICO FILTERED SMOKING

**1** Cleaner, cooler smoke enters your mouth, because

**2** Sensational filter whirr-cools smoke, collects tars and slugs, absorbs juices.

**3** Replace filter when discolored.



63 1/2" PREFER FILTER PIPE\*

**Frank MEDICO**

THE LARGEST-SELLING FILTER PIPE  
"American Legion Magazine Selection No. 2  
The Man Who Was G.I. Joe"



S. M. FRANK & CO., Inc., N. Y. 22

## PRIDE of the Nation!



## SWANEE PRIDE

100 PROOF

Enjoy  
SWANEE PRIDE  
Mentholated  
Cognac  
Highballs  
Velvets  
Colas  
and many others.  
Delicious  
as Liqueur



MAKERS OF  
Old Melody Liqueur  
100 AND 100 PROOF  
SWANEE PRIDE  
MENTHOLATED COGNAC LIQUEUR

COLLIER'S for June 8, 1946

g over the lagoon, we hope . . . of them and learn from their . . . what might happen to defense fighters and bombers during a real atomic-bombing attack.

We also expect to get more immediate technical information from drone boats, crewless LCVPs which will cruise through the target ship formation just after the bombing. They will be radio-guided by control planes far overhead, and instruments placed aboard these boats will transmit by radio to a control center report of radioactivity at different phases of the experiment.

Hours later, and right now we don't know how many hours, our advance investigation will move into the lagoon. Proceeding cautiously, and with tested protective device to detect radiation, they will first measure effects of the atomic blast, they will make a preliminary study of the sunken and damaged ships. These men will measure the amount of radioactivity still present in the vicinity of Bikini, and their findings will determine when a more detailed inspection will be feasible.

Then, too, an unexpected work begins —working scientists performing an autopsy on the assorted cadavers of steel ships, tanks, gas masks, K-rations, goats, pigs and rats. They will complete the main objective of Operation Crossroads, which is to learn what the bomb does to man and to the sea. The bomb will do to our carriers, battleships and smaller craft, not only to their main structures but to accessories, radar, fire control, gun mounts, etc.

A comprehensive study will be made of the amount of radioactivity produced by the bombs. You have read of some of the weird effects of atomic rays — mutated corposques and bone marrow of the victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. As soon as possible we shall examine the animals used in the test to obtain more firsthand information on this. Carcasses of the animals killed will be quick-frozen and shipped by air to scientific centers where our medical doctors will aid our doctors in setting up methods for prevention, diagnosis and treatment of what the Japs called "atomic-bomb disease." Ichthyologists from the Fish and Wildlife Service will also be along to do similar research on marine life in the Bikini area after the tests.

After the surviving drone planes are landed we'll make an analysis of the radioactive rays they have absorbed. X-ray film and instruments strategically located on the target ships and in the island towers and dugouts will also tell us how much radio-

activity was present and how long it lasted. Our scientists are particularly interested in any changes it may make in the earth's atmosphere or the ocean water. So far, they are confident that the bomb will not cause atomic-bomb explosions, that the bomb will not destroy atmosphere. They are also confident this blast will do nothing more to the water than create a momentary cavity in the lagoon from which an immense cloud of steam will arise.

In the final phase of the test at Bikini, the survivors will wade through the sunken ships in the lagoon, probing the wounds that caused them to sink. Their findings, plus all the other technical data collected from the test, will be forwarded to the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington for assimilation into an eventual report and analysis of three civilian and four Army and Navy experts. The Joint Chiefs themselves will make the final strategic deductions, and determine how such information should be made public. A committee appointed by the President will submit independent observations in a report to him.

#### Second Explosion May Be Worse

Even then, Task Force One's mission will be only one-third completed. Some weeks later we plan to run another test at Bikini by detonating an atomic bomb on one of the ships below the surface of the water. The bomb will not be dropped from a plane but will be mounted on a barge in the middle of another target formation comprising ships which survive the first bombing. People familiar with the bomb predict the blast will be much more destructive than the first that it may stir up waves a hundred feet from crest to trough, damage many vessels and obliterate the entire atom. Winds, ranging from five hundred miles an hour upward, may result, but we're making no guesses on this—until that test is made.

The final test in the series, determining the best deep underwater presents the greatest difficulties. At present we're setting no definite date for it. But it will be held next year. This one will differ from the other two in that the target ships will be at sea in very deep water. Fixing the speed and course of a group of unmanned ships by remote radio control has never been done before and may not be feasible. We have an alternate plan, however, in which ships in column would be connected by towlines and allowed to drift downwind using sea anchors to hold them on a fairly steady heading.

Getting the bomb down safely to a depth

# They're Wilson

**made with**

# Natural Rubber

It's true! They're back again . . . new Wilson Golf Balls wound with Natural Rubber.

Research has now made possible the application of electronics to the manufacture of modern golf balls. The result—greater uniformity—better performance.

Wilson K-28 and Top-notch, the high compression balls for low handicap players, are back again wound with Natural Rubber. Look to Wilson for the latest. See your Dealer or Professional.

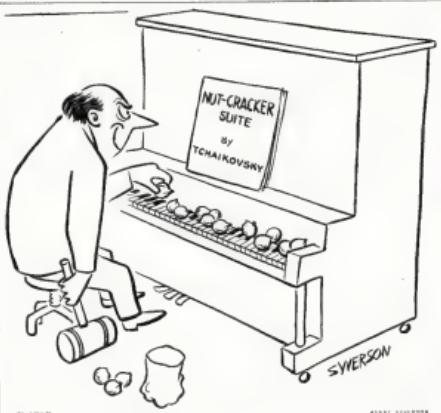
Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York and other leading cities. A Wilson & Co., Inc., subsidiary.



#### THE Last Word IN MODERN GOLF CLUBS

There's built-in precision in every Wilson golf club. Balanced perfection proved in technical tests and in the sensitive hands of golf's great masters. Play Wilson for a better game.

**IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT**



**NOW  
READY  
for YOU**

the New, Amazing  
**Coleman**  
"G.I." Pocket Stove

Now this new streamlined civilian model of the famous Coleman Military Burner that was the war-time favorite of our fighters all over the world is being allocated to dealers as rapidly as possible. If your dealer does not have the Coleman "G. I." Pocket Stove now, ask him again soon.

**Ready for Fun—Anywhere You Go!**

Ready for instant use—for cooking, heating drinks, purifying water. It's the perfect pal for hunting, fishing and camping trips. Fine for heat and cooking in a duck blind or tent. Ideal for vacations and motor journeys . . . for bicycle, canoe and hiking jaunts . . . for picnics and backyard snack parties. Many uses around the home.

Easy to carry as a quart size can of food. Only 8½ inches high; 4½ inches in diameter. Slip it into the pocket of your hunting coat . . . glove compartment of your car . . . corner of the picnic basket. Burns any kind of gasoline—white or leaded. Telescoping case makes two handy cooking utensils.

Quality built for long, trouble-free service. Ask your dealer about the Coleman "G. I." Pocket Stove. You'll want one!

**Write for Free Pictorial Folder** showing and describing the many unusual features and uses of this little "G. I." Pocket Stove. Address nearest office below.

**America's Greatest Outdoor Light**

An instant-lighting Coleman Floodlight Lantern is essential equipment on all outings. Floodlights 100-ft. area. Strongest winds can't put it out. Safe—can't spill fuel even if tipped over. 3 models—1 and 2 mantles. Get one from your dealer.

**THE COLEMAN COMPANY, Inc.**  
Dept. 337-C, Wichita 1, Kan.  
Philadelphia 3, Pa., Terminal Commerce Building  
Los Angeles 54, Calif. Honolulu, T. H.  
Tucson, Ariz.

at least a half-mile isn't going to be easy either. We probably shall install it in a bathysphere, a diving bell similar to the type William Beebe, the undersea naturalist, used to descend in off Bermuda. This bathysphere will have to be built strong enough to resist the tremendous pressure of the sea at this depth so that the bomb itself will not be crushed. When we work out all these preliminary details and get the word from the experts, we shall be ready to see what a specially constructed atomic bomb depth, exploding far beneath the ocean's surface, can do to the underwater hulls of ships and to submerged submarines.

We anticipate arriving at the solution of many other problems which nuclear physicists and other scientists now hold varying opinions. It is agreed that a chain reaction will not be initiated by the bomb and progress throughout the entire ocean but it is not definitely known what effect that sudden, mammoth release of nuclear energy will have upon the almost incompossible water, and the intensity and range of the radioactive rays are also uncertain.

**What the Experiment Will Cost**

These tests are going to be expensive. A reasonably accurate estimate, which apparently includes the cost of the atomic bomb, the tank, is close to a half-billion dollars. This is a very inaccurate figure, however, for it's just as difficult to assess the value of a thirty-year-old ship as it is to put a fair price tag on a thirty-year-old automobile. Most of our targets were headed for the junk heap when they were selected, so we bought the taxpayer one per cent of their original cost. It is equally difficult to judge what share of the current operating expenses of the Army and Navy and other co-operating governmental agencies can be charged proportionately to the overall cost of "Crossroads."

Whatever the ultimate cost of the Bikini venture, it may save America many times that amount in avoiding future mistakes in design of naval ships and military material, and in assisting the development of our naval tactics and air strategy along "realistic lines." In world-wide international relationships and national security have been profoundly modified by the release of the atomic bomb.

I have seen what the atomic bomb did at Nagasaki. I share the earnest desire of all thinking men that atomic energy will never be used again for destructive purposes. Our naval and military leaders unanimously hope that the statesmen of all nations will be able soon to guarantee for mankind an enduring peace maintained by law. Until

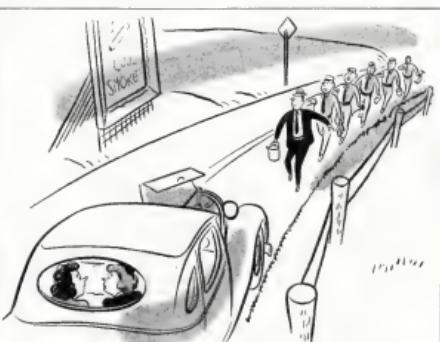
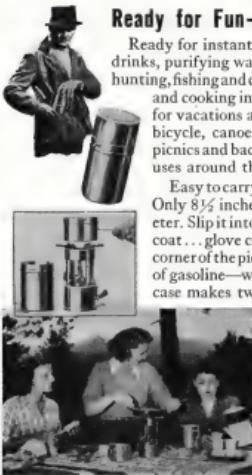
If Admiral Blandy's <sup>3</sup> out and trans-Pacific trials <sup>4</sup> still largely a matter of luck, you <sup>5</sup> off the bomb burst before the admiral does. Arrangements have been made to have an open microphone on one of the main target ships, and another on one of the other target ships anchored several hundred yards away from the bomb's eye.

During the "pool" news broadcast, which will be fed back direct to the four American networks, an electric metronome will be working on the target ship. After the "Bombs away" call, the first indication of the explosion will come off will be when you <sup>6</sup> don't hear the "click-clack" of the metronome—meaning that the microphone and the metronome have been blown to smithereens. It is believed, though, that a special microphone on a target ship on the Pacific will be able to pick up enough sound so that its mike will not be disintegrated before the sound hits it—so, from that ship, you'll hear the first "boom." Admiral Blandy's flagship, the U.S.S. Mt. McKinley, will be approximately ten miles away; therefore, after 40 seconds later, you'll hear the boom again, again picked up by the microphone on the Mt. McKinley. The press ship, the U.S.S. *Appalachian*, expected to be about 15 miles away, will get the first sound about 20 seconds later—with less intensity. So at you home, shortly after the boom harder says, "Bombs away," will hear the metronome stop ticking; you'll hear the boom again, again picked up by the peripheral target ship, on the Mt. McKinley and on the *Appalachian*.

Actually, radio listeners here in the United States will hear it all before people on the scene hear it direct, because while sound travels at only 1,100 feet a second, radio waves move at the rate of 186,000 miles per second.

That goal is reached, the armed forces of the United States have a very grave responsibility in insuring that all aspects of the use of any weapon are fully explored. The atomic bomb is here. We cannot hide our heads in the sand and ignore it. After careful study, cold facts gleaned from the triple Bikini experiment will assist in evaluating the possible uses of the atomic bomb. American Sea Power, Air Power and Ground Power—the spearheads on which the security of our nation still depends.

THE END



"It looks like he got gas at one of those super service stations!"

COLLIER'S

Fritz W. Ljungh



# "Having Wonderful Time in Wonderful Michigan!"



Yesterday, Tom and I played golf. It's a swell course. Even the scoring was good.



This morning we took a plunge in the lake and feel sorry for you sweltering there in the city.



This afternoon, we went sailing. There was a nice breeze and it was loads of fun —



Uncle Charlie wants to just lean back and be lazy. But the fish won't let him!



Of all vacation spots Michigan is my favorite. If only I could, I'd stay all summer!!

That's the kind of fan mail that goes out of Michigan by the carload every year . . . cards and letters that sing a happy song of praise for Michigan's peerless playgrounds . . . the clear, blue waters of its thousands of lakes . . . its scenic drives and romantic trails . . . its balmy, fun-filled days and cool, refreshing nights . . . its spick-and-span resorts and its genial, helpful hosts.

People really do have a wonderful time in wonderful Michigan . . . and keep coming back for more of the same. Why don't you plan to join them this year? As the first step in this direction, mail the coupon below.

**MICHIGAN TOURIST COUNCIL**

ROOM 20, CAPITOL BUILDING, LANSING 1, MICHIGAN

**Mail This Coupon  
for Free Booklets**



MICHIGAN TOURIST COUNCIL  
ROOM 20, CAPITOL BUILDING  
LANSING 1, MICHIGAN

Please send me free, illustrated literature that will help me plan an enjoyable vacation in—

East Michigan       West Michigan  
 Southeastern Michigan       Upper Peninsula

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_



A sculptor with bullets, Ad Toepperwein used an average of 300 per portrait. Uncle Sam was his most popular subject. Once he hit 72,491 out of 72,500 targets!

The saga of an expert rifle marksman who, at ten paces, wouldn't even have to bother holding the gun. He was good

**S**OME years ago in Uvalde County, Texas, archeologists were mystified to find a perfect Indian head outlined in the flat face of a huge shale slab sloping back over the mouth of a cave. They couldn't figure out how it got there. Then skinned alive, the Indian had climbed the sheer face of the stone, or suspended himself from the extended overhang above it, to make his picture of a Sioux Indian in full war bonnet in a locale where war bonnets were never worn.

After digging for Indian relics, the baffled archaeologists suddenly discovered that the silt was no innocent aborigine, but America's greatest aerial marksman, who, to amuse himself one day when the fish wouldn't bite, "drew" the Indian head with bullets from his rifle.

Adolph P. Toepperwein was born in Texas in the rootin'-tootin'-shootin' year

of 1869—a place and time when a man's life sternly depended on his shooting irons and his ability to use them. Today at seventy-six, thin lanky, keen-eyed Texan is retiring with a shooting record which will probably stand for all time. In two days he has shot 72,491 targets out of a total of 72,500 aerial targets. With only nine misses, he established a record that mathematicians figure to be .999975872 of perfection.

During his sixty-five years of shooting, Ad Toepperwein performed other miracles with his rifle. When the citizens of Texas with Orrin Brothers Circus, the Texan was requested by the chief of police of a small community to shoot some souvenirs. Ad complied by shooting out the centers of three pesos in mid-air. With the characteristic disappearing qualities of memory, the coins winged away, and when Ad found his rifle trooped around a wall to retrieve them, they came upon a threadbare peon on her calloused knees, hands clasped in prayer. Between her fingers she clutched a plugged peso. The elderly woman had been praying for money when the coin obligingly tinkled down at her bare toes.

Ad's miracle of the bell occurred while he was hunting with friends along the International Boundary Line. Espying an abandoned mission several hundred yards distant, Ad accepted the challenge of a member of the party to ring its ancient bell. He took his rifle to the hill in Pleasanton, Texas, and rang the bell several times before the party passed on. As they approached the mission, they heard excited voices and saw an awe-struck group of Mexicans staring incredulously at the bell.

#### The Miracle of the Bell

"A miracle," they intoned. "Our bell has been ringing, and it has had no clapper for twenty years."

Ad Toepperwein grew up with guns. In the little town he built in Leon Springs, Texas, Ad's father was a champion for buffalo hunters and for less sport-minded but practical citizens who carried shooting hardware in the precautionary spirit that their descendants carry insurance. The Chinese have a saying that even the cobblestones in the street hate a ten-year-old boy. If there were

hostile cobblestones in Leon Springs, they would have scarcely found it healthy to hate Ad Toepperwein. By the time he was ten, Ad had graduated from a crossbow to a 14-gauge muzzle-loading shotgun (both manufactured by the Senior Toepperwein) and a Fleaburner .22-caliber single-shot rifle.

When he was eleven, Ad attended Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and was impressed by the great feat of Dr. W. F. Carver, one of Buffalo Bill's marksmen, whose record of breaking 5,500 targets without a miss was tops for his time. Ad's boast that some day he would beat the eminent doctor's record seemed doomed when his father died that same year and the frustrated rifle shooter was obliged to accept a prosaic job as a San Antonio crockery store. In his leisure time he took up oil painting and pastime of drawing. Some of his sketches reached the desk of the editor of the San Antonio Daily Express and landed him a job as a newspaper cartoonist.

Ad was now able to afford the luxury of ammunition and by the time he was twenty-one, his shooting prowess made

(Continued on page 50)



Position was never anything in life to Ad Toepperwein who, at 74, could shoot as well lying on his back as standing on his head. His late wife is watching him

## TEXAS TRIGGERMAN

BY W. H. DEPPERMAN



## HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF BETTER GAS

Don't expect to fill your tank with the new, higher-octane gas and get top-grade performance from spark plugs you may have switched to during the war. Now that you're getting far better fuel—and have returned to normal driving—more than ever, you need to consult your service station about changing to AC plugs that run cooler than those you may have used with wartime fuels.

The correct type of plug is *necessary* in order to avoid hard starting—loss of power—waste of gas—cracked insulators—rapid electrode wear—excessive oxide coating—misfiring under heavy loads.

The AC Heat Range, and today's wider heat range per plug, enable you to fit spark plugs exactly to engine operating conditions. That's why AC's were standard equipment on 2 of every 4 cars and trucks—why your Registered AC Dealer can help you get the *utmost reliability* in spark plug performance. Have your plugs checked today. Be sure you have the type that will give you the best in performance.

CLEAN PLUGS SAVE UP TO ONE GALLON OF GAS IN TEN

\* \* \*

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



# SPARK PLUGS

# Two ways the world



**ONE WAY** is simple. The only tire fact you need to know is—more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind.

That's true this year. It's been true for the last 31. And obviously, there's only one way on earth to keep people buying more Goodyear than any other tire, year after year.

That's to build the best tire. On the record, Goodyear is America's best tire.

## How to tell the best tire from just a good one:



1. All tires tend to "grow" or stretch as they get older. And stretched rubber is easier to cut and wears faster. But Goodyear's patented SuperTwist cord is pre-stretched. It makes the tire hold its shape—gives you thousands of miles of extra wear.



2. No loafers! If tire cords aren't uniform in size and strength, some of them will "loaf" while others work overtime—and give out long before they should. Goodyear's patented SuperTwist is uniform—every cord works—and the result is a uniformly stronger, longer-lasting tire carcass.



3. SuperTwist is thinner, stronger, too! This patented cord, made by Goodyear in its own mills, is thinner, stronger—flexes more easily—and thus generates less tire-killing heat. That's why a Goodyear runs cooler—and many extra miles farther!

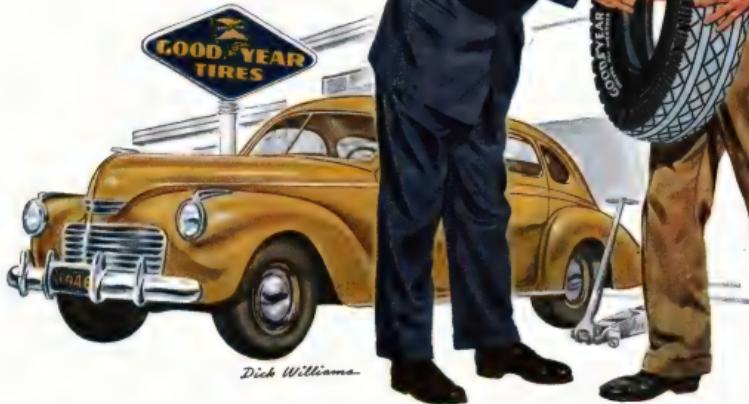
**GO**  
MORE PEOPLE RIDE

# ys to pick 's best tire

ANOTHER WAY to pick the world's best tire is to find out something about the way tires are made.

The more you know about tires, the more likely you are to pick Goodyears.

Below, you'll find some tire facts . . . some reasons why a Goodyear will, we believe, carry you farther and more safely than any other tire.



Two versions of the world's finest tire:  
De Luxe Rib Tread  
De Luxe All-Weather Tread

 "Squeezing" more miles into a tire! Because of its special design, the tread on a Goodyear tire is actually squeezed together when you inflate the tire. The tread is therefore firmer, harder to cut, harder to wear down. This feature alone has meant thousands of extra miles to Goodyear owners!



#### SEE YOUR GOODYEAR DEALER

If he doesn't have your size at the moment, he will soon.

What's more, since his store is Tire Service Headquarters, he'll help you keep rolling until your new Goodyears arrive.

And when you put new Goodyears on your car, do it with complete confidence that as far as getting the utmost in tire safety, comfort, and mileage, there's nothing more that you can do.

You've bought Goodyears. You've bought the best!



# GOOD YEAR

IDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

## Texas Triggerman

Continued from page 46

# NEW! SULFA DRUG FORMULA USED FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT!

**Itching Feet, Toes—Red, Raw, Cracked or Peeling Skin on Feet or Between Toes—are Symptoms of Highly Infectious and Dangerous ATHLETE'S FOOT**

**FOOTSTEPS THAT PERIL THE WHOLE FAMILY!**



**WARNING!** Danger lurks on every surface not hygienically clean. Don't let your feet or your family's feet be infected by the spores of this invisible enemy!

Even a spotlessly-kept home may not prevent invasion of highly infectious Athlete's Foot. It afflicts 71% of the population at various times. But you can help prevent as well as effectively fight Athlete's Foot by making sure of Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex for your own and your whole family's protection.

In this remarkable new powder preparation of Dr. Scholl's, the miracle drug Sulfaethoxazole, among other highly effective medicaments. The function of this extraordinary drug in Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex, is to help prevent, as well as to combat serious secondary infections frequently occurring in Athlete's Foot.

It does this by dispersing in the perspiration and tissue fluids of the skin of the foot, to promptly attack the area of infection.

Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex quickly relieves intense itching of Athlete's Foot; kills the fungi on contact. Aids rapid healing; helps prevent reinfection.

**Dr. Scholl's SULFA SOLVEX**  
The SULFA Preparation For ATHLETE'S FOOT



This new formula of Dr. Scholl's, the noted consultant on diseases and deformities of the feet, only \$6 at Drug, Shoe and Department Stores, and by prescription in certain states requiring it.

There is no other formula like Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex. Get it today and protect yourself and your family against Athlete's Foot. Use exactly as directed.



him a local celebrity. George Walker, manager of the town's Grand Opera House, took young Toepperwein in tow and brought him to New York with the idea that his trick shooting would bring in valuable money. In 1890, there were as many fake trick-shooters as there were hustles on women's skirts.

Snooted by vaudeville bookers, and a thousand miles from home, Ad gamblized his last few dollars on a trip to Coney Island. With Walker's help, he induced the booker for the B. F. Keith vaudeville circuit to join him.

It was a sad day for shooting gallery row when the quiet, twenty-one-year-old Texan dropped in. Toepperwein proceeded down gallery row, methodically laying down dimes and firing. By the time he had cleared out every target in the gallery, he had a立足点 (and his pocketbook), and acquired a traffic-blocking crowd of admirers, the rest of the galleries closed down in self-defense. At that point the vaudeville booker cried "Uncle." The next day Ad was in big time.

In 1901, Ad gave up free-lance shooting to become a gun exhibition shooter for a army company, whose rifles and ammunition he had been using. Thirty years later when the company was sold, Ad had shot himself into one of the company's assets and went along with the sale.

### She Knew What She Wanted

Elizabeth Servaty, a pretty redheaded sixteen, first laid eyes on her future husband when he walked through the arms plant where she was assembling 22-caliber cartridges. She promptly pulled a Mary Lincoln.

"I'm going to marry that man," she firmly announced.

It was a ball-eye prediction. Shortly thereafter Miss Servaty "accidentally" bumped into the target of her affections at the pump in the center of New Haven's Commerce Street. Although he was not actually as tall as Ad Toepperwein, I would say this... "she" apparently managed to convey the idea, for soon she and Ad were married.

It was a case of "love me, love my gun." Three weeks after Ad gave his wife her first shooting lesson, she was popping pieces of chalk between his fingers with a 22

rifle. The stunt required a lot more confidence than most married men could muster in their wives, but Ad had discovered that his wife was one of the greatest "natural" shooters he had ever seen. Plinko would every time she hit a target, and as "Plinky" she became known to the millions of persons before whom the Toepperwein husband-and-wife shooting team performed in forty years of barnstorming. The barnstorming ended during the war when they visited military and Army camps, teaching the boys how to shoot.

The Toepperwein's bag of tricks included shooting while standing on their heads; while lying on their backs; breaking a target ahead and behind simultaneously with two revolvers, aiming one with the aid of a mirror; shooting with a pistol held in a hand that were more spectacular than skillful. Men, women, and children roared with delight when Plinky tossed an egg into the air and Ad splashed it in a yellow streak across the sky. Ad's most popular and original stunt was to "draw" pictures with his rifle. Combining his shooting experience with his drawing skill, he required an average of 300 cartridges to draw the pictures in his repertoire. These included the Sioux, Uncle Sam, Pogoey, Jiggs, cowboys, ducks, and now and then a plug for his company's products.

The Toepperwein's claim to fame does not rest entirely on their shooting. The greatest woman competitor of her time, Elizabeth Servaty was the first of her sex to break 100 consecutive targets, a feat she repeated 200 times. In addition to smashing 200 consecutively 14 times, she made the greatest record ever shot by a woman and equaled by few men, when she broke 1,932 out of 2,000 clay targets. Her record for the fastest time in shooting a 22-caliber officer's-model revolver was 497 out of 500. With a .22 rifle, she smashed 1,460 wood blocks two and one fourth inches square without a miss. No other woman shooter ever approached that record although "Tough" Toepperwein exceeded it more than 1,000 per cent by breaking 14,561 consecutively without a miss.

In 1906, at the Fair Grounds in San Antonio, Texas, a big crowd braved the cold, rainy December weather to see Ad Toepperwein make good his boyish boast that some day he would beat Doc Carver's record, if



"Hadley, would you mind leaving us alone for a few minutes?"

CLOTHES LINE

LYING BED

the twenty-six years since Ad first witnessed his exhibition, Carver had increased his record from a mere 5,500 consecutive hits to the gantuan figure of 60,000 out of 60,500 consecutive shots at.

Carver made his record shooting at glass balls, but broken glass is a dangerous nuisance on shooting grounds. Ad assembled 50,000 wood blocks, three automatic .22 rifles, referees, and a group of stalwart referees to toss the blocks.

The record was hit 6,500 blocks. His first miss occurred the second day when the 8,000th block was tossed up. Carver's first record tumbled. By the time Ad finished with his 50,000 blocks, he had established the as yet unbeatens record of 14,561 without a miss, and the even more remarkable feat of missing only four of the entire 50,000 blocks.

Ad's blocks, block tossers, and referees were exhausted, but Ad and his three rifles which he alternated every 500 rounds were ready for more. Scouts bought up every 22

cartridge in San Antonio's stores. Wary but game admirers sorted out 22,300 chunks from the original blocks. With a fresh crew of block tossers and referees, Ad resumed his record.

At the end of his twelfth day of shooting, Toepperwein has set a record which will probably never be equaled. He had hit 72,491 out of 72,500 targets, proving himself the champion among gunmen of America and probably the world. In the past thirty years no one has even attempted to go out after his record.

In Ad Toepperwein's hands, the .22 rifle, once considered a child's caliber, became an adult. His uncanny marksmanship with ordinary factory made stimulated manufacturers to make the .22 the standard ammunition. Today it is the most popular caliber among competitive shooters and the basic arm used in teaching men to handle such mass-produced weapons as the Garand and Springfield.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"Do you see it, lady?"

DANIEL ALDRIDGE

## Any Week

Continued from page 4

ALL SORTS of writers are trooping through this office. Trouble is our editor's Kentucky rifle is up in Center Ossipee, New Hampshire. Mr. Parker W. Merrow, to whom it was sent for repairs, writes: "It was down all winter at Carl Ross's, my regular gunsmith. . . . He sprained his right wrist and couldn't work. When I did get to it, he was good at the hammer and tool. So the stock, took off each pin and cleaned, installed new nipple, hammer and mainspring, scraped down the stock, worked on five coats of finish, and burnished. I got her last month, met Arthur Knox, who wanted her so bad I let him have her for a good asking price. . . . I am getting a case. In Canada swapped the 30-30 for three .30 Enfields the government wasn't using. Back in the States met Shiff the gun trader at North Woodstock, and let him have them for a 38-55 Popen on a Winchester high side-wall action complete with all tools. Swap the 30-30 for a 30-06. Paid \$250 cash for a Model R 250-3000 Savage with a Lyman Alaskan scope in fifth mounts. When I got home, found Arthur Knox with remainders of the Kentucky. Seems he loaded her with smokeless instead of old-fashioned mild black. He touched her off and blew her top off. I got her right out of the hole and the bullet busted clock in Fifth Grade all to hell in local schoolhouse.

Schooleman was working late correcting papers, and when the clock blew up, she sort of reared back and dropped her top bridgework and they dropped, and Arthur he had to drive her to Doc Clows at Wolfeboro to get them welded and refitted. I had to give him dentist's bill for which I hope you'll reimburse me \$27.50. He didn't have no more to do with muzzle loaders so I let him have the Savage for \$150 plus remainders of the Kentucky. Have ordered new barrel for same from Buhmiller and when it comes through will have it fitted and you should get your Kentucky all ok in about two months and I will send bill when I ship."

ALMOST forgot to tell you that we eventually found that general we were looking for in the Pentagon Building. He was busy reading a letter from a citizen in Waila, Washington. It read: "Seeing your advertisement, please accept my application for medium tank from the Army. Some ammunition. I will not break any laws and hurry up . . ."

WE HAVE here a note from a wounded G.I. who wants to know whether anybody involved in the business of writing a space compact ever shivered in a fox-hole. . . .

W.D.

What a difference when you tune in the "Z"



A car whose valves stick, and that "eats" gas and oil, certainly can drive you dippy. In the coming months of faster, longer drives, the right motor oil will make a whale of a difference . . . if it's Pennzoil. This pure Pennsylvania oil keeps engines cleaner —smoother—more economical! For your summer change-over, switch to Pennzoil. To be sure you get the genuine, sound your "Z"!

Sound your "Z"  
**PENNZOIL**

Better dealers from coast to coast display this sign

SOUND YOUR "Z"  
100% Pure Pennsylvania  
**PENNZOIL**  
Safe Lubrication

PENNZOIL GIVES ALL ENGINES AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

## *Beyond Words*

A day of dreams! It shines with happiness, rings with gaiety . . . and has its solemn side, too. An occasion such as this, that reveals an utterly new horizon, is beyond words. How could a bride describe to others the many emotions that fill her heart?

Even in everyday life there are occasions that are also indescribable — that must be lived to be appreciated. There's that moment when you gaze with satisfaction at the glass in your hand, halfemptied of its Budweiser, but still brimming with enjoyment. You know then that you could never describe the utterly distinctive taste that charms you . . . that has made Budweiser the most popular beer the world has ever known.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • ST. LOUIS



*Every sip tells you what words can't*

**Budweiser**

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
*is something more than beer  
...a tradition*

©1946 A-B CO.

## This Character, Sawyer

Continued from page 19

and it's had some good ones. Too many, You'll be okay. Sergeant, take these men up there." The captain looked kind of tired, and his voice was tired, too. So was the sergeant who took us up to the platoon, just a few hours ago. He was a tall, thin man, sort of stage fright, you might call it. I remember looking over at this character, Sawyer, and he didn't make me feel any better. He was looking at the ground again, with that same soft, scared-ally, ugly drop on his pan.

The next God the platoon didn't jump off for a couple of days, so I had time to get used to the life in the ground, and I listened to the older guys. Men who had been on the line and in the fighting for maybe weeks, even months. I was always willing to take advice from the right people in those days. Could be that's why I'm here, now.

**O**NCE down, we jumped off, went down the reverse slope of our hill, up the next slope, had a fire fight, and took the next hill. The whole thing, as far as I remember it all, was being so scared and jeepy I couldn't breathe right. But, I guess I must have been, because I had full contact with the man on my right and the man on my left. I bit the ground at the right times, and I fired my M-1 okay. At least, it got pretty hot in my hands. Finally, by the time it was dark again, a lot of grenades and shells went off, we were all out of gas.

Lieutenant Gorenkin, a little dark man with a mustache, who dressed just like a GI, put out his outpost and radiated in to the company. We ate our K rations cold in our holes, and they tasted pretty good—though how hungry we were—and waited for the hot food and bedrolls to come up. I fell asleep, here in the hole. The bedroll didn't come up that night at all. Before I fell asleep, I remembered I hadn't seen Sawyer all day. We didn't get much sleep in, anyway, because we started for the next hill about four o'clock the next morning.

Hill 674, I think that was the name of it, was about the same as the first one, a mile off to the north, and we had a lot of foot-slogging to do the next day. We stopped in an orchard of some kind that noon for chow, because of the overhead cover it gave us. There had been a few Jerry planes that day, and once an Me 109 came in low as if he meant business. I lay flat in the ground so hard I bounced. Don't get any wrong ideas. The best of them did that. The good ones knew when to drop, but they could be counted on to stay on their feet, too, when they were supposed to.

Lieutenant Gorenkin sat on a pile of broken branches and told the doublets talk on the radio. When he was through, he stretched, yawned and scratched himself. In a little while, he called over the platoon sergeant, a guy named Satterley. He was close enough to hear what he said.

"Satterley, tell the men to relax. We're staying here until the old dog's to hell. There must be lots up there, because they say they aren't ready for us yet. Okay?"

"Okay, Lieutenant. That's pretty good, huh?" Satterley had a big smile on his face.

"Don't get excited, Sarge. The thing isn't called off; it's just a reprieve." He nodded toward the hill. "I don't know if we're gonna cook. It's in our hands, and I think we're stuck with it, but a little rest will do the boys some good before we tackle that hill."

I started liking the lieutenant from then on, and never stopped. Up to then, I hadn't thought of him one way or the other, except to wonder if those old hands seemed to look down to him a lot.

So we relaxed, and everything was working out fine. No different orders came out of that radio. All we did was sit around, chew the fat or read. Later, another boy and I built a little sort of lean-to over our holes out of branches and a raincoat, and I guess I fell asleep in it.

The noise of a motor woke me up. It

was late at night. The hot chow and the bedding had come up with the platoon jeep and trailer. I got out of the hole and went over to it, and pretty soon most of the guys had their mess gear out and were lining up. The stuff was wonderful.

Who was sitting in the front seat, next to the driver? Sawyer. I hadn't noticed him before, even though there was a bright moon coming down through the trees.

"Hi, Mac," he said, with one of his ugly smirks. "I am an ugly boy but I am really ugly when we're friends. I am natural and not as scared as he was most of the time. 'Regular combat vet-run, isn't you?'" That wasn't a question, either, the way he said it.

"I did all right," I said. I left him sitting there and joined the chow line. I was so tired, though. The moon was so bright we had to be careful about flashing our mess gear around too much. I guess Sawyer had eaten already because he didn't move. He had one long, skinny leg over the side of the jeep and I could see his combat shoes were unbuckled and even unlaced. He sure looked sloppy, even though he might have been a regular combat vet-run.

Satterley turned his head over to the jeep.

"Hop out, Sawyer. The lieutenant wants to see you," he said.

"Okay, Mac. I'm sociable. Send that son-and-o'er here." He was still smirking, but his face was swinging a little too fast, you know, and I could see which I was beginning to hate that character.

Satterley's fist looked as big as a barrel with most of Sawyer's dirty jacket in it. It pulled Sawyer almost out of the jeep. "Don't call me 'Mac,' soldier," the sarge almost whispered, his finger about two inches from Sawyer's nose.

Sawyer got out pretty fast, with a lot of help, and the two of them went off to where the lieutenant had his own hole. It took me about twenty minutes to eat and scrub my gear clean, but when I got back, the lieutenant was still talking.

"I know you know how I feel about men like you," the lieutenant was saying. "The bedrolls didn't need watching, by you or anybody else. When I want someone to guide the bedrolls up here, I'll tell the guy. Next time you leave this platoon without permission or orders, I'll have you court-martialed if I have to go to the Old Man himself to do it!"

**T**HAT'S why I hadn't seen Sawyer when we took the hill the day before. He had appointed himself guardian over the bedrolls! That dodge was given up during the Crusades. I'll bet. I was in my sack by this time, and I heard the old dog's wind up and started to get into. Lieutenant Gorenkin sounded as if he was talking to a skinned worm, that's how disgusted he must have been. But at that, he kept his voice down.

"Do you know the men you know are marching before the enemy, Sawyer? Or do you know who they are? Well, I do. Like you know, who happens to little boys who go off to play by themselves when everybody else is fighting? Do you, Sawyer?"

Sawyer mumbled something.

"Sir!" Satterley's voice broke in. "Sir, soldier, when you talk to the lieutenant, it's 'sir'!" My heart bounded mad. Sawyer mumbled some more.

"Okay, Sawyer." Lieutenant Gorenkin said. "I'm going to watch you like my own brother from now on. And I'm asking Sergeant Satterley to watch you. Remember that, the next time you start feeling sorry for yourself, you can all by themselves back there with the kitchen."

That was about all. Sawyer wasn't even busted down from private first class. I guess the lieutenant was too busy after that to worry about one guy out of sixty.

Well, we didn't move all the next day, and the next. And the next. And the next. We sat around in the orchard and listened to the heavy stuff going by over our heads. It,



The Lear Mini-Console radio-phonograph combination—available in either conventional mahogany or modern blood maple—\$171.49\*

Lear table model, single band, AC-DC, hand-rubbed mahogany cabinet—\$39.95.\* White plastic case—\$33.95.\* Mahogany plastic case—\$32.95\*



## The Airways Set the Standard

For more than sixteen years Lear has made aircraft radios—radios that have to be made with fine precision and utmost skill.

This is the kind of manufacture Lear knows. And it is the background behind the new Lear Radios you can buy for your home.

Lear Home Radios are planned with an eye to the future and with foresight into coming trends. They're built with

the advanced design and meticulous craftsmanship Lear knows so well.

You can see some of the new Lear Radios at your Lear dealers' now. Others are on the way. And when you see them and hear them, we know you'll be glad you waited for a Lear Radio. LEAR, Incorporated, Home Radio Sales and Merchandising Division, 110 Ionic Avenue, N. W., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

\*Price slightly higher West of the Rockies.





Care of their teeth is more likely to become a natural part of "getting up" and "going to bed" with children if the cleanser is both safe and pleasant to use. Our Baking Soda (Arm & Hammer and Cow Brand) is such a dentifrice. It cleans well, helps brighten teeth to their natural color, leaves a freshened after-taste in the mouth.



### ARM & HAMMER BAKING SODA



### OR COW BRAND BAKING SODA

★ ★ ★  
Both Arm & Hammer Baking Soda and Cow Brand Baking Soda are acceptable as dentifrices to the American Dental Association Council. Children can use this good product freely because it is so inexpensive. A package, which will give many weeks of brushing, costs just a few cents—at the grocer's.

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., INC.  
10 Cedar Street, New York, N.Y.  
Please send me FREE BOOK describing uses of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda and Cow Brand Baking Soda. Please print name and address  
This offer good only in the United States.

J-68

Name	
Street Address	
City or Town	

sounded like a dozen freight trains. The sky behind Hill 674 was full of smoke, so we knew our artillery had lowered the boom on the valley behind the hill which had a couple of towns in it. That was good, those heavies going over. It meant less dead doughnut, and less to do, later on.

On the second day, the lieutenant got his orders. He went into a huddle with Satterley, and sent him around to get the platoon all together. This was still new stuff to me, and my stomach felt full of ice. Later on, it became old stuff, but the ice always came back just the same. Every time, I can get that feeling just thinking about it like now.

The lieutenant was squatting with his hands and was marking a lot of red lines and circles and stuff all over one of them, the one with the hill on it. We sat down in a half circle around him.

"We go up the hill tonight." He was very serious-looking, and his little mustache was set in a grim line. He tried to keep his face from looking too worried, I guess.

"There's no beating around the bush. It's going to be a rough deal. But, we won't be alone up there. A rifle platoon of A Company will be there, and we'll have lots of close-in mortar support."

Sawyer was there. Just remember that."

He stopped and looked around at all of us. I looked around too. That one was hopeless. He looked dead.

"Okay, here's what we do," Lieutenant Garonkin got down to business.

As it turned out, the rest we had had in the orchard came in handy. The hill was rough. For hours we were pinned down. One of us was hit in the head. But we could hear the firing on our left, and there was some fighting on our right, too. How that was, I never did find out. Things happen like that, in a fire fight. And, behind us, we heard our mortars, so it wasn't hopeless, after all. The next morning we hit the hill. In fact, we even started down the other side, before we stopped. But, we had lost about half our guys on that hill. Including the sergeant.

There was good cover where we stopped, though. It was a very good thing, because it was getting light. That's another thing about Lieutenant Garonkin. He never left you high and dry when daylight came, like ducks in a shooting gallery. He knew his onions, and he didn't learn it at Benning, either. One of those bad sons of bitches, and he rated him more than most, I'd say.

Why I thought of Sawyer while we waited, I don't know, but again I remembered that he hadn't been around so you could notice him. Well, he had been with us, I learned, but not with us, if you know what I mean. Nowhere could you put your finger on him, but he might just as well not have been there.

THAT night we moved down into the valley to the edge of a small forest, and dug in. The men were scattered, but not like before. Sawyer hadn't gotten away with anything. He got another chewing from the lieutenant about his pretty ways, and maybe because the lieutenant was hung up over the number of casualties and about Satterley, he didn't bother to kick him in the balls. How a man can stand hearing what Sawyer likes to listen to, that day, in front of the guys like that, I'll never know. But, that was Sawyer.

The next night, we got some more men for the platoon. Mostly green, the way I had been. I say "been" because a dough-foot isn't different, my green being in combat. They were in the last week, though, and we were going to mop them up, we were told. Another sergeant, a fellow I didn't know, was platoon sergeant now.

We waited until almost dawn. While we waited, who should come up and flop down near me? Sawyer. The moon was still

bright, and I could see his face. It was awful. Sort of bunchied up, and loose, and rotten at the same time.

"I'll get that bastard! So help me, I'll get him!" he croaked.

"Get who?" I asked, not caring much. I was thinking about the town.

His voice and the face he had should have warned me that the goon was ready to blow his top. But I thought he'd be afraid to try anything, even if he wanted to.

But I was wrong about Sawyer. The fact that he was so scared and miserable all the time made him a real pain in the ass. Add to that the fact that he had found a lot of that crazy fear, cussedness and misery—and that was Lieutenant Garonkin.

I a few hours we pushed off and got to the edge of the first town just as daylight was breaking. The town—it was named for the church—had been hit hard in the street affair. Really only a wide part in the road, with houses running along the street for maybe seven or eight hundred yards. But it was a bad town, from our way of thinking, because it had a bend in it about halfway down. On the bend, the buildings were mostly still standing. Anybody one of those houses had a beautiful field of fire all along the way we were coming in. So, we were careful.

### END IN SIGHT

I'm on the list for a washing machine  
And a radio-phonograph.

For a vacuum cleaner I stand seventeen  
After only a year and a half.

I'm on the list, of course, for a car,  
A super de luxe sedan,  
And my dealer tells me I haven't far  
To go to be up in the van.

I'm on the list for a dozen things;  
With ill-concealed longing I eye them.  
And I only hope, when the telephone rings,  
I'll still have the money to buy them!

—RICHARD ARMOUR

We had gotten into the town about two hundred yards. By that time, we knew the town wasn't being defended by anything we could see at least, to be relaxed. The town was a mess. Some of the houses were heaving grenades into rooms; others were firing M-18 through windows; and a lot of them poked their Tommy guns into doorways and sprayed the places. That part of mopping up can be fun. You know. That is, when nobody is shooting back. I turned around, out with not an inch of the wall not an inch from the lieutenant's head. He was on the other side of the street from me, and had just come out of one door and was going up the street to the next one. He jumped back into the shelter of the last doorway like he was made of spring. Another bullet hit exactly where he had been.

It was obvious. Jerry had hit a sniper behind and he was in one of those houses on the bend of that street. We were more surprised than anything, everything had seemed so nice and safe. Anyway, this was just another officer. Lots of them and orders like that. We did it, so we. They'd let the guys alone, and wait for officers. It happened all the time, and that's why Lieutenant Garonkin wore G.I. clothes whenever we were getting ready for a fight.

I looked over at him. He had a foolish grin on his face, of embarrasement. He took off a pair of shiny brass-rimmed glasses from his shirt collar that he must have forgotten about, and held it up for me to see.

"Pulled rank at the wrong time," he yelled. By that time, he had to yell. The platoon had gotten over being surprised, had

taken cover and had opened up with everything it had. Guys were in doorways or up in the rooms of the houses or on their stomachs behind some rubble. The noise was the worst I had ever heard. It was terrible, in such a small place. M-1s, tommy's, the BARNS, carbines—anything. The plasters were flying front walls, those on the bend were falling like snow. Some of the guys had flasked the houses, too, and the whole buildings looked alive. That's how much stuff was hitting them. Quite a bit of smoke was starting to come up around them, and the lieutenant made a dash across the street and ran into the doorway a few yards behind me.

"Maybell'll forget about me," He had to shriek at the top of his lungs over that noise.

This kept up for about ten minutes and then it died of its own accord. I couldn't see how it was possible to anything to stay there and not houses on the bend. They even had bazooka holes in them, and at that range.

Pretty soon it was very quiet in the street. "Let's go," the lieutenant hollered behind me. Way back, I could hear the new sergeant, the sergeant from the command, and the gun started coming out. Everybody was very, very careful and kept plenty of distance and flattened out against the walls of the houses on both sides of the street when they advanced. After all, the sniper hadn't come out. He was there, but that was no insurance he was doing.

After a little while, the men stopped taking pot shots at those houses ahead, and you could hear the grenades again. Things were getting orange-red now.

The next couple of seconds—and that's all it took—I'll never forget in my life. There was a sort of scuffle behind me, and someone was yelling, "Lieutenant! Hey, Lieutenant!"

I looked around just in time to see this character, a way standing out in the street a few feet from Lieutenant Garonkin, who was backed up against the wall with his mouth hanging wide open.

Then Sawyer started saluting. Once salute after the other, and all the time, "Sir! Hey, Lieutenant, sir! Is that all right, sir?" Just like that. He had finally blown his top, anybody could see that. He couldn't get the lieutenant himself, didn't have the guts, but his brain, what there was of it, couldn't stand the balled-up grenade, the smoke, the heat, and it had cooked up this crazy scheme. You know? And the funny part of it was, it almost worked.

"What the—he, get back, you fool, get back. Stop it!" Lieutenant Garonkin still stood there, just staring and ordering and shouting. He was still in the kitchen-saluting and coming closer, and finally got the idea. It was that obvious. So, he just dropped in his tracks, fast. He'd had the platoon quite a while, you know. To do that, he had to be pretty quick his feet. The turnover in platoon commanders in the infantry is high. Ask any doughfoot.

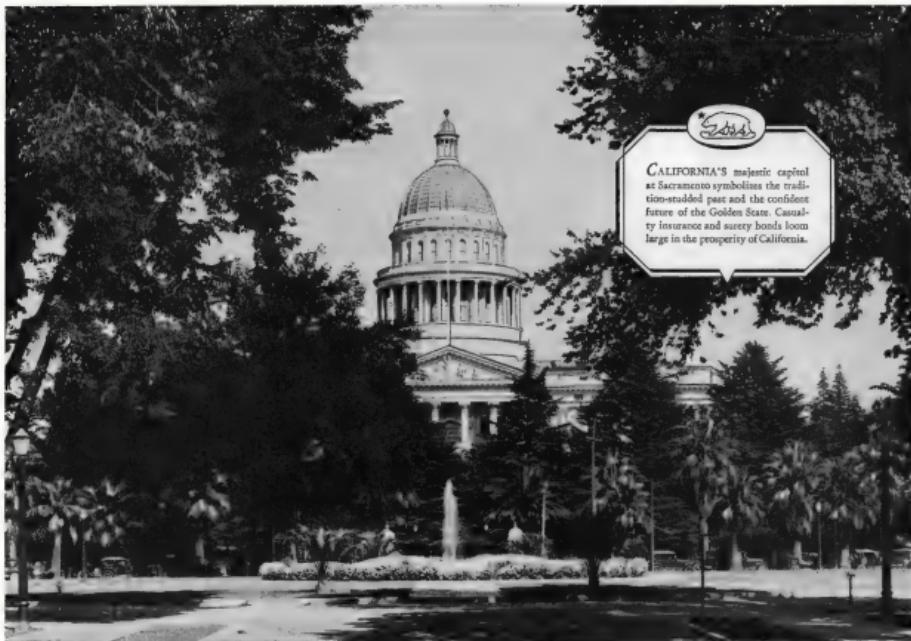
As I said, it almost worked, because that sniper had a strong enough position, as we found out later, to live through that fire we gave him before. And, he got Sawyer's idea just about the same time the lieutenant did. Now, the officer hungrier, as we all knew. Anyway, he let fly.

Sawyer didn't make a sound. He sort of crumpled down over his own feet and then fell over sideways. He had taken one step too many, it looked like. When he fell, his helmet slid off his head and rolled over next me, and it was nice, neat hole in it, just over the right ear.

Well, we cleaned up the sniper and the town, and we took the next town with no trouble at all, and then we started on those hills again. For a long time, the guys had plenty to talk about.

THE END

## SALUTE TO THE GOLDEN STATE



CALIFORNIA'S majestic capitol at Sacramento symbolizes the tradition-studded past and the confident future of the Golden State. Casualty insurance and surety bonds loom large in the prosperity of California.

### *California . . . Land of Broad Horizons!*

From clipper ships to clipper planes, California has hummed with activity. Center of the aircraft industry, international moving picture capital, California leads in fruit, vegetable, and sea food canning. Oil and lumber production is tremendous. And California's sunshine and scenic splendor attract thousands of tourists all the year 'round. ¶ In California, as in every state, U. S. F. & G. safeguards business and the individual, writing practically all forms of fidelity and surety bonds and casualty insurance policies.

"Consult your Insurance Agent or Broker

as you would your Doctor or Lawyer"



UNITED STATES  
FIDELITY & GUARANTY CO.

*affiliate*

FIDELITY AND GUARANTY FIRE CORPORATION  
HOME OFFICES: BALTIMORE 3, MD.

**U. S. F. & G.**



## Astounding...but true!

A soldier plumber writes:

"My Lonville Watch completely submerged in salt water for 24 hours, got its first salt water bath in Hawaii. I worked in mud, oil—it was always dirty and wet... worked with electric welding; three other watches were magnetized. Mine wasn't... it's through tropical swamp, mud, sand, water, etc., and it still goes today after 2 yrs. 10 mos."

(Photograph of letter on request)

The Lonville 17-Jewel Work-and-Play Watch is protected against water, shock, dust and magnetism. If your dealer does not stock this, write to us.



HARRY GOODMAN, Inc., 6 E. 37th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

## "UNBLOCK" your DIGESTIVE TRACT

And Get Genuine Relief That

Makes You Feel Really Good Again

Don't expect to get real relief from headaches, aching joints, and bad breath by taking soda and other alkalisans if the true cause of your trouble is constipation.

In that case, the trouble is not in the stomach at all. But in the intestinal tract where 80% of your food is digested. And when it gets blocked, it fails to move properly.

What you need for real relief is not soda or an alkali—just something to "unblock" your intestinal tract. Something to clean it out effectively and keep it moving smoothly.

Get Carter's Pills right now. Take them as directed. They gently and effectively "unblock" your intestinal tract so that your bowels move along normally. Nature's own digestive juice can then reach it. You get genuine relief that makes you feel really good again.

By Carter's. Your intestinal tract for real relief from indigestion.



## The Drys Try Again

Continued from page 15

As a dry leader Sam Morris probably will never attain the stature of Wayne B. Wheeler, Andrew J. Volstead, Senator Morris or even the more recent ones who possessed no efficient executive or administrative ability. But in his own field he is supreme, and promises to remain so. William Jennings Bryan, Billy Sunday, Richmond Pearson Hobson, and the rest of the famous evangelists whose oratorical thunder震ed in pulpits and temples of orthodoxy, pale in comparison as Brothert Morris'.

For he is on the radio, and the dry organizations which are backing him will see that he stays on. For fifteen minutes every day he broadcasts a prohibition message over WHAS, in Louisville, another 50,000-watt outlet in Shreveport, La., and a third of 50,000-watt outlets in Cincinnati. Recent Surveys made by the brewing industry in Missouri and Arkansas indicate that at least 25 per cent of the populations of those states tune in to him in his broadcast every day. His coverage in Texas, Kentucky, Mississippi, Louisiana and other Southern states is much greater; in many sections it is virtually 100 per cent of those possessing radio sets.

### Amarzing Result of a Broadcast

Occasionally Brother Morris is heard on a coast-to-coast network. After a CBS speech in January, 1944, on Prohibition and the War, he received letters requesting a total of 250,000 copies of the broadcast. His message was also printed in the Congressional Record and in numerous temperance papers and magazines, published in pamphlet form. He has been invited by prohibition evangelists over local radio stations, and quoted from hundreds of pupils. All told, approximately 750,000 copies of the speech were distributed as a result of one broadcast.

Brother Morris usually broadcasts from October to April, and from June to September.

But his present contract with WHAS runs until next September 28th, and he will probably remain on the air until then. According to himself and his supporters, Brother Morris' broadcasts and lecture tours, which are unquestionably expensive, are financed by his dry contributions, collections taken up at his meetings, and the proceeds from the sale of his books and pamphlets.

His written works now number almost 20 volumes, and are mostly compilations of his lectures, and collections of poems, wise sayings, maxims, quotations and proverbs, and homely sayings. They bear such titles as Wine, Women and Song; Worms of the Bottle, The Trail of the Serpent, Worms Under the Bark, and The Woe of the Wine Cup. The latter includes his famous lecture, Rats in the Brewing Vats, which he claims have been used by God to turn hundreds of people and even whole families from drinking beer.

Although Brother Morris is a college graduate with degrees from Brown and Hardin-Simmons universities, he has cultivated a folksy, down-to-earth manner of speaking which is easily understood by people with "Howdy, Neighbors." In common with the great dry evangelists who preceded him, he ties together prohibition and religion; he preaches vehemently that drinking liquor, except on orders of a physician, is a mortal sin, forbIDDEN by God.

Over and over again he has urged away from the old standby that alcohol drunk for pleasure, in however small quantities, does irreparable damage to the human body. "If you want to commit suicide," he says, "shoot yourself, hang yourself, jump in the creek, or turn on the gas. But don't do it by drinking beer." He is not a kid, however, for he has liver, court dropsy, fraternize with Bright's disease, and make love to rheumatism by drinking beer." Curiously enough, this description of the horrific fate

of a beer drinker is usually greeted with great laughter and shouts of "Amen!"

The average American citizen is not particularly interested in the干运动, nor is its increasing effectiveness. According to the latest Gallup poll, in December, 1943, 33 per cent of the voters in America would vote for the return of prohibition. There are three states—Kansas, Oklahoma and Mississippi—which are wholly dry as far as wine and beer liquor are concerned, although in some sections the sale of 3.2 per cent beer is permitted.

Incidentally, these states have some very curious liquor laws. In Mississippi, for instance, the state collects from bootleggers under the guise of a black-market tax (Collector's Tax, 24, 1945), while in Kansas, law-enforcement officers have been given a maximum of \$25 to \$200 for convicting liquor sellers or confiscating automobiles containing liquor. (There are no bonuses for murder, robbery, rape or arson convictions.) Despite these and other laws, the situation in Kansas is comparable to that in Chicago during the great days of the Noble Experiment.

About one third of the country's more than 3,000 counties, with a total population of approximately 26,000,000, have voted dry in local option elections. Most of them are in rural areas, but there are 1,000 towns and cities elsewhere, too, 24 in Minnesota, for example, while Maine is 30 per cent dry and Vermont 38 per cent. And in several states there are dry areas within wet counties. In Illinois, there is but one dry county, but scalps won through the state are more than 1,000 a day, to town, city and country districts, including 130 in Chicago. Pennsylvania there are 550 dry towns; in Wisconsin, 330; in New York, 60; and in New Jersey, 59. One third of Ohio is dry.

Bills to control or eliminate the liquor traffic are pending in at least half of the state legislatures; in New York, for example, there are 10 bills. And half a dozen such measures have been introduced in Congress. But in dry circles there is little talk, at present, of a Constitutional amendment. Then, according to himself and his supporters, Brother Morris' broadcasts and lecture tours, which are unquestionably expensive, are financed by his dry contributions, collections taken up at his meetings, and the proceeds from the sale of his books and pamphlets.

His written works now number almost 20 volumes, and are mostly compilations of his lectures, and collections of poems, wise sayings, maxims, quotations and proverbs, and homely sayings. They bear such titles as Wine, Women and Song; Worms of the Bottle, The Trail of the Serpent, Worms Under the Bark, and The Woe of the Wine Cup. The latter includes his famous lecture, Rats in the Brewing Vats, which he claims have been used by God to turn hundreds of people and even whole families from drinking beer.

Although Brother Morris is a college graduate with degrees from Brown and Hardin-Simmons universities, he has cultivated a folksy, down-to-earth manner of speaking which is easily understood by people with "Howdy, Neighbors." In common with the great dry evangelists who preceded him, he ties together prohibition and religion; he preaches vehemently that drinking liquor, except on orders of a physician, is a mortal sin, forbIDDEN by God.

Over and over again he has urged away from the old standby that alcohol drunk for pleasure, in however small quantities, does irreparable damage to the human body. "If you want to commit suicide," he says, "shoot yourself, hang yourself, jump in the creek, or turn on the gas. But don't do it by drinking beer." He is not a kid, however, for he has liver, court dropsy, fraternize with Bright's disease, and make love to rheumatism by drinking beer."

Curiously enough, this description of the horrific fate



Warner Liquor Sealer—Non-Metallic—Deposits Tiny Fibers to Repair Leaks Anywhere in Cooling Systems. Simply pour in! Finds and Repairs every crack or hole. Do it yourself—see your service man.

**WARNER-PATTERSON CO.**  
320 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO 5

Take 1

Count 2

Two seconds! That's all it takes for JESTS to start their



**New! 15 TO 30 SHAVES PER BLADE**  
**19 TIMES TOUGHER STEEL**



**100% RUST PROOF**  
**NO WIPING • NO DRYING**

**COOPER**  
Makers of America's Finest Blades

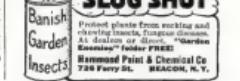


Kills the fleas  
QUICKLY!  
Keeps others off  
for days!  
Still 25¢ and 50¢



WOUNDS COLLAR AT NATURAL COLLAR ANGLE  
At Every Country Pharmacy

AMERICAN PRODUCTS, 24 BAKER ST., PROVIDENCE, R. I.



Protect plants from slugs and snails  
with this effective fungicide.  
At dealers or mail order houses.  
Garden FREE

Hammond Paint & Chemical Co.  
726 Ferry St., BEACON, N.Y.

Chicago in 1944, by representatives of various state and national groups.

The office is officially described as an "information center for Drys of every race, creed and color who are in search of help in the battle against alcoholism." Some 100 organizations work, for local option campaigns, for getting high-voltage speakers, for effective literature, for counsel on legal problems, and for any other assistance that an efficiently organized temperance agency may be expected to furnish to Christian workers.

Commenting on the new organization, a dry magazine said that "NTM disavows any proprietary attitude in respect to the beverage alcohol problem. God is the proprietor of the temperance movement, and NTM is His servant."

The magazine reported, largely discredited, that the National Temperance Movement grew out of a split between the Anti-Saloon League of America and the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. In some dry circles the League was sharply criticized for refusing to support the bill introduced in Congress by Representative Joseph R. Bryson of South Carolina, providing for wartime prohibition.

The Anti-Saloon League said officially that it "has not altered its belief that the people will ultimately adopt prohibition as the best solution to the liquor problem. But prohibition must be adopted through democratic processes with the people back of it in substantial majorities. In our judgment, the country is not ready for national prohibition."

If a schemer really exists within the dry ranks, if one should reveal it, it may be the National Temperance Movement, which conflict with the National Temperance and Prohibition Council. The Council is the great co-ordinating agency of the dry crusade. It speaks with power and authority on all phases of the liquor question. It exerts pressure on the highest governmental levels whenever necessary. In the current setup it holds much the same position that The Methodist Board of Temperance held in 1919.

The annual budgets of American dry organizations range from a few hundred dollars to well over \$1,000,000 and probably total a couple of million. All this money is obtained, as far as anyone knows, by voluntary contributions, dues, and the sale of propaganda material. The active membership of the dry groups also runs into the millions. The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union also has more than 10,000 branches, besides its auxiliary organizations for children, with approximately 500,000 members, all paying dues and all working for the dry cause.

Every Methodist church in the country is

in effect a branch of the Methodist Board of Temperance, which has its headquarters in Washington, and all contribute to its support. This is probably the most powerful and most lavishly financed dry organization in the United States. Some 100 organizations have branches in nearly every state, and so has the Business Men's Research Foundation, a "fact-finding" dry organization with headquarters in Chicago. There is scarcely a Protestant congregation in the United States which doesn't support at least one temperance society.

Most of the national organizations, and many of the state and local groups as well, issue weekly or monthly periodicals and bulletins. A considerable number operate publishing houses, or have publishing connections, which enable them to turn out enormous quantities of propaganda material. The Methodists, for example, run one of the largest publishing concerns in the world.

#### Floods of Temperance Material

The W.C.T.U. publishes half a dozen weekly and monthly papers. It also distributes leaflets, booklets, posters, charts, moving pictures, projectors, lantern slides, music, blotters and cards with dry slogans printed on them, sheets and cards for coloring, post cards, books, emblem, flags, pictures and posters, and a host of other items. It also plays and playslets, organizing packets, medical and other exhibits, medals, publicity handbooks, radio material, and many other things besides.

Some groups concentrate on certain types of material. The Business Men's Research Foundation, which operates a publishing house in Kentucky, recently started a campaign "to reach from 5,000 to 10,000 new towns in the United States with our free mat service." This service consists of material designed to answer liquor advertising. The Foundation can also offer to sale a line of books, pamphlets and periodicals.

One of its big sellers is a six-page pamphlet called Final Secret of Pearl Harbor, which purports to prove that the real cause of the disaster of December 7, 1941, was excessive drinking by members of the armed forces stationed there.

A great deal of dry propaganda is distributed with the co-operation of state and local governments. Every state has laws providing for compulsory education on alcohol, and many of these educational programs are handled exclusively by W.C.T.U. leaders, who employ full-time teachers. In 18 states special days are set aside by law which are commemorated the life and works of Frances E. Willard, founder of the W.C.T.U. and the most noted prohibitionist in American history. These celebrations



"I heard Dad say you folks were stuck up. Did they get much?"

SCOTT TSCHIRHART

# Moduflow\*

## is more than human

Says ROBERT GRANT WALSH  
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

March 9, 1948

Mr. Walter Anderson,  
Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company  
4007 Fourth Avenue South,  
St. Louis 10, Missouri

Dear Mr. Anderson:

I believe in the Moduflow System. I best explain in my home on 4207 Riverfront Boulevard, St. Louis. I best explain in the workings of this great instrument that it is more than human.

The registers of this system also act as one of the greatest regulators of heat. In short, the sense of vice and efficiency of the heating plant has definitely improved the heating of the house. It has decreased the cost of heating. It will be interesting to note the bills for fuel.

I am unconditionally giving my endorsement to the Moduflow as being the greatest thing to be marketed as providing ideal heating temperature.

Yours very truly,  
Robert Grant Walsh

If your home, like the Walsh's, is afflicted with drafts and up-and-down temperatures, better investigate Moduflow. For Moduflow operates on an entirely different principle from ordinary "on-and-off" control systems. It supplies heat continuously at whatever temperature is required to keep the room comfortable in all kinds of weather. And, because heat is continuously supplied, cold air doesn't have a chance to pile up on the floor.

Best of all, Moduflow can be easily and inexpensively installed on your present automatic heating system. You don't have to wait until you build a new home. Of course, if you are planning to build you will want to have the ultimate in heating comfort. So, mail the complete story of Moduflow. Mail the coupon today for your free copy of Honeywell's brand new booklet, "Comfort Unlimited . . . with Moduflow."

\* MODUFLOW is the name of Honeywell's newest heating control system. It means modulated heat with a continuous flow. Moduflow will be a "must" in the better homes and apartments of tomorrow.

# MODUFLOW

the new HONEYWELL heating control system

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR COMPANY  
285 Fourth Avenue South, Minneapolis 8, Minnesota  
Please send my free copy of "Comfort Unlimited"

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





## TONIC for TIRES!

Give your tires a lift! You can add new life to tires—add more tire miles—by keeping them inflated to correct pressures at all times. Running on soft tires, you know, ruins them—causes them to wear out quicker.

For positive protection, seal the valves mouth with a Schrader Air-Tight Cap. Schrader Caps help make tires last longer.

Your dealer has Schrader Caps on hand in the familiar red, white and blue package of 3. Ask for them.



**Schrader Caps  
MAKE TIRES LAST LONGER**

You Owe it to Your Records  
to use Meritone Needles!

**Meritone**  
America's Outstanding  
Phonograph Needle Value!

BEST by TEST  
for High Fidelity



Unlike ordinary  
ground needles,  
Meritone needles,  
of fine, hard,  
polished Swedish  
steel, are turned on  
high precision machines to  
vibration-free standards. Just  
in the grooves . . . preserve your records.  
Each plays 12 or more records with  
exceptional fidelity, without surface  
scratches or distortion.

Get the best—get MERITONE!

Internal't Merit Products Corp., N. Y. 19

**Meritone • 10 for 10c • 25 for 25c**

fer unsurpassed opportunities for the dissemination of dry propaganda.

Several of the most ardent dry agitators, headed by the Business Men's Research Foundation, the National Temperance and Research Society, and the Church Federation of Greater Chicago, are now engaged in a vigorous campaign to rid the country of liquor advertising. In a bulletin endorsing the campaign, the Church Federation of Greater Chicago said that advertising was "the greatest medium through which the alcoholic beverage business sells its false propaganda of subservient suggestion, falsehood and half-truth." It is this propaganda, the bulletin said, which enables the liquor traffic to "mislead the public into tolerating its existence."

The fight began a little more than a year ago when Henry M. Johnson, of the Research Foundation, sent questionnaires to hundreds of newspapers, magazines and radio stations throughout the country, asking whether they would accept liquor or beer advertising. As the replies came in, the Drys began to apply pressure. They went after the radio first. Broadcast stations were required to accept equal time for wet and dry denouncing them for spreading wet propaganda, and demanding that whenever a commercial beer or liquor program was broadcast, equal time be given to a prohibition propagandist.

Dry broadcasters threatened to cancel their radio shows. Letters were sent to members of Congress.

The Anti-Saloon League of New York, and similar organizations in other states, sent out thousands of copies of an instruction leaflet, "Write one letter yourself to each broadcasting company." It said, "Urge at least one pastor to write a letter each. Urge these three persons to get at least as many more to write. Pastors and group leaders, urge the members of your churches and groups to write as here suggested. Send for these leaflets."

Down in Texas, Brother Sam Morris began his crusade, aiming specifically at stations WFAA and KRLD in Dallas. When the matter of renewing the license of the latter station came up before the Federal Communications Commission, Brother Morris and Henry M. Johnson attended the hearing and held up a petition signed by 1,000,000 that KRLD be denied the privilege of "continuing its illegal, unfair and pernicious policy of selling extensive and the choicest radio time on the people's radio spectrum for broadcasts counseling the drinking of alcoholic liquors . . . and refusing to sell equal time to those who would write letters for the designated representatives of millions of people of Texas and the United States who desire to have messages broadcast which counsel the abstaining from the drinking of such alcoholic beverages."

Station KRLD held out and the writer is still fighting. In the end, however, Mr. Johnson, WFAA capitulated, agreeing to cancel all programs advertising liquor, and to adopt a policy of considering all discussions of wet-dry issues as a controversial public question. It promised to make equal time available to both sides in the future.

### A Drive Against Alcoholic Ads

While Brother Morris was bringing down station WFAA, and congressmen and other broadcasters were rocking under the barrage of letters and telegrams, out in St. Louis, Missouri, another man was at work. Mr. David M. Donnan, member of the Methodist Board of Temperance and a former Pittsburgh manufacturer, Mr. Donnan originated a new type of "Liquor Ad Crusade," and launched it in a report to the St. Louis Annual Conference of the Methodist Church. He had been disturbed by readers, one reading, "I Didn't Like This Ad in My Paper," the other reading, "Liquor Ads Must Go!" He proposed that Drys everywhere paste the stickers on liquor advertisements and send them in to the editors of the magazines and newspapers in which the ads had appeared.

The Conference endorsed Mr. Donnan's

scheme with great enthusiasm, and Mr. Donnan prepared a booklet of instructions, in which he offered to sell the stickers to whomever wanted them at the manufacturing cost of 25 cents a thousand. The crusade officially got under way on Temperance Sunday, last January 21st, which the Drys called "Atomic Bomb Day."

According to dry leaders, it has been a tremendous success; it has been endorsed by church and temperance organizations in nearly 40 states, and almost 5,000,000 stickers have been distributed.

But the dry interests, which keep a close watch upon all such activities, say that the crusade has been pretty much of a flop.

Prostitution few ads with stickers on them have been received, they say, and a large percentage of those that did come in were obviously sent by gasters, as the stickers were intended to ads that had no connection with liquor.

The basic theme of all dry propaganda and of all dry activity is that prohibition was successful and that God wants the American people to bring it back. "Prohibition is working," cried Brother Sam Morris in his lecture. "What did it do? It made us so foolish as to drink even one slug of poison."

There is no question that the liquor business today is in better hands, generally speaking, than before prohibition. In part

this may be due to the stringent state laws.

"We could eat in any restaurant and not



be sickened by smelly drunks. We saw no liquor in grocery stores, hot-dog stands or restaurants. No crime, no drunken sailors debauched the community. Neon-light displays—no enticing liquor signs cluttered up the highways to tempt our youth. No liquor forced its way into our homes through alluring pictures and outrageous statements in the magazines and newspapers. No breweries colored light radio commercials invaded our family circle. Women and children were safe on our streets. Drunks were seldom seen. No beer trucks crowded us off the road. We want prohibition back."

There are millions of people in the United States who feel that as a true picture of prohibition. They simply do not believe, and never have believed, that prohibition was actually composed of bootlegging, rum running, gang warfare, crime, political corruption and vice. They are convinced that such things never really existed; that such stories were just tall tales concocted by Satan and spread by his loyal imps, the distillers and the brewers.

And in that conviction can be found the basic reason why the Drys frequently make statements that are fantastically untrue, spread false rumors, denounce liquor dealers as enemies of God, and never hesitate to blast anyone who publicly disagrees with the ads he had.

them. When the devout dry fights liquor, he is fighting the devil, and it is unreasonable to expect him not to seize every possible advantage.

The liquor interests aren't doing very well either. They are propagandizing the Drys, for the simple reason that there is very little they can do. Up to a point, they must help the Drys fight their battle, for the reputable liquor manufacturer or seller would be among the first to admit that excessive drinking is harmful. But on the other hand good business practice makes him want at least enough liquor to earn a profit on his business.

### Two Viewpoints of Our Movie

They works out in curious ways. Both Wet and Drys, for instance, have helped to bring about the present situation. Several distillers have published advertisements suggesting that the public see the picture and learn from it the lesson of sensible drinking. Nearly all of the dry organizations have also recommended the picture, because to them it shows what will probably happen in an area where liquor is so foolish as to drink even one slug of poison.

There is no question that the liquor business today is in better hands, generally speaking, than before prohibition. In part

this may be due to the stringent state laws.

In some states where liquor is legal, it cannot be sold over bars; in others it can only be sold in grocery stores, and in some times, still others, it can only be bought by the bottle in state-operated stores. In the main, reputable liquor manufacturers and dealers obey the laws, and they are trying to see to it that their fellows do the same.

Within the past few years the brewing industry has made great progress in the matter of law observance by instituting a system of state committees, which carry on a threefold program of "co-operation in law enforcement, industry education in law observance, and public education in the values of legal beer." Each of these committees maintains a check of current and other illegal outlets in their territory. If a beer seller gets out of line, his supplies are cut off. If he tries to bring in bootleg beer from outside the territory, the committee assists in prosecuting him for violating the law.

Leaders of the liquor traffic have frequently excused themselves in favor of such regulation as governmental bodies think necessary. But the Drys will have none of it.

"Regulate the liquor traffic!" cries Brother Sam Morris. "Yes! Regulate it like you'd regulate a rathskeller! Cut its head off! Trample it in the dust!"

The End



## Ever see a suit that cost \$170?

The custom-made suit in the picture is priced at \$170. A master tailor created it . . . skilled hands fashioned it from the finest imported worsted flannel. His individual artistry is in every line . . . in the fit around the shoulders . . . in the perfect proportion and balance . . . in the hand-stitching. Every quality detail is the finest, including the slide fastener in the trousers. Naturally, it's a Talon slide fastener . . . flat and flexible to permit truly fine tailoring at the fly . . . durable and long-lasting . . . made by the firm that pioneered the slide fastener. It almost seems a miracle that this Talon slide fastener, a quality feature in \$170 suits, is so inexpensive that you can also enjoy it in ready-to-wear suits selling for \$20. Talon, Inc., Meadville, Pa.

\$170 suit or \$20 suit, the Talon slide fastener adds extra value to each





"Darling!" Janny rushed to meet him as he came in. She kissed him with the hungry ardor that always told him how long the day had been to her without him

# Penitence

BY JOHN TAIT

A short short story complete on this page

YOU can't miss it, darling," Janice said. "Just east of Fifth on Forty-fourth. Chez Yvette is the name."

Steve Olcott put on his hat and swung around from the foyer mirror. "Janey?" he said. "What's up? What's with those ritzy little women's shops? You wouldn't put me through an ordeal like that?"

Janny gave her low sweet laugh. "It's for your own good, darling. I want to get a perfume that appeals to you."

"Then why not get some more of that stuff you have?"

"Pardon me?" She wrinkled her nose, smiling. "Such improbable names they pick! . . . Because we can't afford it right now, Steve. This *Nuit d'Orge* I want to try is cheaper and really very nice. Won't you go in and see if you like it?"

"As if you didn't know it would." Olcott was resolute. He got out his pencil and an old envelope. "What was it again, sweet?"

"*Nuit d'Orge*." Janny spelled it out phonetically. "Mean Night of Revelry." She chuckled suddenly at the quirk of his lips. "Want passion to revelry? I'm an understandin' woman, Steve."

Olcott located Chez Yvette without trouble on his way home that evening. He went in, with confidence, and found himself in a kind of temple. Crystal and burnished metal gleamed warmly in a subdued amber light and the incense of many perfumes hung heavy in the close air. Uncomfortably aware of his masculinity, he watched a shapely vestal emerge from some holy-of-holies at the rear and float toward him languidly.

"I understand," he said to inquiring eyebrows, "that you stock a perfume called 'Nuit d'Orge'?"

"Nuit d'Orge?" Chez Yvette's tone was faintly diverted. "Yes, sir. In the small or large size?"

Olcott colored. "I'd like to see— to try it, please."

"Certainly, sir." She left him and returned with a slab of ebony holding his perfume bottle and a pair of clipper sockets. From one of them she took a long, rodlike stopper and handed it to him. "Piquant and distinctive, sir," she said. "And not too well known yet."

Olcott waved the glass rod under his nose and exhaled. "Chez Yvette and myself into his nostrils. Suddenly, inexplicably, a dormant memory stirred. Somewhere, sometime, he had smelled that same heady odor, not unpleasant in itself but because of some association it carried. . . . Something he had done. . . . Something wrong. The light of complete recognition flashed and he lived again his own sordid night of revelry. . . .

THAT afternoon, a month ago, when Benson had invited him to attend the opening of the Café Chloé, his first impulse was to refuse. He had never even left for night than he did for Benson, the office playboy. But it had been in the third week of Janny's absence at her mother's sickbed and he had been lonely, restless, at a loose end. Even the meretricious gaity of a night club seemed better than sitting at home alone.

He had been seated at a table, pouring them down and achieving a kind of pensive mellowness, when Benson brought the two girls over to their table. Even so, he had sworn under his breath: Benson had made no mention of there being two girls. For a time he had been no more than a little coquettish brunet who, Benson indicated, was to share his evening; but the drinks had kept coming and presently he had felt himself unbend and begin to respond to her advances. And the drinks had kept on coming.

He had woken early in the morning on his living-room divan, fully dressed yet chilled, his head one vast ache. Morning-after forebodings had rushed on him and he had lain with his eyes closed against the light, wondering with anxiety if he had actually done anything

to cause them. The last happenings of the night before were obscured by an alcoholic haze, but single incidents had come to emerge, silly incidents, perhaps, but none of them especially disgraceful. He had come out of the room. He and the brunette were sitting somewhere behind a row of potted palms. She was lying back in his arms, her lush mouth smirched against his, her heavy, musky perfume thick in his nostrils. And he was enjoying it. Reveling in it!

He had sat there, his head propped and his face in his hands. He had thought of Janny—her clear, trusting eyes, the depth and purity of her love for him. What a dirty, cheap, two-timing, unworthy louse he was! How was he ever to look her in the face again?

By the time the maid had got in he had sat there, his head propped and his face in his hands. He had thought of Janny—her clear, trusting eyes, the depth and purity of her love for him. What a dirty, cheap, two-timing, unworthy louse he was! How was he ever to look her in the face again?

He had been feeling better. But only physically. He had been given therapy to offer his aching conscience. If I could only tell Janny about it, he had thought; I know she would understand and forgive me. But at the same time he had imagined the pain in her eyes and had known that he could never seek peace of mind at the cost of hers.

OLCOTT became aware that the saleslady was eying him with curiosity. "Er—no," he said with embarrassment. "I'm sorry, but that's not what I expected. What I'm looking for is something . . . fresher, more . . . more wholesome."

The saleslady pursed vermilion lips in thought. She left him again and came back with a single phial in an ornate holder. "This is our new fine perfume, sir," she said. "Very reverend, sir." Olcott accepted the stopper and sniffed at it. A picture of a country garden bright with flowers came before his eyes. Janny was there, her arms filled with blossoms, her face radiant in the sunlight. "Yes," he said. "Yes! Just what I wanted."

"Thirty-five and fifty-five dollars, sir, small and large flacons."

Olcott hesitated. Money was a little tight with them since Janny's trip home and ten or twelve dollars would have been about his limit. Still . . . He could lay down on lunches and save for a month. And taxes? "All right," he said. "The small flacon, please. . . ."

Janny rushed across the living room to meet him as he came in. "Darling!"

She kissed him with the hungry ardor that always told him how long the day had been to her without him. "You're home!"

"A little." Smiling, Olcott let her draw him down on the divan. "I had an errand to do. Remember?"

"Oh, yes—my perfume." She half turned her attention to her eyes. "What was the verdict?"

"I didn't like it, Janny. Miserable stuff." His voice deepened. "Cheap . . . rotten."

"Darling!" She laughed protestingly. "Not that bad, surely? A little heavier than I like, perhaps, but otherwise nice enough, I think." She tilted her head back and held it on his palm. "This." "Stevie!" Janny's eager fingers stripped wrapper and container away. She unfastened the tiny belt and held the stopper to her nose. "Oh-h-h!" Her eyes half closed. "Heavenly, darling! Simply delightful! . . . What is it?"

Olcott shook his head, his face reflecting her pleasure. "Doesn't it tell you on the bottle?"

She turned the bottle around. "Penitence," she read, "non Douxet." She gave a little amused chuckle and looked up at him, her eyes full of love and confidence. "Penitence," she said. "After Night of Revelry . . . Darling, that's wonderful. It's just what I wanted."

*Not just color...*

# TRUE COLOR!



C H T

**T**HIS PICTURE is priceless to these young people!

As a treasured record of a treasured moment its value will grow like compounded interest.

And the delicate true-colors . . . the natural flesh tones captured on the amazing new Ansco Color Film make this picture so lifelike that the young couple almost move!

With this glorious new *true-color* film—another

example of Ansco photographic leadership — you can start now to keep your memories in *living color*!

The new Ansco Color Film is a forerunner of future Ansco developments which will make color photography a part of everyone's life. Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y. A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation, General Sales Offices, 11 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y.

*Ask for* **ANSCO**  
color film!

**ANSCO COLOR**  
**ANSCO**  
COLOR FILM



**Ever see** a *real-er* picture? Don't you agree that Ansco's *true-color* makes the skipper and his mate so alive they're ready to speak? This glorious new Ansco Color Film is the latest in Ansco's long series of photographic "firsts."



**6-year-old Anne** is really this beautiful! For gorgeous new Ansco Color Film tells the truth, the whole colorful truth, and nothing but the truth! Anne's dad has had full-color prints of his favorite transparencies made on Ansco Printem.



**This could be** your favorite girl . . . her radiant beauty captured in *true-color* on the amazing new Ansco Color Film. This true-color film is now available in 35mm magazines and 160 (B2) and 620 (PB-50) rolls . . . in 16mm movie film and in sheet film.



*A Favorite in Flowers*

THE ORANGE BLOSSOM . . . State Flower of Florida



Pick a favorite . . . for sheer enjoyment. Take Dixie Belle . . . a bright, clean-flavored gin, with smooth delight distilled into every drop from choice fruits, herbs and berries—and fine grain neutral spirits. Perfect for your favorite gin drinks. Be sure . . . say "DIXIE BELLE!" A Favor-ite because it's Flavor-right!

*A Favorite in GIN*

50 Proof • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## The Long Denial

Continued from page 83

Dr. Bassington cleared his throat. "I suggested last night that Miss Marylynn's family should be informed of her condition. I don't know if any of her relatives have arrived," he said, and looked in turn at each one of the three men.

"I don't think there is any family," Luke said. "Marylynn always seemed as untouched as a squirrel."

"That may be so; but there is this little formality, you see. . . . The easiest herself is unselfish; someone will have to sign this little release for us." Dr. Bassington said, producing a blank out of nowhere and putting it on the table.

"All right, let's get it over with," said Luke, bringing out his fountain pen.

"Before we do that, I would like to think we should ask Sidney Carp first whether any of Marylynn's relatives can be reached."

"Why should he know more about Marylynn's family than I do?" Luke said impatiently. "He wasn't married to her, was he?"

HUVYNSMANS felt he had been left out of the proceedings too long. "I remember that Marylynn once mentioned that her grandfather had been a sea captain. Of course, I have no idea whether the old gentleman is still alive," he said; but Corbett had a faint recollection and returned with Sid, who looked more flustered and unhappy by the minute.

The only person who really knows anything about Marylynn is Pokey. If anything had to be signed for Marylynn, Pokey had a power of attorney to do it. But as long as the police are holding Pokey—" Sid said hesitatingly; but Luke had had enough by now.

"Let's leave Pokey out of this. I'm going to sign. After all, I'm Marylynn's husband."

"You mean you were—but you aren't now," Corbett broke in.

"Or ever will be again. Low as well as I do," Luke shouted, but he was stopped by Huymans' measured voice.

"I suppose that it will be up to me to sign this form and take full responsibility for the operation," the publisher said. "After all, it was I who asked Meredith to come here and risk the operation. Also, I am the one to meet all financial obligations. Therefore—"

"Sorry, Alan, but there you're mistaken," Corbett protested angrily. "I don't think Marylynn would like to accept that from you, and I am sure that if she recovers, as all hope she will, she'll take care of the financial side herself. In the meantime, I, as her best friend and her lawyer, will sign the release."

Dr. Bassington's short-sighted eyes had jumped from one man to the next, trying to keep pace with the quickening argument. He settled on Luke, and the two men met before him than the simple necessity to put a signature on a document. However, he wasn't interested in the patient's romantic entanglements. Time was running out and the release had to be handed over before they put Marylynn on the table. "I suppose—this being an emergency, Mr. Jordan's signature might do," he said tentatively.

It was at this point that Dale Corbett let his emotions run away with him; he made one of the slips which caused his political friends so much trouble. It was the man Dale Corbett had been, the unfeminized, unfeminized man—against the politician Dale Corbett. "I won't have Mr. Jordan put his name on something that might decide the life and death of Marylynn," he said, forcing himself not to shout. "It would be a farce, after everything he's done to her. Unfortunatly, he's got legal rights to speak for Marylynn. It never occurred to me I would need such a document. But I might as well tell you here and now that Marylynn and I are engaged to be married. I dare say there is no one so close to her

as I am and that I am entitled to act for the future Mrs. Corbett."

At that moment the door to the adjoining room opened and the stretcher with its motionless, white-sheeted cargo was wheeled in. Silence fell over the room, so deep and so sudden that it was almost like the silence at a funeral when the coffin is carried past. Miss Cripps followed the little procession, and behind her came the police and the press—men who had been so intent on their stories that they had forgotten what had happened. Then they were gone, and Corbett had in the meantime signed the release. Dr. Bassington folded it up and shoved it into the pocket of his white coat. He avoided looking at the three men, who all seemed paler than they had a few minutes ago. "We'll take care of the coroner's fees," he said, "but you may ask at the reception desk for it," he muttered as he went to the door.

Luke Jordan caught up with him before he was gone. "Doctor Bassington, we can't let Marylynn die. Do you hear me? We can't let Marylynn die. Let her die," he said fiercely; it sounded like a threat.

Sid Carp was at Luke's side. "Take it easy, Luke," he said while his own wretched stomach began riding on a merry-go-round.



once more. Then time stopped moving, as it always does in such hours, and each of the men thought of his best moments with Marylynn.

For Huymans it had been the day he took Marylynn sailing. He still remembered the figure of the slender girl, ship shape, wind which sculptured every line of her body, laughing, her hair and face polished by the moisture of the spray. It had been one of the vibrant, thrilling, preciously rare moments in a middle-aged man's life when the mere sight of the woman he loves makes him feel strong and happy. It had been the day he had first seen and dreamt of a whole crop of future sons and daughters, with Marylynn the mother of them all.

Dale Corbett remembered a certain evening when he had taken her to the Chamber of Commerce. She had worn a white dress, deep draped at the waist, with one enormous sashquarettine, and he had admired the nonchalance with which she permitted the *maître* to hang her sable cape over the back of her chair. At that moment he had felt that Marylynn was the greatest woman in the world, and when she mentioned his name as the way back to kiss her, he also felt that nothing could stop them from becoming the greatest man in the United States.

But what Luke Jordan remembered most was Marylynn's hand as she pulled him be-

fore the curtain after the opening of his first musical. It was a trembling hand, cold with sweat and damp and slippery with sweat of excitement. When the curtain came down after more than twenty calls, Marylynn had thrown herself against him with the force of a young hurricane, croaking all out of voice: "We did it, Luke, we did it. You and I, we two together, we did it!"

Such were the images the three men carried with them always, and which they remembered again while Marylynn went under the knife.

After an interminable interval, the door opened and the little nurses' aide came in. The three men held their breaths, and Huymans' heart beat so hard that he could not wait right then and there. "This way, please," the girl said, holding the door open; but it was not the stretcher with Marylynn returning from the operating room.

It was a young man whom none of them had ever seen before. He was about thirty years old and had a pleasant, open face. His skin was sun-tanned, and beads of perspiration trickled from his forehead. He wore a blue suit that seemed somewhat tight over his muscular shoulders—the sort of suit boys' mothers had put away when their sons became men and which, after a year, were a bit outgrown. But he was still too good to be thrown away.

"Yes?" Corbett said to the stranger.

"I'm Lee Crenshaw," the newcomer said. He smiled shyly at each of them, although an expression of bewilderment showed on his face. He turned to the three men and then he shoved Mr. Huymans' hat and cane aside and let himself drop onto the rations chair. "Mind if I sit down?" he asked. Huymans scrutinized him with raised eyebrows. Luke paid no attention. Dale Corbett repeated: "Lee Crenshaw?"

"Yes; Lee Crenshaw," said the stranger. "I'm the husband."

IT WAS half past eight in the morning when Bess Poker was brought into Fowler's office. "Well, did you rest a little?" he asked. He himself had been at work for several hours questioning. Jimmie, Luke, and Corbett, sorting out and piecing together the material the investigation had produced so far. Now he was expecting a call from Sergeant Felgbaum, who was left at the hospital with orders to report at once if Marylynn died during the operation, either from natural causes or if she recovered enough to permit a brief interrogation. Among the files on his desk, Bess noticed the scrapbook she had begun pasting together at the beginning of Marylynn's career. It was opened to the first page, and Bess saw the silly snapshot and film photographs of them taken of the Madeleine.

"Now then, let's go back to where we stopped last night," Fowler said pleasantly. "You went to Paris. What happened there?"

"Nothing. We used up every nickel of my money and then we came back home."

"And you're still here?"

"Yes, but my dreams had always started with a trip to France. But also to get away from it all, away from getting hurt all the time; away from Luke. All he did was carry her around, bound up, which she secretly resented. Critical moments. Let's get to the rational about this! that was inscribed on this invisible little flag. Let's be reasonable! Let's do the sensible thing! Well, it hadn't turned out that way."

"I took Marylynn to Paris because it was good for her," she said. "I couldn't give her a vacation, but at least I could give her a veneer."

"And did you?"

"Plenty," said Bess. There was contempt but also pride in the word.

Fowler pushed the scrapbook toward

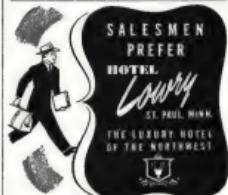


**It's a long time "Between Drinks" with a Zippo Too—**

Yes, an average smoker goes for well over a week without refilling his post-war Zippo **Windproof LIGHTER**. It holds just about the biggest fuel supply of any pocket lighter. And the genuine Zippo is sealed tight against evaporation when the snug fitting lid is kept closed by the exclusive hinge-lever. It is even practically waterproof. Remember too, Zippo is unconsciously guaranteed—one eve paid a cent to repair a Zippo.



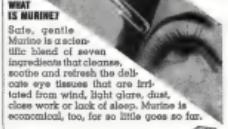
**ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER**



**EYES TIRED?**  
**Two Drops Quick Relief**

**MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY**

Prove to yourself that gentle, sensitive MURINE is a real eye tonic. Apply it to tired eyes. Put two drops in each eye. . . . Then feel that cleanness and freshness sensations.



**MURINE FOR YOUR EYES**

# TAKE IT EASY!



THE BIGGEST SELLING  
GRAPEFRUIT JUICE IN THE WORLD.

Copyright 1944, The Squirt Company

**MEN! MEET THE RAZOR  
with the  
HE-MAN BLADE!**



No matter how thin sparsus hair is, here's the hair that will conquer it—DURHAM DORSET. Its colorless double-blade thick blade that holds an edge against all wear. Try it. You'll like the Durham Dorset because its blades are generally wide shaving edges. Get one today. The Dorset with 6 blades, 75¢; the Double with 6 blades, \$1.00. Durham blades in either razor, 3 for 50¢.

DURHAM-DORSET RAZOR CORP., DEPT. P, MYSTIC, CONN.

**Multi-Kwik**  
THE ORIGINAL ALL-STEEL 16 DISC  
WHEEL BEGINNERS' ROLLER Skates



AGES 3 TO 7 LEARN  
QUICKLY, SAFELY  
FUN WITHOUT FEAR

Designed for small boys and girls ages 3 to 7, these wonderful, real all-steel roller skates provide healthy exercise and fun. They are built on a general or once again confidence because of lower center of gravity, foot balance, 16 Disc Wheels and soft straps.

AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE  
**MULTI-KWK** A Division of America's  
WEST LOS ANGELES 25, CALIFORNIA

**Keep an extra can  
in your garage!**

An extra can of  
3-IN-ONE comes in  
handy for that unexpected  
oil job on your car  
doors, locks, lawn mower  
and garden tools.

Cores in both  
Light and Heavy Body.



**3-IN-ONE Oil**

**LAW STUDY AT HOME**  
100 greatest mental and  
spiritual exercises for  
you, by the most famous  
thinkers of all time. All  
in one book. Many  
of the greatest minds of  
the past have said:  
"Read Collier's Law  
Study at Home."

Books Free! Order  
Lafayette Extension, 417 S. Dearborn  
Bldg., Chicago 4, Ill.  
A Correspondence Institution

her. "Who is the man between the two of you?" he asked, pointing to the photograph.

"That? Why, Luke Jordan." "I see. You didn't say anything about going to Paris with you."

"He didn't go with us. He came of his own accord a few months later." Bess did not know that she was sending him the memory of a lifetime. Luke had been home, walked quite casually into their lopsided little room that was actually nothing but a furnished hayloft over a former stable near the Rue *L'Université*. Marylyn was not there, and Bess was busy washing Marylyn's underwear when Luke entered; a plain, gaunt boy. Marylyn had been gone so long that the door to the window, and Luke ducked quickly as he said, "Hello, Pokerface. I thought I'd drop in."

It knocked the wind out of her but she managed to control herself. "Hello, Luke," she said in a very small voice. "Did you come on the subway?"

LUKE had worked his way over in the three-man band of a third-rate steamer, and his entire luggage consisted of a toothbrush, a Panama hat, and a secondhand tuxedo.

"New York is a dull town. I got fed up with it," he announced. Bess scanned his face, where the same old innocent grin seemed at odds with some new lines of strain and loneliness. She bent over the suds in the washbasin.

"No new songs?" she asked, making it sound casual.

"None."

"What's the trouble, Luke?" "No trouble," he said. "I just didn't feel like writing anything. Oh, well," he said angrily, "if you have to be in words of one syllable. I missed you. I missed you like crazy."

Bess stood motionless, listening. "I missed you"—sweetest, most tender, most reassuring words in the world. If he had only said: "I missed you. You, and only you, Bess." If he had only meant: "I missed Bess instead of I missed Marylyn and—intentionally."

"The plain truth is," he said cautiously, "I didn't know how much I need you."

"You shouldn't make yourself so dependent on us girls," Bess said. "It's bad for all three of us."

"All right. Let's put it another way. I thought you might need me, too."

"My pleasure. Let's get down to business."

"The last one definitely did. What's the problem this time?" he said, as he settled onto the couch, next to the doll, Emily.

"The usual thing: Mary."

"Did she meet another nice man?" he asked without taking the cigarette out of his mouth.

"The other sista Bata shoes to the Arabs in Marrakech, and his eyes look like cherry stones; but he put ideas into her head."

"For instance?"

"He introduced her to the manager of a dingy little opera company that was trying to tour North Africa. She went off behind my back for an audition. Got herself all dolled up in pink chiffon, and you know how Marylyn looks in pink! She sung her damned Ball Song from *Lakmé* and made such a flop that I can't believe she would even listen to me; and you can imagine, Luke, what a mess she made of her voice with all that canarybird coloratura. But that's what happens when Marylyn does things behind my back."

"Never mind, Pokerface. I'll straighten him out!" Luke said, as he did.

Bess had to rationalize a lot during these months in Paris. But she worked her way through the hot confusion of her feelings, and in the end she had everything neatly registered and filed away. She emerged from that period still more sober and determined than ever. She knew that if she wanted to do something, she could do it. She was no running away, and that she could never be sensible about Luke; all she could do was give a fair imitation of being sensible.

If you were plain and unattractive, you had to make the best of it; if you couldn't have love, you had to content yourself with friendship. Oh, Luke, my darling—just to be near you, see you every day, talk to you, listen to you, get hurt by you, inhabit a safe, quiet little corner in your affection. Yes, it was better than not have Luke at all.

TODAY Luke had come home, unpremeditated and pushed Marylyn into refuge once more. Luke was vastly impressed by the fact that Marylyn had learned to talk French like a native. Part of it she must have inherited from her French-Canadian grandmother; the other half was sheer parrot. "Tout va bien," he said. "I've used to say what you have in mind all the sort of people of sounds and words. He was a very handsome man during that time and not at all intimidated by the grandeur and the traditions of Paris. He made friends among the musicians of Montmartre, he picked up little girls in the bars, he even got to eat dinner with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor when he enough to take Marylyn out dancing in La Coupole. With Bess, however, he went to the Louvre and to an exhibition of very abstract painters, admission free. He arranged French songs for the small range of Marylyn's voice, and told Bess that he was simply crazy about the girl. As for Marylyn, Bess could never find out how she felt about him.

"No new songs?" she asked, making it sound casual.

"None."

"What's the trouble, Luke?" "No trouble," he said. "I just didn't feel like writing anything. Oh, well," he said angrily, "if you have to be in words of one syllable. I missed you. I missed you like crazy about the girl. As for Marylyn and—intentionally."

"The plain truth is," he said cautiously, "I didn't know how much I need you."

"You shouldn't make yourself so dependent on us girls," Bess said. "It's bad for all three of us."

"All right. Let's put it another way. I thought you might need me, too."

"My pleasure. Let's get down to business."

"The last one definitely did. What's the problem this time?" he said, as he settled onto the couch, next to the doll, Emily.

"The usual thing: Mary."

"Did she meet another nice man?" he asked without taking the cigarette out of his mouth.

"The other sista Bata shoes to the Arabs in Marrakech, and his eyes look like cherry stones; but he put ideas into her head."

"For instance?"

"He introduced her to the manager of a dingy little opera company that was trying to tour North Africa. She went off behind my back for an audition. Got herself all dolled up in pink chiffon, and you know how Marylyn looks in pink! She sung her damned Ball Song from *Lakmé* and made such a flop that I can't believe she would even listen to me; and you can imagine, Luke, what a mess she made of her voice with all that canarybird coloratura. But that's what happens when Marylyn does things behind my back."

"Never mind, Pokerface. I'll straighten him out!" Luke said, as he did.

Bess had to rationalize a lot during these months in Paris. But she worked her way through the hot confusion of her feelings, and in the end she had everything neatly registered and filed away. She emerged from that period still more sober and determined than ever. She knew that if she wanted to do something, she could do it. She was no running away, and that she could never be sensible about Luke; all she could do was give a fair imitation of being sensible.

The clipping became the cornerstone of Marylyn's career . . .

The telephone rang, and Fowler who had watched during a lone silence for a break in Poker's rigid countenance, took the receiver. It struck Bess like a high-voltage wire. "No," she said, with the uncontrollable gasp of a fighter hit below the belt. She tried to take hold of herself, but she was shaking with anxiety as she shouted, "Luke! Jordan! Luke Jordan! Luke Jordan!"

Fowler knew by her vehemence that she spoke the truth, and he kept punching at her. "You are an intelligent woman, Miss

Collier's," he said. "It was Sergeant Feigbaum reported that Marylyn was just being carried out of the operating room and that the operation seemed to have gone okay so far but that, naturally, she would be unconscious for several hours."

"Okay, Jim; stay there and report at once if anything changes," the inspector said, and seemed to sit back, bottled up in himself as before. He decided on a slightly more aggressive tactic.

"I see here," he said, thumbing through the papers on his desk, "that you went to Paris in the spring of 1937 quite in style, in a first-class cabin on the *Ile de France*? In September of 1938 you returned on the little freighter *Lucille*..."

"I told you we were out of money," Bess said, slightly irritated.

"You traveled in Luke Jordan's company?"

"I was an accident. He happened to be playing the piano on the ship."

"I see. Now then—we're back in New York. What happened then?"

"Nothing happened."

"That's no answer, Miss Poker."

"In the fall of 1938 you were penniless. You made your living by writing addresses, and Marylyn plugged songs in a ten-cent store. By



COLLIER'S

"Oh, you men are all alike!"

HERIBERT CAPLAN

the spring of 1939 she was the toast of the town. Did you know that she did?"

"She didn't. I made her."

"What do you mean you made her? The way one makes a joke box?"

"Yes—exactly," said Bess, at last needed into anger. "With the chromium plating and the colored lights, and every time you turned a handle it would come on a song. Oh,

what's the song asking me all those questions? You know all the answers anyway. Why can't you stop prying around in my mind and stirring up the past? I shot Marylyn and I confessed. You've got a clear case. Why can't you leave me alone?"

USING one of his simplest tricks, Fowler said, "Not so clear, Miss Poker. I'll tell you what I think of you. I think you didn't fire that gun at all. I think you're covering up for someone."

"!?" But that's absurd. Why should I?"

"For whom?"

"For Luke Jordan, for instance," said the inspector.

It struck Bess like a high-voltage wire. "No," she said, with the uncontrollable gasp of a fighter hit below the belt. She tried to take hold of herself, but she was shaking with anxiety as she shouted, "Luke! Jordan! Luke Jordan! Luke Jordan!"

Fowler knew by her vehemence that she spoke the truth, and he kept punching at her. "You are an intelligent woman, Miss

Collier's for June 8, 1946



## Now NICKEL

### helps 1 blanket do the work of 3

Here's a blanket that's wired for sound, comfortable sleep . . . the new electronic blanket.

You set the radio-like control to get the satisfying warmth safely given by a maze of embedded wires. Your *Unseen Friend*, Nickel, will see that you get it—no matter how low the room temperature drops.

For, spiraled around the heating wires, is 355 feet of fine Nickel wire. This "feeler" wire, sensitive to temperature changes, knows just when to ask the electronic control to change the heat. No chills, no overheating.

And, as the wires are rustproof, your electronic blanket can be safely washed.

In the control box, too, Nickel is Your *Unseen Friend*—helping the tubes "hatch" electrons—

giving important parts special electrical properties, heat endurance and strength.

In these, and countless other ways—in your home, in transportation, in communications—this versatile metal, Nickel, is Your *Unseen Friend*: "Unseen" because usually combined with other metals to make strong, gleaming Nickel alloys, as in the stainless, streamlined train you ride.

Yes, Nickel is as much a part of your daily life as the milk you drink.

**THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.**  
New York 8, N.Y.

**Nickel**

... Your *Unseen Friend*



Make your camera take better, sharper pictures. Take your camera with less pictures and waste film with a precision-built SKAN Exposure Meter. A must for color—still or movies. Be right in any light—day or night. Simple to use.

**FREE**—Write for descriptive literature. Please give nearest dealer's name. G.M. Laboratories Inc., 4284 N. Kedzie Ave., Chicago 43, Ill.



**THE ORIGINAL FALCON MODEL M WITH THIS POST-WAR IMPROVEMENT...Now Better Than Ever Before!**  
Protect those precious memories with a Falcon. De-  
signed for picture-perfect results, brilliant  
photos. Takes film from 16-gauge to standard 127 roll film. At better stores everywhere.  
**Eveready Carrying Case for Falcon Model S7**

**Available Soon!** On its way... other Falcon  
Cameras, priced at \$21.50

**FALCON CAMERA CO.** Chicago 7, Ill.

Poker, but you're acting very stupidly. If you don't want us to suspect a mystery, you've got to stop being mysterious. As long as you do that, we'll leave you alone."

"But I don't refuse, Inspector. It's just—I'm not used to talking about myself," Bess cried. "I'll tell you anything you ask me; but leave Luke out of this. Believe me—I did it, I did, and I'm taking the consequences. That's all."

"Very well," Fowler said, relaxing contentedly in his short bare-up, "how did you make Marylyn?"

"She knew what was good for her."

"Yes? But did you always know it?"

"Of course. Look at the success I made of her."

"With a bullet in her heart as a climax. You created her and you destroyed her, is that it?" Fowler asked.

"But I didn't. Inspector. Believe me—I did. I might as well hate myself."

"Well—don't you?" Fowler asked. Bess closed her eyes under the blow.

"I don't know. Since last night, I don't know anything. I was sure that everything I ever did for Marylyn was wrong. Maybe I was terribly wrong all the time." She said at last. She was very pale now, trembling uncontrollably. "Maybe I did everything wrong from the beginning. Maybe I should have given her thirty dollars but save the day. I met her and sent her back to Blythe, California. Marylyn had been a good girl for. Maybe she's all she ever really wanted—go home, get married, have a couple of kids and a pink dress and chintz curtains from the five-and-ten. Maybe if I had listened to Jack, this terrible thing would never have happened."

Fowler grew tense as a pointing bird dog. "Who is Jack? What's his second name?"

"I don't know. A boy Marylyn had known in Blythe. I saw him only once in my life. Come to think of it, I probably wouldn't have made a success of Marylyn if he hadn't shown up that night."

"What night?"

"Eight years ago. The night we opened at the Club Pigalle."

THE Club Pigalle had been a garage on East Fifty-fifth Street before Candace du Val had turned it into one of the most fashionable and exclusive night spots of the late thirties. He had chicken-breasted Montmartre houses painted on the brick walls, with painted women under painted lampposts, and painted dogs sniffing at painted trees. Everything was more French than the French themselves. The waiters from Brooklyn tried to pretend they understood a word of English, and the same potato soup the cafeteria down the street sold for a dime was called Vichysoise and cost a dollar a plate. Candace was a shrewd, bouncing little man from the Balkans, who looked like a pregnant woman. Three years later he had a club in Paris—an expensive press campaign. Bess got wind of it and said to Luke: "Luke, we've got to get Marylyn a spot in that Club Pigalle. It's our one chance."

"Why the Pigalle?"

"Because it's a phony—and so is Marylyn."

"Okay," Luke said. "Go talk to Sid."

During his apprenticeship as an office boy at Grayson, Caldwell & Grayson, Sid Card had soaked up a certain amount of the great American native art of copywriting and related crafts, and was now a fledgling press agent in search of a job.

"Say, boy, I'm stone broke and can't pay you a nickel now," Bess told him, "but if you can maneuver Candace into giving Marylyn a spot in his floor show, I'll give you a fat bonus plus your commission."

Goth sighs. "That's a big order, Miss Pokey. As far as I know, the name Mr. Grayson, Jr., had attached to her in the old days: take a letter, Miss Pokey, do me a

favor, Pokerface, ask Pokey what to do. Even in school no one had called her Bess; that was one of the reasons why Bess insisted on being called Bess. But as a first name, but a first name. As for Sid, he had just married the loveliest girl in the world, a fat bonus was exactly what he needed most, and he accepted the questionable assignment with a fair amount of enthusiasm.

"But we've got to be clever about it," Bess explained. "I've heard of Marylyn, no more standing around in a barbershop, no more begging for an audition. Candace is the one who must do the begging. We'll put a French label on her and sell her as a French import. I'll hide Marylyn, and you chase Candace into discovering her."

He had to admit that he was a Broadway for his helping side of a babe lost in the woods. While his friends pitied him for being a born sucker, little Sid managed to drop hints and clues at all the right places and rope everybody in as an unwitting accessory to his scheme. Marylyn's name began to pop up in the gossip columns together with the rumour that the Duke of Windsor had called her superbe.

Candace swallowed the bait. And if he had doubts about Marylyn's authenticity, he was too clever to make them known. He gave her a contract with an outrageously low salary, but a formidable

work, went over to Marylyn and gently pushed her chin up with her knuckles. "She does, does she?"

"Yes, she does," Emily croaked half the night.

Bell quickly sat down next to Marylyn and put her arms around her. It was one of the moments when, in the midst of all driving and punching and the hard labor of forming Marylyn into the shape of her own dreams, Bess was overcome by a great sense of love for her girl. And it was at such moments too, that she herself felt ten times older and uglier.

"Don't you think Emily's just having a little stage fright?" she said softly.

"I guess so. And she is such a lonesome little doll—ain't you, Emily?"

"I guess so. You two would go great at the Club Pigalle. You'll have more company than you've ever dreamed of," Bess concluded and returned to writing addresses.

THREE hours before the Club Pigalle opened, it was all chaos—unfinished walls, piles of scaffolding, and debris. But at the vital hour, it emerged miraculously as a place full of atmosphere and gay warmth. Bess caught a glimpse of the crowd as three times a waiter passed through the swinging door behind which she had posted herself. There it was, all she had ever wanted—the glimmer of jewels and se-



build-up. In the weeks before the opening, Luke pounded three numbers into Marylyn, and she was docile and obedient like a well-trained monkey. Whenever she was presented in public during that time of preparation, she talked and acted as French as French could be, trying to derive an audience amount of fun from it.

In their little room, Bess would look up from the stacks of addresses she was writing for a living and find Marylyn sewing bits of lace to scraps of trim. "What are you doing there? Knitting trim garments?" Bess asked. "I thought you were going to have free stock out still harder and sharper during these weeks of tension, for anything depended on the outcome of that opening—and, moreover, Bess' diet was limited in order to keep Marylyn sleek and shiny."

"It's going to be an evening dress for Emily," Marylyn answered.

"For heaven's sake! What does she need an evening dress for?"

"I'll have her in my dressing room, won't I? She's got to have that French je ne sais quoi, too."

"Say, that's not a bad idea," Bess said again, as she picked up a tiny linen tunic from the floor. "And what's this? Dusters?"

"I'm making her a dozen handkerchiefs, hand-bemarried."

"You're a prize case of arrested development," Gosh said irritably.

"Well, even a girl feels like crying once in a while," Marylyn said. It sounded so helplessly wistful that Bess put down her

quilted dresses, the mingled scent of furs and flowers and powdered skin warm with dancing, the hum of bright conversations, the phalanx of smart-looking men around the crystal citadel of the circular bar, the names of celebrities on the cards of service tables, here they were—but beautiful, famous, the successful, the wealthy, it here was, a slice of that great, glorious, exciting, adventurous world for which she had forever hankered. Here it was, now at last within her reach, to grab, to conquer, to hold, to keep. If we lose out tonight, we're lost. But here she was, the belle of Marylyn a few minutes later was. "If you let me down tonight, I'll kill you."

Marylyn was sneezing uncontrollably when Bess entered her dressing room. She was nervous as a grasshopper, sneezing in spurs and fits, her house with stage fright, and covered with hairpins and needles. Still, she had the happy excitement went out of Bess and she was ice-cold. "Stop sneezing, damn you, stop being hysterical!" she commanded.

"I'm not hysterical. It's that damn smell of that damn fresh paint. My voice is gone. Gosh, and my stomach feels sick—d'you know how it is when you want to throw up and can't?"

But Marylyn looked wonderful in her almost-Schiaparelli that matched the color of her eyes; she looked exactly as Bess had designed her—all young gold and aquamarine, skin darkly glowing with the remembrance of the air. She clutched Emily against her rebellious stomach, and the doll stared at Bess, desperately debonair in her

# BRUGAL RUM

Famous in the West  
Indies - Since 1888



## "THE RUM WITH THE RICHER FLAVOR"

**B**ACK of every drop of Brugal Rum is a proud family tradition, born over half a century ago. As a result, quality has always been foremost. That is why connoisseurs have paid it honor after honor. You, too, will acclaim the richer flavor that Brugal Rum imports to any drink. Try it, today!

IN GOLD LABEL & WHITE LABEL • 86 PROOF  
PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N.Y.

new formal. For the thousandth time Bess cursed herself for not being Marylyn. In a moment of great lucidity she realized that she had been the one who was hysterical, forever having to borrow the other girl's face and body and voice limp little talent if she herself wanted success. It was then that she took Marylyn's shivering shoulders into her hands and said "If you let me down tonight, I'll kill you—so help me God."

But the taut little second snapped. Bess began slapping sun-glow powder on Marylyn's arms, and Marylyn said petulantly, "Where's Luke keeping himself?"

"How should I know?"

"He would want me to get me a drink half an hour ago, and now come back."

"That's just like Luke," Bess said, and then she went out to fetch the drink herself.

The glamor of the Club Pigalle stopped immediately behind the doors leading backstage. Over the basement dressing rooms and on the floor above, however, the smell and aspect of old oil, cellar, furnace room, and rattrap, Bess, a little dizzy with stage fright herself, was crawling up that smoky, narrow, winding stair when a perpiring Greek waiter stopped her. "There's a gentleman wants to see Mademoiselle Marylyn," he said in his cocksure French. Bess' heart sank. She had never seen a man who didn't look like a gentleman at all, but like a boy who simply didn't belong in the Club Pigalle. His shoulders were so broad that they filled the entire width of the staircase; his face looked unfinished; his hands were big; and the dirt of hard work had eaten into the skin around his eyes. He buttoned tightly into a blue graduation suit and looked angrily aggressive and ill at ease at the same time.

The boy was Jack.

"I'm sorry," Bess said, trying to brush past him. "Nobody can see Mademoiselle now."

"Oh sure, I can see her. Just go tell her I'd like to talk to her," the boy said, blocking her way. The name evoked a small unpleasant sensation in Bess' mind, and a second later she remembered that Marylyn had mentioned him once or twice. "Jack what?" she asked, to win time.

"Now—Mary knows me. Just go and tell her!"

"May I have your card? I'll give it to Mademoiselle after the show. But you definitely can't see Mademoiselle now."

"Mademoiselle—my arm! You can't kid me like those suckers out there with that phony smile. I suppose you're that Miss Poker Mary wrote about?"

"Oh—she wrote you?"

"Sure did. Regularly. Any objections?"

**S**HAKILY, the boy brought out a batch of letters and thrust them under Bess' eyes. Bess pushed them back. "Those, I'm not interested in," she said coldly. She was angry at Marylyn for carrying on some silly sort of correspondence behind her back, and she also realized that the boy had whipped up his courage with a few drinks. "Well, if the wrote you, you know how important this operation is for Marylyn. You don't want to make trouble for her, do you, Jack?" she said apoply.

"You're darn' right. I'll make trouble if you won't let me see the poor girl—not a friend in the world, and a person like you handling her as if she was a piece of juicy meat in a butcher shop. I know all about you! And if you think I'm just annoyed by and let Marylyn go to the dogs you're crazy. This life is awful," she writes you. 'I can't stand it,' she says, 'I'm not cut out for this sort of thing. Please, please, my darling Jack, come and take me home.' Well, here I am; and no one to even stop me. I'll get her home. I take her home. I'll do it if I have to work this whole joint to do it!"

Look at Elmer! Drunk as a buzzard though unthoughtful; she was trying to laugh off the unpleasant little incident. The boy was shouting wild insults and threats into the dank air of the basement. He produced an amazing amount of noise and, while he was obviously drunk, Bess saw

clearly that not all of his irrational excitement was caused by bourbon. It was a sort of craziness Marylyn set off in men whenever she chose to do it. A Luke Jordan would write explosive songs. A Jack from Blythe would scrap up his little savings, come all the way across the continent, get drunk in some bar near the bus station and make an obnoxious row in some night-club basement.

JACK had reached the point where he threatened to break up the show, to tell the world who Marylyn was and where she came from, to show her off as the phony and fake this awful Poker woman was trying to pass off as a star. No one seemed to want to hear it. This wasn't funny anymore. This stupid, infatuated, half-drunk boy, popping up out of Mary Lynn's inferior and slightly stained past, could indeed wreck within a few minutes what she herself had built up with so much patience and self-sacrifice. At the top and the bottom of the house, people became reflexively annoyed and partly bewildered, to listen to the noise—of the cooks, his big triangular knife in hand; an effeminate young man in the getup of an apache; the magician, in his Inverness cape, who was to open the show; and the slim brown Brazilian dancer from 122d Street, who was to keep the audience in suspense. Bess hoped that the audience as well as Marylyn would be too preoccupied to appear on the scene.

"Shall I call Nick, Miss Poker?" an old waiter, gray with experience, asked behind her. Nick was a punch-drunk heavyweight in the kitchen. From time to time the Club Pigalle had hired him as a de luxe bouncer. Jack heard the question, and it set him off on a final explosion. By now he was calling in the police, he was going to the newspaper and telling all, and he was breaking Poker's neck. She watched him with a faint smile. "I think I can handle him alone," she said. And turning to Jack she added casually: "Stop hollering like a fool and come along."

Surprisingly, Jack stopped hollering and came along. Probably he thought she would take him to Marylyn; but the door she opened led into the cubicle where the band kept their guitars and their instruments—now "Let's not be sensible, Jack," she said. "You can't blackmail me." But she knew that he could—he or any of the thousands of people who had known Mary Lynn. This was tightrope walking on a fine wire, with many mightily dangerous moments. A fresh wheel of ideas began to turn dizzy in her mind. "I'll tell you what I'll do for you. You couldn't get a table in this place tonight if you plunked down a hundred dollars; but if you behave and be a nice boy I'll invite you to sit at my table. When the show is over you may talk to Marylyn."

She could look inside the boy's brain as if his skull were made of Lucite. He had by no means given in, but in his half-drunk way he thought he'd be very cunning by accepting her invitation. She made him straighten out his necktie and took him to the door. They stepped out into the general room, where a long table was reserved for the performers and their entourage. As she planted him on a chair and excused herself for a minute or two, she felt as if she had just placed a time bomb in the Club Pigalle. It was ticking ominously toward its final blast. What she could do now was try to detach the fuse carefully.

She found Luke, happily drinking with some of the young men around the bar and, in his seconhand tuxedo, looking smarter than any of them.

"Luke," she said, "there's trouble ahead. Let me go and see what's thinkin'."

"Okay, Let's—" said Luke. He put down his drink and followed her . . .

Bess raised her eyes and met Inspector Fowler's gaze, which had been resting on her expectantly. "I'm waiting for an answer, Miss Poker," he said with some sharpness.

"What answer, Inspector?"

"Weren't you going to talk about Jack?"

Advancement in  
Pigment-to-Paper  
Writeability

EBERHARD  
FABER

WEATHERPROOF VAN DYKE

WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

# Put them all together —



SEEMS like old times, the way the talk is bubbling in automobile showrooms.

Just about *every one* has some individual point to get excited about — size, power, construction, ease of handling — and usually with pretty fair reason.

But when you're ready to lay good money on the line, remember what the car-wise say — put all these tempting features *together* — and they spell Buick.

Stand off and beam at Buick's years-ahead style — *there's* something not only favored by the old folks, but termed by the younger idea, *definitely groovy!*

Let eyes pop at the rich, come-hither comfort of this Buick interior — rich fabrics and three-person seats never fail to win heartfelt approval, particularly of the better half.



No stoop, no shave. Just pile the luggage up in this roomy compartment and bring the lid down. Every roomy inch is easy to get at.

Quick—sure—easy. That's Buick's new jack, self-positioning on newly reinforced bumpers specially designed for it.



Now take the wheel. Is the car driving itself, or can it possibly be this easy to handle?

And what's floating this big beautiful baby over the cobbles? Mister, you're riding on all-coil Buick-type springing on a chassis with beef where it does the most good.

Power? Why be over-modest? This is valve-in-head Fireball straight-eight power — using the same principle as famous warplane engines — and those who

How will you have your weather? Summer or winter, Buick's venti-heater means springlike comfort inside your car. Ask your dealer about this temperature conditioner.



# they spell Buick



call it cyclonic find their choice word borne out by its action.

As for ruggedness, solidity, structural strength, even standing still you *feel* that underneath you is the stout, firm massiveness of Buick's underpinning.

All in all it's so easy to get hepped up over this Buick beauty you can soon find yourself selling the salesman.

Since that gains nothing, why not just settle by deciding "This year as usual — the smart buy's Buick!"

When better  
automobiles are built

# BUICK

will build them

## WHAT OTHER CAR HAS SO MUCH THAT CLICKS FOR FORTY-SIX!

**SMARTNESS**—that's destined to set the style pattern for years to come with Airfoil fenders; Body by Fisher and 3-passenger seats.

**POWER**—from a Buick Fireball valve-in-head straight-eight engine that gets peak return from every drop of fuel.

**OIL SAVINGS**—from non-scuffing Accutite cylinder bores.

**FLASHING ACTION**—of light, lively Fiteweight pistons.

**CONVENIENCE**—of high-leverage StepOn parking brake that sets with a low-touch and holds fast.

**STEADINESS**—from full-length torque-tube drive in a sealed chassis.

**COMFORT**—of soft foamtex cushions with luxury-type springs.

**SURE FOOTING**—of Broad-  
rim wheels; maximum tire mileage, no heel-over on curves, and better car control.

**CONTROL**—through Permi-firm steering which eliminates need for frequent adjustments.

**GLIDING RIDE**—from Panther-gait all-cell springing with only a comfort job to do.

**PROTECTION**—of buttressed front and rear bumpers, curved to shield fenders, built for new bumper jack.

While additional taxes will be levied on motor cars as more are assembled.  
**BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS**

# What's the best thing between you and a breeze?



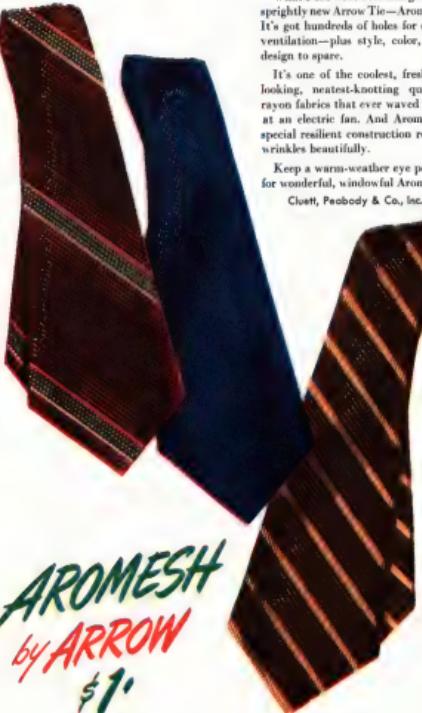
Nothing.

What's the next best thing? This sprightly new Arrow Tie—Aromesh. It's got hundreds of holes for cross ventilation—plus style, color, and design to spare.

It's one of the coolest, freshest-looking, neatest-knotting quality rayon fabrics that ever waved back at an electric fan. And Aromesh's special resilient construction resists wrinkles beautifully.

Keep a warm-weather eye peeled for wonderful, windowful Aromesh!

Cloft, Peabody & Co., Inc.



**AROMESH**  
by ARROW  
\$1.

"Ah, yes. I'm only trying to remember everything."

But Jack, in her memory, was shapeless and insignificant, like a pebble, one of the many annoying pebbles over which she had had to stumble.

"Jack thought he had some nuisance value, but he was wrong," she said. "When she remembered him clearly of that opening night was the feeling of sheltered security that came to her while she went downstairs with Luke, as if he had wrapped her into a snug, warm blanket and carried her down the winding stairs in his arms. That's the funny thing about Luke; she thought he was the most sensible and shrewd-minded, utterly impractical, childish and unpredictable. Certainly, he is all that; but when you need him he is there. Yes—but where are you now, Luke? she thought with a great urgency. Where are you now when I need you more than I ever have before? Come and arrest him!" she added, suddenly cold with anxiety.

"Arrest whom? Jack?"

"Not Jack. Luke Jordan."

"Miss Poker," Fowler said sternly, "I want you to understand that we haven't arrested anyone up to now—not even you. We've been very young, that's all, that's all, and we are at present not dissolving Mr. Jordan but a certain Jack, whose full name you claim not to know. Now if you would co-operate . . ."

Bess co-operated. She pushed Luke out of her mind for the time being, and returned to Jack. She sat with the others, who were all琉璃 drunk at that table in front of the Bazaar, dancing. Bess felt cold, like one of the many champagne bottles stuffed in their beds of ice, and the performance of the Berliner band, which had been so good when the M.C. pumped his laughs from the audience, and the obscene little ditties the effeminate young spicke flung nonchalantly around seemed pieces cut from an involved dream. And then there was Marylyn, dancing with Luke in her wake. The band played down those instruments, Luke took his place at the piano, a spot light was thrown on Marylyn, but hardly anyone stopped chatting in the crowd. Bess felt so sorry for the girl that she would have liked to rush up to her, take her in her arms and tell her that she needn't go through with it. Marylyn was a shining bit of youth, but not quite so young as fifteen, and she had made debonair debutes in the audience. At her side Bess could hear Jack breathing hard as a bellows, visibly working himself up into taking a wallop at everybody and everything. If their little stunt backfired, Marylyn would have to go back to Blythe, and Bess would

have to find another twenty-five-dollar job and be a stenographer for the rest of her life. Take a letter, Miss Poké. Well, I can still jump off Brooklyn Bridge, she told herself. She didn't know yet that the moment a spotlight was thrown on Marylyn she blossomed out like a night-blooming cereus, and the first song she sang was the classic standard by Yvette Guilbert, *Mon malheur d'en venir en guerre*. She did it fairly well; the M.C. applauded with professional frenzy, and a few hands in the audience joined him in a mildly patronizing way. Marylyn had a few duly memorized songs in French, and sang them into her second song, a little number, *Ne m'oublier pas Chéri*. Two verses in French and the last in her drill broken English.

It was the broken English that seemed to outrage Jack. His face was red, his chin worked as he muttered louder and louder curses; and he lifted himself from his chair and walked over to the piano, where he began to acclaim Marylyn, but with some notion of stopping the applause and making a speech. Bess held her breath. Luke began playing the introduction to the third song, and Marylyn closed her eyes and, looking very angelic, gave them the first line of it.

ALL of a sudden, she stopped, and threw another little French joke into the crowd. Everybody laughed, as everybody wanted to show everybody else that he understood French. Marylyn crossed her arms, grinning broadly like the little guitar player in the *Canary Bird Song*, and the room grew silent. "Ah, let's stop pretending," she called down to them. "To hell with the French babber. You don't understand the half of it, anyway, and for me it's hard work. So you really thought I was the genuine article from Paree, did you? Well, you're wrong. I'm just a small-town girl from Blythe, California, and what's wrong with that? Let's all let our hair down, and I'll sing you a song from back home: Coming in Out of the Rain—by Luke Jordan. The redheaded monster at the piano—that's Luke. Give him a hand, folks!"

It worked. The switch had come so suddenly that it bowed them over. Marylyn gave them three songs by Luke—it was the first time any of his songs had been brought before an audience, and they caught on at once. Jack got up, staggered into the girls' room, and was lost from her sight for the rest of the evening.

By noon of the next day, Jack had recovered sufficiently to put in a phone call. But by noon Marylyn knew that she was a success, and all the said was: "Me?



"Says he wants this to be a clean break"

AL REXILDE

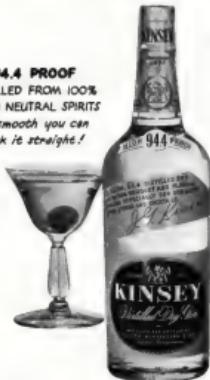
# IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!



WHEN YOU TEE OFF NERVOUSLY... AND  
YOU EXPECT TO SLICE INTO THE ROUGH  
...AND INSTEAD YOU DRIVE A LONG ONE  
RIGHT DOWN THE FAIRWAY... IT'S A  
WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!



94.4 PROOF  
DISTILLED FROM 100%  
GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS  
so smooth you can  
drink it straight!



WHEN YOU CALL FOR A DRY MARTINI AT THE  
19TH HOLE, BUT WILL SETTLE FOR ANY KIND  
...AND YOU GET ONE MADE WITH KINSEY, THE  
GENIAL GIN, SO SMO-O-OOTH, SO GO-O-OD, SO REALLY  
DRY... IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!

# KINSEY the Genial GIN



MR. WEBSTER (THE BIG DICTIONARY MAN) SAYS:  
"GENIAL: CONTRIBUTING TO CHEERFULNESS AND  
LIFE; AGREEABLY WARM AND CHEERFUL."

Distilled Dry Gin. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

# IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL GIN - TRY IT!



shrieking and screeching, and the stampede was on.

"I don't know what happened to me. I wanted to reach Marilyn, but I was too paralyzed to move a finger. There she stood, carrying on her back with that glorious, triumphant courage of the trained performer. A few feet from the hand kept on playing, and then they threw down their instruments and clambered over one another's chairs in a wild scramble for the exit. I don't remember how I made my way through that screaming, roaring trap of a night club. I suppose I must have crawled along, feet stretching over the faces of people who had been crushed to the floor. People kept knocking me down and kicking me, but I kept crawling toward Marilyn. I had almost reached her when I saw some burning scraps of Spanish moss fall down on her and set her hair on fire. I lunged forward in a sort of flying tackle, and Marilyn fell to the floor; I threw my mint coat over her and choked the flames that had begun to eat into her flesh.

"The smoke was blotting out the exit signs at the side door, and panic swept the whole crowd in one direction, toward the stairs which led up to the swinging door at the main entrance. All knew that there was no time to go against the current. Maryanna was whimpering with pain. As a cypress near us broke into flames, I could see what the fire had done to her poor face. Her hair, her eyebrows and eyelashes were gone and one side of her face was a raw mass of blisters. 'I'm blind,' I heard her say. 'Help me! Please help me! anything helps!' 'I'm blind, please help me, help me!' She wanted to put forward with the others toward that horrible stair where the bodies began piling up even then. I had to fight, and fight hard, to pull her from the opposite direction. 'Don't be afraid, don't be afraid, I'll get you out of here.' I screamed after her, even as I turned to understand myself as she gave up struggling and hung on to my hand, suddenly obedient as a little child.

## BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS



"Let's go rob people in th' park. It's really too beautiful to stay indoors tonight"

© WILEY 2003

"The backstage of the Cypress Grove was the same rabbit burrow it is in most night clubs. I was glad Marylyn couldn't see where I was taking her; she'd better be led like a baby." There were no people at the door, but there were many lights. "I was walking up against it, faster and faster, pulling Marylyn with me. Then we were in it; there were flames before us and behind us and the heat was terrible. Then we were past it, and I threw myself against the heavy blistering door at the back. It gave; we tumbled through and came out into the dark, smoky hall. The door closed again and the fire was gone. At the other end of that long black tube of concrete I could see a dim light bulb over a door, I pulled Marylyn toward it, hoping to find the kitchen and get out by the back where the garbage cans were stacked. By then I could hardly see anything myself, and that little light bulb was all I had to go by. I stumbled along, a move and a groan—smoke—blasts of smoke, as if someone were pressing cotton against my mouth and eyes and nose. But I reached the door under the little bulb. I still had my right hand around Marylyn's wrist, and I pulled her with me. When I pushed the door open with my left, I felt myself being stuck to it with my hair away, though I had my hands free. I saw I shouldn't have been surprised when I saw that the skin of my hand was hanging in blisters, and tatters—but I was, and it

"Now we were in a small storeroom; there were shelves up to the ceiling, rows and rows of cans, boxes, barrels, and bottles. The heat was intense, but it was comparatively safe and quiet, although the roar of the fire was not very far away. I found a window, but then came the worst moment. Suddenly there was a new crackling sound, a crash of glass as the window burst in from the heat that beat against it from the outside. Instead of air, a thick yellow flame started through it and more smoke and burning black ash began pouring in. It strangled me. I hunted among the boxes and bottles and cans for a way out of that horrible trap of a storeroom. Marlyn had been whimpering timidly

# Is your house set for summer?

Will your house stay comfortably cool this summer—or become unbearably hot? You can keep summer heat *out* by installing an Eagle-Picher *Certified* Insulation Job. It fills walls and ceilings with a thick layer of Eagle Mineral Wool that heat cannot penetrate.

*Even top floor rooms stay as much as 15° cooler!*



**ENGINEERED IN STRICT  
ACCORDANCE WITH  
EMBLE-PICHER  
SPECIFICATIONS**

1

**A Certified Job means  
complete home insulation**

(1) An authorized Eagle Contractor surveys your property. Then he installs insulation in accordance with Eagle-Picher Certified Job Specifications. (2) Fireproof, water-repellent Eagle Mineral Wool is pneumatically blown into all outside walls and ceilings. (3) Proper ventilation is installed. (4) You receive a Certified Job Certificate. (5) Besides maximum summer comfort, you save up to 40% on fuel in winter, stay snugly warm. Drafts disappear, your home is more fireproof.

**A Certified Job is for all buildings**

Many owners of hotels, apartments, and other public buildings have found a Certified Insulation Job pays big dividends in comfort and fuel savings.

Your Eagle Contractor will gladly furnish details on a Certified Job for your property. Get his telephone number in your classified directory, or write us for complete information and free insulation book.



**EAGLE-PICHER  
IS HIGHLY  
DIVERSIFIED**

In addition to blown insulation for buildings, Eagle-Picher makes many industrial insulation products. We mine and process lead and zinc, and manufacture hundreds of products from these basic metals. At present we are expanding in the United States and neighboring countries. These added facilities — and the new products they make possible — will help us serve you more completely.

**EAGLE-PICHER**  
Tinplate Zinc Plating



## "Let's break the bank — and get Pop a TruVal Shirt For Father's Day"

Okay, Baby, let's give Dad a break! Give him one of those elegant TruVal shirts or sports shirts he's been dreaming about... But say, TruVals are so easy on the pocketbook, you won't have to break the piggy bank, after all!

\*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

TruVal Mfrs., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

like a sick child through all of it, but now she gave a loud moan. A wracking cough shook her and then I suddenly felt her wrist go slack in my hand and she crumpled in a little heap on the floor. I was going crazy, but through the smoke something kept gleaming, and I focused my eyes on it with a terrible effort. Then it was very little clear thought left me, and I began to strain my brain to understand that this was a door handle—not an ordinary handle, but a long piece of metal, a sort of lever. I left Marylyn on the floor and tried to push that lever down. It didn't give in—but neither did I. Suddenly I knew what this was the heavy door handle that remained behind it was safety, cold, fresh air. I leaned on that lever with every ounce of my weight until it finally gave. The heavy door cracked open; I gathered all my strength, pulling Marylyn inside and slamming the door shut before the smoke could follow us.

"It was dark inside, but I found the switch and turned on the light. Every inch of me began to hurt now, and every inch ached with a different sort of pain. I kneeled down on the clean, cold tile floor. Carefully I peeled my moist mint coat from Marylyn's head and shoulders, because I wanted to send it out to the laundry. She was in a deep faint, and I was glad for her, because now I could see for the first time what the fire had done to her face.

"If someone's face had to be ruined, it would have been mine, not Marylyn's. I don't mean that in a sentimental way, but as a woman in business, Marylyn was always one of our main assets, while mine had always been on the debit side. While I was kneeling there among all the dead pork and beef in the refrigerator, waiting for someone to come and rescue us, I asked myself what in the world would become of us if Marylyn's health and beauty were lost for good. And there was no answer to my question as far as I could see."

**A BRUTILY** Bess stopped, for this was a dangerous ground. She felt herself caught in an evil circle. Wherever she stood, it took away the happiness of having lost her son. Then, too, she had no idea of how to go on without Marylyn and, not getting an answer, she had blindly grabbed for the gun. She was shivering now as she had shivered six years ago when she had stared down into the wreckage of Marylyn's face. Last night again she had been bending over Marylyn, like a little mother, comforting her child trade pieces with her son, although she was not of a very impressionable nature, was impressed. "I must say, they should have given you a medal for life saving, honey," she said.

"There was nothing heroic about dragging Marylyn with me for the last two hours. What came afterward was much harder. You see, I was at the end of my rope. I wanted nothing so much as to lie down and let myself faint, too. But I knew I couldn't do it. I knew I had to stand guard over Marylyn, and I did. It was the hardest thing I've ever done in my life, and all the pain on the skin grafting and the mess that came later was easily compared with it.

"It took years before they found us and more years in the ambulance. We were just a pile of half-dressed-up meat moving by then, but I didn't faint—because I was on our turn in that endless row of stretchers in the hospital corridor, and not when they carried Marylyn into the operating room. I'm still proud of that. I hadn't much strength left, but enough to fight it out with the doctors—and, believe me, it was a tough fight. I mean, I didn't let any of their operations get near Marylyn. I didn't touch her. I hollered and screamed and didn't let them butcher her up and stitch her up any old way and ruin her looks for good. I insisted that they call in the best plastic surgeon they could find. Yes, whatever else might have gone wrong, I'm proud of the way I did my thinking that night. Only after the surgeon had taken charge of Marylyn did I let go, and then I

stayed unconscious for seventeen hours. Or maybe they doped me because they were afraid of me."

"I know of your kind," Matron Nestler said out of her store of practical psychology. "Always showing off how tough you are—but you aren't half as tough as you think. Then suddenly comes the big crack-up. When I think of all the things you've done and sacrificed for that Marylyn woman—"

"Oh, no," Bess insisted. "With us it was give and take."

"Maybe so. But she must have done something awful to make you want to kill her. What kind of a person did she do to you? Try to steal your man?"

Bess gave a clipped little laugh. "There never was a man to be stolen from me," she told the matron.

"No?" Don't tell me a handsome, smart girl like you would go through life without a bit of romance. Well, now you're laughing again. You're a little color, too," the matron said, as a slow blush painted Bess' high cheekbones.

"Thanks," she said. "Everybody tells me I'm smart, but nobody ever called me handsome."

"Now you're looking different. I knew it would do you a lot of good to talk a bit. Feeling better now?"

"I don't know; it's a bit like coming out of the anesthetic after an operation. Still numb and hazy but you begin to feel the pain."

"Maybe I shouldn't tell you this; but my husband is in business right now, and what you told me about that fire, I bet you a good lawyer could get you off easy with any jury. I understand that Dale Corbett has offered to take over your case; and, whatever else you might think about him, he's a fine, honest lawyer."

Immediately Bess' face took on a frozen and obstinate expression. "No, thanks all the same, Matron," she said with a coldness that was barely less than rude. "I don't want a lawyer. I don't want to be let off easy."

Matron Nestler shrugged and got up from the cot. "Well, it's up to you, I suppose," she said. "I can't spend all my time on you. Only I came in to give you your suitcase. A colored woman brought it for you."

Connie—Bess thought; and for a second there was the warm good smell of yeast and cinnamon and breakfast in Connie's short kitchen.

"Did she say anything?" she asked softly.

"She said she packed everything you might need in the next few days, and you should put on your nice chartreuse dress and lacquer your nails nicely, it would make you feel good. And she said bless you and she was praying for both of you."

**T**HIS matron shook out her skirt, yanked down her corset and went toward the door. Only a few seconds later did the news implied in Connie's message connect with something in Bess' Poker's brain.

"Born of us! But who?" she cried. "—that means Marylyn is alive?" she cried.

The matron, her face turned away from Bess, hid a little smile behind her rocklike chin. "I guess I let something slip out there, didn't I?" she muttered.

She was at Bess' Poker had been sleepingwalked up to the vestry. Now she suddenly found herself staring at a reality which some defense mechanism in her had tried to conceal. The sharp jail smell stung in her nostrils like smelling salts and cleared her brain. What am I doing here? Why do I look myself away? I must be crazy, though in a fierce outburst of every instinct that she had ever known. I must be crazy, I want to know everything! What happened to Marylyn? What is going to happen to me? And for heaven's sake, what is happening to Luke?

"I want a lawyer," she cried. "Any lawyer! At once!"

"We're talking," said Matron Nestler as she bustled out of the door.

(To be continued next week)

- Happy ending.



*The crowning chapter in a day's enjoyment  
... a good book ... a great ale.*

*Since 1840... Quality  
that never varies*

CARLING'S ALE



BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA • CLEVELAND, OHIO

## California's Elephant Boy

Continued from page 81

record. According to them, it proves two things that are bound to interest the country: that Earl Warren is a good man, and that he is an experienced administrator who has shown himself prudent, wise and just in the conduct of the people's affairs; the other that he is a sturdy middle-of-the-roader who cannot and will not be shoved out of position by extremists either of the right or the left. He is a realist, and when he takes his place among political aspirants, they say Earl will make it clear where he stands on all national and international issues.

### At Odds with the Old Guard

What, then, are his chances for re-election? Repeating 1942, the registration figures show that the Democrats are in the majority by more than a million. The Republican Party is not only a poor second, but a minority disorganized by internal dissension. As can be imagined without much difficulty, the Old Guard does not like either Governor Warren's policies or his appointments. Spurning many of his legislative proposals as a stupid and blundering attempt to steal New Deal thunder, the conservatives have been even more angered by his refusal to put stanch party workers on the payroll at state expense.

Governor Warren not only admits his failure in this respect, but actually makes a boast of it, for his declaration of candidacy contained this explicit statement: "I start my campaign from scratch this evening, just as I did four years ago, because I have no desire to waste time nor energy to perpetuate myself in office. I have built no political organization."

Festering resentments, in fact, have come dangerously close to the stage of open revolt. As late as February, party organs were savagely critical, and Earl Lee Kelly, a former state official and high in Republican circles, had to far as to take the stump and lay down a barrage of blistering condemnation.

"The tragedy of our present Republican state administration," boomed Mr. Kelly, "is that its policies are so akin to those of the C.I.O.-P.A.C. [Advisory Committee on the medical relief elements] of California, that it is difficult to find any issue on which Governor Warren and Robert W. Kenny, the probable Democratic nominee, are in serious disagreement. If our party's chosen public officials are too cagy or too opportunistic to go into battle now, let us at least demand that they either get new leaders or get ready for receivership." If Governor Warren intends to ride the Republican elephant, and at the same time keep an affectionate hold on the Democratic party, he must do something.

Another bone of contention derives from Governor Warren's course at the Chicago convention. As members of the Old Guard tell it, he did nothing to discourage the plan to give him the Vice-Presidential nomination, and only remembered his duty to the people of California after bagging the top public office. His vacillation, however, as a result, gave ground for the Democratic charge that the canny Californian figured Republican defeat a foregone conclusion. Worse still, he took to his bed after making one or two speeches for Dewey and Bricker. Even though the governor issued a certificate, proving that his illness was not faked, bruised feelings have not been soothed.

Back-room meetings, however, have decided against any swapping of horses, and an order has gone forth to close ranks. Mr. Kelly and other dissidents are no longer heard of, and the Old Guard will have no opposition in the primaries on July 13. Realizing their sad status as a hopeless minority, and admitting the necessity of winning Democratic votes, party leaders also

yielded to the Warren insistence that he run as a nonpartisan, and this statement figured prominently in Governor Warren's declaration of candidacy.

"I am a Republican, but in keeping with the practice of those who have sought state office in California since our direct primary was established thirty years ago, I shall seek the support of voters of both parties. I can do it honorably because my approach to state government demands that I believe in and practice the principle of independent administration in state affairs without blind partisanship or political manipulation. I can, therefore, continue to be fair to all, regardless of party affiliation, just as I have been in the past."

The conditions under which the elections are vastly different from those that prevailed in 1942. Democrats, however, also picked an organization slate, and with Robert W. Kenny's nomination probable, Governor Warren is not going to have any such pushover election. Robert W. Kenny is adroit and able, fast as a flash in his mental feet, and a natural leader. California has never produced a shrewder politician or one with a more definite handle for estimating popular trends.

Like Earl Warren, Bob Kenny is a Native Son, having been born in Los Angeles in 1901. After getting his degree from Leland Stanford, he entered the newspaper game and was good enough to be sent abroad, acting in London and Paris as correspondent for press associations. From 1924 to 1927 he worked on a Los Angeles paper, and then became a reporter on the best newspaper studied law at night. In 1930 he had been a municipal court judge, a superior court judge and is now attorney general. Just as Warren was the only Republican to win in 1938, so was Kenny the only Democrat saved from the 1942 landslide.

With issues far from clean-cut, owing to Warren's advocacy of many measures that were first advanced by Democrats, as well as his nonpartisan approach, the campaign will be waged along intensely personal lines. Already the governor is being put forward as the "safe, sane liberal," a label which will stick in terms of the people as a whole, and a statewide far above the ward-heeler level.

### Accuse Kenny of Pink Leaning

In broad strokes Kenny is painted as an apostle of crass capitalism, the candidate and creator of the C.I.O.-P.A.C., and the long-time intimate of Communists and fellow travelers. The photographs that he once had taken with Harry Bridges has been dusted off for frequent use, and much is being made of his presidency of the National Longshoremen's Guild, a body denounced by Dies Committee as distinctly pinko if not actually red.

The Democrats, fighting back with hands, feet and teeth, assail the governor as a fake and a phony. Harmonious relations with the legislature were not due to his "genius" but to the fact that he was presented from Democratic unwillingness to impair unity during the war years. As for his fiscal policies, they point out that Warren inherited a surplus of \$80,000,000, a sum generously augmented by war taxes, and that with this overflowing treasury even Ed Wynn or Gene Autry might could have made a good financial showing. Kenny's claim to the governor's nonpartisanship as "rankest opportunism," dictated by a shrewd appreciation of California's overwhelming Democratic majority, they cite a record of "lifelong and undeviating devotion to reform and Republicanism. A member of the national convention in 1932 and again in 1936, voting enthusiastically for Herbert Hoover; chairman of the Republican state committee from 1934 to



*Easy, boy — here's our Vacation!*

Easy is right! This is no year to be careless with anything as precious as an Evinrude! Whether it is a shiny new '46 model or a faithful old-timer, vacation days are twice the fun when there's an Evinrude to speed you to inviting shores, or scud the miles to fishing spots far beyond the range of oars!

See your Evinrude dealer. Look for him in the classified telephone directory under "Outboard Motors". Most complete range of models, from lightest Evinrudes to thrilling four-cylinder motors. All offer the starting sureness, operating ease and rugged stamina perfected through 37 years of fine outboards!

### EVINRUDE CATALOG FREE!

Tells you all the Evinrude features, gives helpful information on maintenance, operation, etc. Free. Address: EVINRUDE MOTORS, 2726 N. 27th Street, Milwaukee 9, Wis.  
In Canada: Evinrude Motors, Peterborough, Ontario

**EVINRUDE**  
OUTBOARD MOTORS



**ELECTRIC  
LIGHT  
ANYWHERE  
WITH  
POWERlite  
ELECTRIC LANTERN**

**BATTERY-OPERATED**

**\$3.65 LESS BATTERY**



AIM IT  
—for spotlight



REVERSE IT  
—for flashlight

Buy an all-purpose Delta Powerlite today. Sold by hardware, sporting goods, and electrical stores.

**Delta** ELECTRIC COMPANY  
Manufacturers and World's Largest Producers of Electric Lanterns



**TELESCOPIC HANDLE**  
Never break home. Telescopic handle. Use on a handtruck or ladder. Extends from 18" to 36" and folds back to 18".  
Price, \$2.50. Add 10% tax.

**FLASHLIGHT**  
Never break home. Big lantern. Never planning to go back again. Price, \$2.50. Add 10% tax.

**DELTA** COMPANY  
Manufacturers and World's Largest Producers of Electric Lanterns

1936; Republican national committeeman from 1936 to 1940 and, lastly and even more damningly, Republican keynoter in 1944, attacking the New Deal. Roosevelt, who had been a Democrat, had had the Old Guard buying like coon dogs.

In support of the charge that the governor is a "fake liberal," Democrats are emphasizing the fact that he is receiving, and has always received, the unswerving support of the Los Angeles Times, notorious for its rabid conservatism and support of the Hearst press. And when it came to appointing a man to fill out the unexpired term of Senator Hiriam Johnson, so far from selecting a liberal, the governor named the son of Joseph R. Knowland, owner of the Oakland Tribune, and long prominent as leader of the Old Guard. In support of the charge that his liberalism is phony, the Democrats quote this excerpt from one of his speeches:

"It is my view that the nation cannot go along much longer with the expansion of federal control over industry and the lives of individuals without departing radically from the original concept and purpose of our democracy . . . we must return to fundamentals; we must reattach ourselves to the old moorings—the family, the home, religion and free government."

#### Rival Takes Opposite View

In his own announcement of candidacy, Attorney General Kenny took asserted cognizance of this statement, and asserted the contrary belief that highly necessary advances in many social and economic areas must be *national*. "What kind of backward-looking political social state is it backed up?" he demands. "California as part of the United States? What kind of icebound ambition is it that does not see our industry, our agriculture and our traffic as part of the interlocking picture of state and national interest?"

This is another viewpoint, academic as it may seem, may prove a decisive factor in the November election. Governor Warren, while urging his prepaid Medical Insurance bill, strongly opposes the Wagner-Murray-Dingell measure that proposes to make medical care for all people the business of the federal government. Mr. Kenny, on the other hand, while an ardent advocate of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill, is against the Warren measure on the ground that it is stupid and useless for the state to set up a system of individual medical care until Congress acts on national health insurance.

The medical profession in California stands almost as a unit against the Warren proposal, attacking it as "socialized medi-

cine," and doctors and dentists have been assessed for a fund with which to fight it. It is a powerful group politically, due to its intimate contact with the home and family, and when it comes to vote, it will decide on a decision as to whether the state bill or the federal bill is the more immediate danger. What the doctors finally decide is not the least worry of both parties.

Another element of uncertainty is contained in the political situation. The C.I.O.-PAC was first and foremost in urging the Kenny candidacy and held to its insistence even when Senator Sheridan Downey expressed a willingness to make the race. As a condition of acceptance, however, the attorney general demanded that the Democratic organization in California dissociate itself from the C.I.O., and then went on to establish another point of dissociation. When the C.I.O.-PAC gave its endorsement for United States senator to Congressman Ellis Patterson, a veteran of every cult from EPIC to Ham and Eggs, Mr. Kenny announced that his choice was young Will Rogers.

#### Danger of Discord for Democrats

How is the C.I.O.-PAC going to like its status as tail to the Democratic kite? And if it doesn't accept it, what will be the attitude of organization Democrats? And how many more would switch to Ellis Patterson, going to throw into the Democratic machinery as he bellows his way from county to county?

Getting the A.F. of L. endorsement was a tremendous boost for Warren, but there is a question as to whether it indicates love of the cause or just antagonism to the C.I.O. And letting the endorsement of the C.I.O.-PAC, can the A.F. of L. produce the necessary army of bell-ringing precinct workers? It is also worthy of note that State Senator John Shelly, long an A.F. of L. leader, is running for lieutenant governor on the Democratic ticket.

With either Warren or Kenny offering them an safe shelter, where are the conservatives of California to go? The Democratic National Committee, fully recognizing California's importance as a pivotal state, is already planning to put the entire strength of the party behind Kenny. With Senator George W. Knowland, pointing right up among the leading contenders for the Presidential nomination in 1948, will the Republican National Committee go all out for his re-election?

The development of the campaign will throw more light on a confused picture, but at this stage the gamblers consider the outcome a toss-up. If even money, take your choice, is the best offering.

THE END

# No Male... Either!



"If you really want to see a close-up of it, Professor, look at it through this magnifying glass!"  
GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN



*Enjoyment  
rare as a  
summer day*

**America's Favorite because it's Mellow**

**as a Sunny Morning**

When you taste SCHENLEY Reserve, you will know why it is America's largest selling whiskey. Its rich, smooth flavor comes of quality ingredients skillfully blended. Try SCHENLEY Reserve soon. Blended Whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.



## June the Giant Killer

Continued from page 11

her mind. His face, it was true, was like the face in the picture on Mrs. Trout's dressing table; older, of course, with gravity in it now where the picture showed only mirthlessness, but there was the same lift to the corners of the mouth and the same twinkle of amusement in the eyes. But he was almost short and very broad and not at all the way a myth ought to be.

"I don't suppose that the stores will go bankrupt if we hold off our bills until tomorrow," June said. Mrs. Trout remarked.

"June, I'm glad you've come back," Mrs. Trout added. "Why don't you ask Mary if we can have some of that beer?"

"Yes," said June. She got up from her chair and went out through the dining room into the serving pantry, feeling that the back of her neck was both red and visible.

While Mary got out the beer, June stayed in the pantry. She opened the bottles, poured three glasses and scolded herself while she worked. And when she carried the tray to the living room she was calm, unembarrassed, able to face the redoubtable Johnny with what would pass for equanimity, able to face even Mrs. Trout.

Johnny had come to see the room. At close range he was considerably taller than he had appeared from across the room, but his breadth was still unromantically exorbitant.

Mrs. Trout tasted her beer and then set it down on the table and got herself up out of her chair. "It's time for me to go," she announced. There was silence. "Well, it is," said Mrs. Trout. "You two go for a swim or a sail or something while I rest."

Johanny fixed her with a stern eye. "Dowager," he said, "stop your matchmaking. You work too hard at it."

"Humph," said Mrs. Trout. She picked up her beer. "I'm going to take my rest."

Johnny nodded. "So you told us." Sweet dreams."

"Not at all sure that I'm glad the war is over," said Mrs. Trout. "Maybe if it had lasted a little longer you would have learned respect."

For a moment Johnny's grinning face was the face in the picture upstairs. June felt a peculiar emptiness in her stomach as she watched. And then his grin was gone, the emptiness filled up smoothly and without a bubble, and June remembered herself. "Do you want me, Mrs. Trout?" she asked.

Again Johnny smiled. "Mrs. Trout said, a trifle acidly, "Thank you, no, my dear. I can manage to undress myself, I think." Beer in hand, she marched out of the room. "You almost spoiled her play," Johnny said.

"After all—" June began tartly.

"You know," Johnny said, pouring his beer with care, "that swim thing might not be such a bad idea. Or maybe even a sail." Then he looked out at the water and shook his head. "Nope," he said. "No sail. It's too choppy for comfort."

"Too what?" said June, secretively. She thought of the one constraints filled with cups. "And you a Star boat champion?"

The legend was fading fast. She hoped her disappointment did not show in her voice.

"That was when," Johnny said. "I've grown up and slowed down. I'm a big boy now and I've put aside my childhood tricks."

"Well, swim," he said. "That's all I'll swim and maybe you'd like to come, too."

"Since my employer has ordered me to," June said.

"I'll commandeer the dowager's order, if you like."

"Thank you, no," June said. "I don't want to cause trouble your first day home. I'll swim with you."

"Thank you," said Johnny.

"Don't mention it," said June.

WHEN June came downstairs, he was sitting on the sofa in swimming trunks. He was leaning back, glass in hand, drinking beer from the bottle. As she came into the room he lowered the bottle and whistled softly. "Do they actually allow that nowadays?" he asked. "Right out the beach, I mean?"

"If you don't want to go—," June began.

"I do," said Johnny. He turned his head and stood up. In trunks he was even broader than in his uniform, but he showed no fat. "I don't mind if you don't." He stretched one great arm and took another bottle from the tray. "If it causes a public disturbance, I guess I can stay out of the way."

"I told you," Johnny pointed out, "that I've grown up and slowed down. I'm a peace-and-quiet-loving citizen. As a matter of fact, I might even get a job sometime. A steady job."

"Not that!" said June. "Even that," said Johnny. . . . It was disappointing. They lay on the

# "you bet it's good, it's a Brentwood"



Casually yours...this better sport shirt  
by Brentwood with its free-flowing lines  
and finer detailing, tailored handsomely in a  
great sportswear, fabric by Manville.  
Brentwood long sleeve sport shirts, \$5 to \$19.

# Brentwood

at better stores everywhere

America's Finer SPORTSWEAR

Brentwood Sportswear, Philadelphia, New York





# Dad's Ship is in

FATHER'S DAY JUNE 16<sup>th</sup>



All his basic shaving essentials,  
smartly gift-boxed—sturdy mug of  
Shaving Soap, tangy After-Shav-  
ing Lotion and soothing Talcum

Complete Shaving Luxury—Shav-  
ing Soap in handsome mug, tangy  
After-Shaving Lotion, Talcum,  
Cologne and 3 cakes of Bath Soap

2.75



A Useful Gift—especially for  
men who use electric shavers.  
Invigorating After-Shaving Lotion  
and fine, skin-toned Talcum

Something New in shaving sets—the  
"Big Stick" of Old Spice Shav-  
ing Soap, travel sizes of After-  
Shaving Lotion and fine Talcum

1.75

warm sand. They wriggled their toes and beat the sun. Johnny worked patiently at his beer. He watched the water and the solid, compacted sand boat running down the long, dead beach. Below him, June lay on her stomach, contemplating the sand in front of her nose. Johnny said, presently, "A long time ago, when I was a boy and sailed small boats, we used to have a maneuver we called a jibe. Sometimes it was successful, and sometimes it wasn't." June giggled and looked out at the water. "What on earth?" she began.

"This one isn't going to be successful," Johnny continued smoothly. "There it goes."

Then June saw the catboat jibe. She watched the sail back wind; then the boom whipped across and the little boat rolled over, showed its bottom and did not come back up again. The sail lay flat. Water and sand came to the surface and two pairs of hands clung to the boat. June jumped to her feet. "They capsized!" she cried.

Johnny nodded. "So they did."

June glared down at him. "Aren't you going to do something?" she demanded. "People who sail centerboard boats," said Johnny, "should first learn how to swim. If those two took that precaution, they don't need any help. If they didn't, they don't deserve any."

"Oh!" said June.

"Besides," Johnny went on, "it's only about fifteen feet deep out there. They can always sink and walk ashore." He was watching two sailors. They were small boys. He saw them swimming and heard any small boys at the beach who were not completely amphibious. "There," he said, "you see?" They took the precaution. The boys had regained their breath and taken bearings. Now they set out with the boat, one towing and one pushing, for the shore. "They might not have," said June. "It's idle," said Johnny, "to speculate on what might have been."

JUNE sat down and said nothing. She stretched herself on her stomach again, and resumed her consideration of the sand grains beneath her nose. She pondered on the inaccuracy of human observation and on the actual fallacy that came to be built into a saying, may I say, for example, like that of Johnny Trout, the terror of Ecano Beach. It was disappointing.

She was still deep in meditation when Cory Adams appeared with his paddle board on one broad shoulder, his diving glasses around his neck, his blonde hair curling briskly and a romantic dash of zinc oxide on his sensitive nose. He set the paddle board on its edge and sat down, cross-legged. "Hi," he said.

Frown furrowed on Cory, and then she smiled. "Hi," she said. She looked at Johnny, who lay on his side, propped on one elbow, his beer bottle in his hand. He was looking at Cory without interest. "Hi," he said.

"Johnny Adams," June said. "Johnny Trout."

Cory leered. "Not the Johnny Trout. Not the hero!" His voice held nasty overtones that June had never liked.

Johnny raised one eyebrow. "No," he said. "That was my father. He's dead." "Johnny," said June brightly, "just go home this afternoon."

Cory leered again.

"That's a good leer you've got there," Johnny said. "I like that. Take much practice?"

The leer faded. Cory's jaw moved forward. "Look—" he began.

"Just asking," said Johnny, peacefully.

"When—see a leer I like, I always ask about it." His eyes shifted to the diving glasses and to his paddle board. "See how your eyes?" he asked gleefully. "It's pretty bright. Maybe you'd better put those things on."

Cory breathed deeply. "Look, hero—" he began again.

Johnny shook his head. "My father," he said. "Like I told you. You've got me all wrong, pal."

"Cory dives," said June, tardily. "Abseil and octopus out near the point." She saw Johnny's eyebrows rise in polite skepticism, and she turned angrily away. To Cory she said, "I'm going out now."

Cory nodded. He still breathed with difficulty.

"Want to go?"

"Yes," said June, thereby astonishing both Cory and herself. She stood up and pulled on her cap. She looked down at Johnny. "That is, if I may be allowed to have a couple of hours off."

Johnny waved his great hand airily. "Permission granted," he said. He was eying the paddle board. "Paddle board built for two," he said. "Must be cozy."

June had Cory's arm. "Let's go," she said. Cory stood for a moment in indecision, looking down at Johnny. Then he turned away, without a word, and bent and picked up his paddle board. He walked down to the water. June followed. They mounted the board and climbed on. Cory's voice drifted back to the beach: "Someday I'm going to take that guy apart."

Johnny heard. He waved and lifted his beer bottle and drank deeply and with satisfaction, then lay back on the warm sand and closed his eyes. He did not see Mrs. Trout, frowning from her bedroom window.

DINNER that night was a strained, almost silent meal. Only Johnny, smiling and happy in old dungarees and tee shirt was content. He ate hugely and with obvious relish. Mrs. Trout picked her teeth and twirled her mouth. She opened her mouth to speak and then closed it again. June ate quietly, her eyes on her plate. The glare of the sun and its reflection from the water had combined to color her face and to raise a small colony of golden freckles across the bridge of her nose. The effect, Johnny noticed surprisingly, was to brighten the blue of her eyes and to make her teeth red in her mouth, and was altogether admirable. Recalling the ecstatic praise Mrs. Trout had heaped on June in her letters, he decided that it had not been exorbitant. He made overtures. "How were the octopuses?" he asked.

June pursed her lips. "They were fine. Fine and healthy."

"I was afraid," he said, "that they might have suffered a blight or something. Delicate creatures, octopuses."

June opened her mouth and then closed it again.

Mrs. Trout looked from one to the other. "Octopuses?" she asked.

"Yes," said June.

"Oh," Mrs. Trout said, without comprehension.

There was silence. They finished dinner and retired to the living room for coffee. June poured and passed the cups. Johnny stood by the fire. Mrs. Trout rocked gently in her chair and clicked her knitting needles busily. It was June who finally broke the silence. "Mrs. Trout?" she said, hesitatively.

"Yes, my dear?"

June swallowed. She wished that Johnny were not watching her. She wished, too, that she had not lost her temper this afternoon. Otherwise she would have accepted Cory's invitation.

"If you don't need me tonight, Mrs. Trout," she said finally, "I promised I'd go to the dance."

"Why, of course, my dear," Mrs. Trout said hesitantly. "You were talking of it, too, weren't you, Johnny?"

Johnny looked up from his coffee cup at June and his mother. "Why, no," he said, obstinately. "As a matter of fact, I wasn't." He reached for the table and rattled his cup, feeling underneath that might have been jealousy, if there had been any reason for jealousy. He looked at June. "Cory must cut quite a figure on the dance floor," June's lips were thin and straight, and perversity took over. Johnny's tongue.

"Does he wear his glasses at night?" he asked. "The ones with the rubber cups, I mean?"



After-Shaving Lotion — for that  
tangy "good morning" feeling. Two  
convenient sizes. 8 oz. 1.75

Three shaving refreshants in hand-  
some gift box—cooling After-Shav-  
ing Lotion, Talcum and Cologne

2.75

EARLY AMERICAN

*Old Spice*

FOR MEN

Price per set \*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Cory Adams?" said Mrs. Trout. "You're going with him, my dear?"

"Yes," said June. She raised her head and regarded the entire Trout family with defiance. "I've... I've... I've... I'm going with Cory Adams!"

"Oh," said Mrs. Trout finally. "I hope you have a good time, my dear."

"Thank you," said June, and went out of the room, her slim back straight and her shoulders square. Mrs. Trout knitted on imperturbably, her mind filled with strategem.

Cory did not come in. He stopped his car in front of the house and June flew immediately through the living room to the front door. "Good night," she said in passing, and then she was gone.

MRS. TROUT put down her knitting. "Cory Adams," she said, listening to the sounds of the car driving off. "Cory Adams," she repeated.

"Yes," said Johnny, "I think you're right." He walked over to the big chair by the fire, sat down, switched on the reading light and picked a magazine from the table. He turned the pages at a leisurely rate. Mrs. Trout watched over the tops of her glasses. "I didn't know," she said finally, "that you were particularly interested in women's clothes."

Johnny looked hard at the magazine. "You never can tell when knowledge of these things might come in handy," he said. He set the magazine on the table and picked up his coffee cup again and stared into the fire.

"Style is a good thing for married men to appreciate," Mrs. Trout said dryly. "But, somehow, I don't think you're cut out for a husband."

"Pardon me," Johnny said, "you try too hard." He put down his coffee cup and got out of his chair and poked at the fire for a time until it smoked magnificently. Mrs. Trout picked up her knitting. Johnny walked over to the window and stood looking out over the dark harbor. A small powerboat moved slowly up the channel between the houses. It reflected the street lights, its wake spreading smoothly in a giant V, distorting the reflections on the quiet water. Johnny turned away and went over to the bookcase. He stared at the titles, unseeing. He walked over to the radio and turned it on and then turned it off again. The last song of a sentimental waltz began. He drummed with his fingers on the radio's smooth top. Mrs. Trout's needles clacked on relentlessly. The situation, she decided, called for subtlety.

"Cory Adams," she said. "I don't suppose you remember him."

"I met him today," said Johnny.

"He has an older brother," Mrs. Trout went on smoothly. "Cory Adams. You didn't like him."

"Carl?" Johnny opened his hand and gazed at it reflectively. "Funny," he said, "how those things run in families, isn't it?" "Carl moved away from Encino Beach after your last—uh—encounter," Mrs. Trout said.

"I remember," said Johnny.

Mrs. Trout's needle clacked on. "Cory Adams grew up while you were away," she continued. "He worked in a war plant and lived here in town. He used to talk about you."

Johnny turned from the radio. "Oh?"

"That's right," said Mrs. Trout. "I heard most of it from Mrs. Edwards. You remember her. Our laundress."

"I remember."

"And Mrs. Edwards doesn't always stay close to the truth as she might."

"That's right," said Johnny. He turned on the radio again and began to dance.

"But Mary told me about the talk, too," Mrs. Trout said placidly. "And Mary is always dependable in what she says." Her needles clacked on and the radio hum rose in pitch. Mrs. Trout crossed her fingers supertoetically. It was a small lie, really, and the end of it always justifies the mean. She wondered where she had read that. But it didn't really signify. She knitted on and waited.

Johnny's conscience wrestled manfully with his inclination. Conscience lost the first call. "What kind of talk?" Johnny demanded.

Johnny looked at her astonishment.

"Why, just talk! You don't think I'd listen to that sort of thing, do you?"

"No," said Johnny slowly. "No, of course not." Curiosity reinforced inclination and, between them, they pinned conscience in short order. Conscience beat the mist in tremendous fury and switched off the radio. "I think I'll take a little walk," he said. "It's a pretty night."

"It's cold," said Mrs. Trout. "You'd better wear a coat or a jacket or something."

"I'll be warm enough," said Johnny. "I'll keep moving."

OUTSIDE, it was clear and cool. No Southern Cross, Johnny noticed absently. He was home. More than that, he thought, he was back again in the same sort of situation he thought he had outgrown. Circumstances, there were, entirely beyond his control. He took his coat from the chair, where it had been, and put it on. He took his wallet deep in his pocket. Conscience, enlivened by its breathing spell, came out for the final fall. Johnny considered the struggle. It would do no harm, he decided, if he wandered down to the pavilion and looked in at the dance. Maybe a beer and hello to some of his old cronies. No harm in that at all. Come to think, he retorted to his censor, shivering. "Fool," said Johnny, ignored its clamor and quickened his step toward the

## FATHER'S DAY JUNE 16<sup>TH</sup>

The miloculous "Botany" Brand fabric enables these ties to regain fresh newness when hung up overnight.  
A score near you has an encoriment of "Botany" Brand Wrinkle-Proof  
Ties, or \$1...and "Botany" Brand Wrinkle-Proof  
...watch in Planned Patterns to go with your suits.

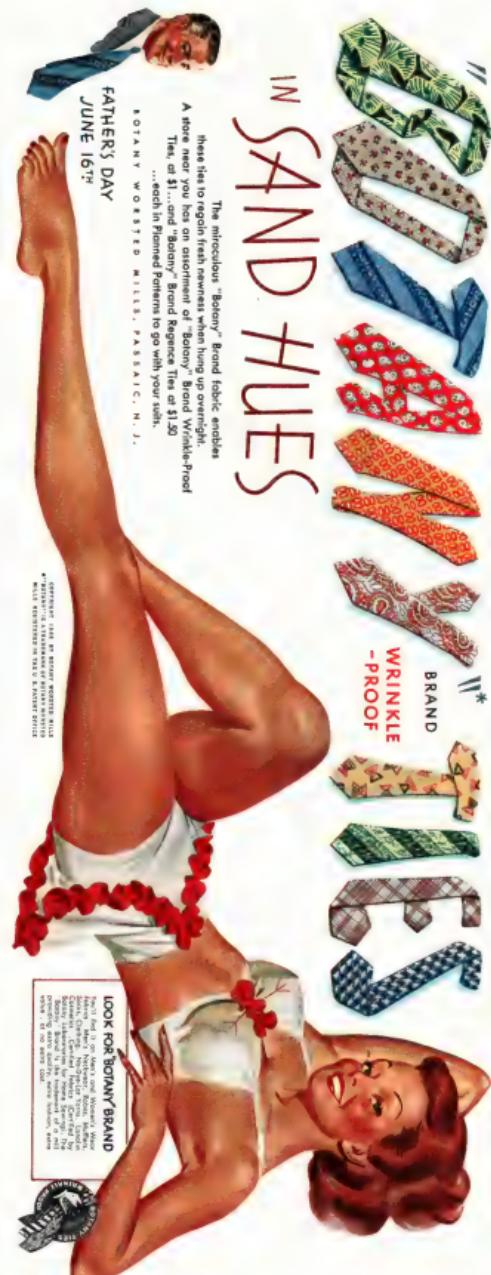
BOTANY WORKED MILLS, PASSaic, N. J.

# IN SAND HUES



WRINKLE  
-PROOF

BRAND



"Run over and find out what all the fuss is about, pet" MARY ESTERSON



*GIVE Father YEARS OF ENJOYMENT  
WITH THIS HANDSOME WATCH BAND*

Sneak a peek at Father's watch tonight. If it's dented by a limp, lifeless strap, then your Father's Day gift is obvious—a Speidel Forty-Niner expansion watch band!

It's genuine 18K gold and stainless steel—adds luxury to any watch.

The 22 links are pre-tensioned, so the Forty-Niner fits perfectly and can't pull off his wrist.

No catches, buckles or adjustments; it just slips on or off.

So, if you want a gift that combines beauty and protection, man-size service and satisfaction . . . give him a Speidel Forty-Niner!

At better jewelers, or write for information to:



MR'S FORTY-NINER

\$32.00

MISS FORTY-NINER

\$25

FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

pavilion. He paid his forty cents and went inside.

The building was the same, the people looked the same and what seemed to be the same orchestra was on the stand. Only the manager had changed. He stood at the end of the floor for a few minutes, watching, recognizing no one. He strolled over to the long bar and ordered a beer. Even the bartenders were strange.

The dance ended and the rush for the bar began. Johnny held his place. Someone jostled his elbow and he stopped on the bar top and put out his hand to steady himself and looked around. A sailor was beside him, wriggling in the crowd, waving a dollar bill at the bartender. The gob grinned at Johnny. "Sorry, Mac," he said. "No harm done," said Johnny affably. He turned back to his beer. Conscience stomped wrathfully around in his corner, shrieking that the boy had fixed, that he referred to was a sailor. Johnny ignored it.

The sailor got his drinks. He backed his way out of the crowd and found his girl, and the crowd closed in to his place. Johnny picked up his glass. Someone else jostled his elbow. He set his glass down again and got out his handkerchief once more. He looked around. It was Cory Adams in his faded jacket and a sport shirt, his arms crossed, grinning. "How ya doin'," he said. "The hero, Slumming?" "In a manner of speaking," said Johnny, "yes." He turned back to his beer and finished it and waited patiently for the bartender to bring him another.

The music began and the crowd finished its drinks and moved back through the gate to the bar. They joined Cory at the bar. "I thought," she said to Johnny, "that you saw June against the dance."

"I have," said Johnny. "I came to watch."

"We're honored," said June.

Johnny bowed. "It's my pleasure."

Cory waved. "Hey!" he called. And two men came over to join him. Johnny looked at them. They were young—Cory's age. They were wearing coats and ties, though they wore sport jackets and bow ties. Johnny's conscience stilled its clamor; it reached down into the water bucket and took out the sponge and tossed it contemplatively into the center of the ring. Then it ducked through the ropes and wrapped its robe haughtily about itself and stalked up the aisle to the dressing room.

JUNE was frowning at the two men. Cory said, "I wanted you to meet Johnny Trout. The Johnny Trout. The hero, you know."

The two young men smirked. "Not the hero!" one of them said. "The one who writes about the hero!"

"You can't beat that," Johnny asked.

June said, "Johnny!"

There was silence.

"Let's dance, Cory," said June.

Cory shook his head. "I haven't finished my drink." He looked at Johnny. "Besides, I want to talk to the hero."

"There's that leer again," Johnny said.

"You know, that's one of the best beers I've seen in a long time." He had a long smile, like one of his best. "You have to see it, of course, and that's an advantage." He looked at the other two. "So have your friends; I'll bet that if they practice, too, they'll be able to do it almost as well."

One of the young men said, "You may be a hero to the newspaper, pal, but you're just a pinto to me."

Cory nodded. "I was just thinking the same thing."

"Cory," said June. "Come on. Let's dance."

"Shut up," said Cory. He knocked her hand away.

Cory backed off out of range with a strange expression on her face.

Johnny took his glass on the bar top. "You know," he said conversationally to June, "I think we've been pushed around long enough." He grabbed a handful of Cory's coat in his left fist and jerked him off balance and slapped him twice, hard, with his

open right hand. Cory's hands flew up. Johnny let go with his left hand and drew it back and hooked it deep into Cory's stomach. Cory doubled over. Johnny slammed his right hand into the juncture of Cory's neck and jaw and Cory went down and landed on his back and did a few feet before he stopped and lay still. One of the young men even produced a looping right hand that landed with astonishing impact. Johnny took it and bounced off the bar swinging. The other young man clubbed Johnny on the back of the head and two bouncers appeared running, and the melee became general.

THEY marched peacefully into the station house, Johnny and two strange policemen. Johnny held his handkerchief to his cheek; his right eye was beginning to close. The sergeant came out from behind the desk and waved the two policemen away. "Hi, Johnny," he said.

"You're all booked," said the sergeant. "The service," said Johnny, "has improved."

The sergeant shook his head. "It's like old times." He got out a pack of cigarettes, offered them to Johnny and took one himself. Johnny produced a match. "Mrs. Trout's on her way down," said the sergeant. "We'll wait for her to find a room for you." He peered at Johnny's handkerchief. "How's that cheek?"

"Somebody," said Johnny, "was wearing a ring." He was frowning. "You call my mother?"

The sergeant shook his head. He gesticulated with his thumb. "Young lady. Said she's a mother of yours."

Johnny followed the thumb with his eyes. He saw June sitting in the corner. "Thank you," he said.

"Don't mention it," said June.

The taxi pulled up in front then. Mrs. Trout disembarked and marched into the station house. June stood up. Mrs. Trout looked at her son and she looked at June and then at the sergeant. "I don't think," she said, "from the amount of taxes I pay, that Encino Beach could afford a police force to prevent disturbances."

The sergeant swallowed desperately. "Yes, ma'am," he said. "I mean—no, ma'am."

"I see," said Mrs. Trout. She looked at Johnny and regarded him with disapproval. "And I'm not going to stay here any longer," she said, "that you had left those childhood terrors somewhere out in the wild zone."

Johnny said nothing. The sergeant shuffled uneasily. June made a small protesting sound. Mrs. Trout said, "And I don't want you defending him, June."

There was a glow in June's eyes that did not escape Mrs. Trout's attention. It was as though June had just come home, come home again. She said, "But, Mrs. Trout—"

Mrs. Trout took the handkerchief from Johnny's cheek. She examined the bruised cut. "Did you take him?" she demanded.

Johnny grimed. "Them," June corrected breathlessly. She came across the room and stood at Johnny's side, and faced Mrs. Trout proudly. "Cory had two friends," she said.

Mrs. Trout fixed the sergeant with a stern eye. "Are they locked up?"

The sergeant shook his head. He gesticulated with his thumb. "They're—oh—they're in the next building, Mrs. Trout. The one with the beds."

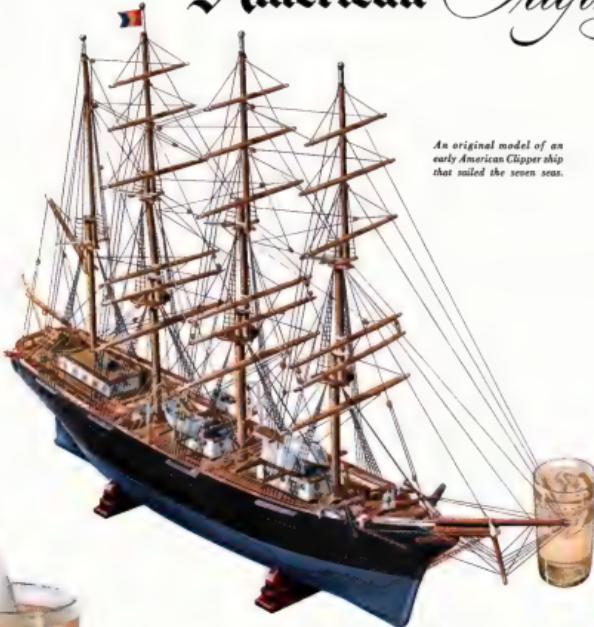
"I see," said Mrs. Trout. She looked at Johnny again, but June was not looking at her. June was looking down at June and June was looking up at him, and both of them were smiling.

Mrs. Trout opened her bag and got out her checkbook. One paid for what one got, she reflected. She wondered where she had read that. But it didn't really signify. What did matter was the pricelessness of the coinage. She advanced to the desk and paid the price from its holder . . . She glared at the sergeant. "How much?" she demanded.

Trix End



# American Originals



America has always been a nation of originality—unbound by tradition.

It was American originality that took the first great forward step in making gin in 300 years when Ancient Bottle was produced by Seagram.

This gin is unique. Its natural color of mellow candlelight is a *natural* result of our leisurely, time-honored way of producing it—resulting in a gin so smooth that it makes the most cooling Collins that ever quenched a thirst... or "the dryest Martini in the world."

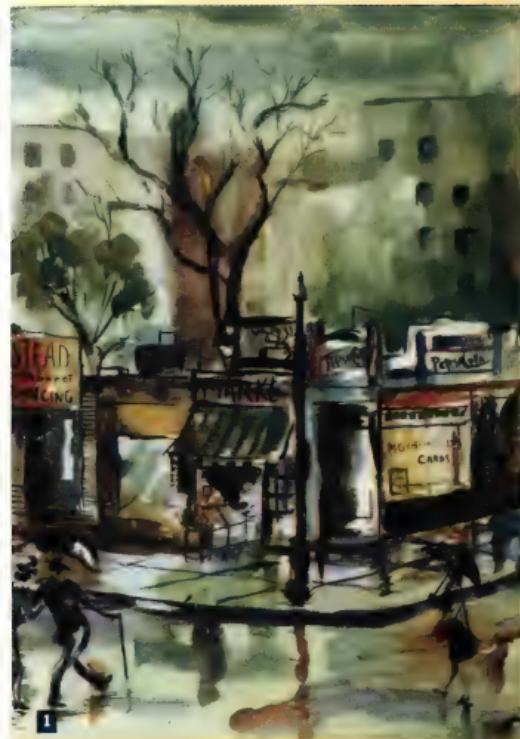
Distilled from 100 per cent American grain. 90 Proof.  
Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York



Our time-honored "ancient" bottle will soon replace the present "victory" bottle.

# Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin

DISTILLED DRY



1



2

1. This water color of a rainy street scene was painted by Florence Smith, 18, of Washington Irving High School, New York City. Her painting is one of about 1,500 pieces of art on exhibition at the Carnegie Galleries in Pittsburgh.

2. Thomas Goings, 17, chose a church as the subject of this painting in tempera and water color. Thomas is a student at Mackenzie High School, Detroit, Mich. Like the others, he survived tough regional competition to win national honors.

3. Last year John Clague won three national prizes. This year he won two scholarships and \$50 in cash besides his Collier's award for this water color of a night trolley. John is 18, attends John Hay High School in Cleveland, Ohio.

4. First prize in oils went to Moishe Smith, 17, for his "Portrait of Girl with Rose." Moishe won a Collier's award last year. Mrs. Edith Obel, his teacher at Cass Technical High School, Detroit, once won a Carnegie scholarship herself.

5. Youngest artist to win a Collier's certificate and \$100 in cash was Herbert Youner, 14. He is a student at New York's High School of Music and Art, which had a winner in 1945, has two this year. "Night Street Scene" is in tempera.

6. Harold W. Bradley, Jr., 16, attends Englewood High School, Chicago. His teacher, Miss Florence Potter, also instructed one of last year's Collier's award winners. This water-color painting is appropriately called simply "Circus."

7. This pastel drawing of refugees was done by Harvey Dimerstein, 17, who is also a student at the High School of Music and Art, New York City. He won several first prizes and a scholarship to the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

3



4





5



6



7

Presenting the second annual Collier's awards for high school art. Not all won prizes in the national exhibition. These 12 were picked independently by Collier's to receive Certificates of Merit and cash awards of \$100 each.

## The Young Idea in Art

BY CARL FRENCH

**T**HE pictures on these pages are the work of teen-age artists, and they represent the second annual selections made for awards by Collier's from all the entries in the National High School Art Show at Pittsburgh.

Every year thousands of pieces of art by high school students are submitted to the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh in a national contest sponsored by Scholastic Magazines. These works have survived regional competition. This year the regional entries were displayed in departments of 25 cities, and the best were then sent to Pittsburgh.

Over 25,000 pieces of art were viewed and judged by a distinguished jury of art critics and educators. A final selection of about 1,500 was made for exhibition in the Fine Arts Galleries of the Institute.

From this field, Collier's made an independent selection of outstanding pictures. Not all of these won national prizes. But because they are fine examples of the vigor and independence of youth, Collier's has awarded each of these young artists an engraved Certificate of Merit for Excellence in High School Art and a cash award of \$100.

Contestants include both junior and senior high school pupils. The prizes, some of which are contributed by commercial firms, range all the way from small cash awards to scholarships at leading art schools. About 70 of the winners are most available through Scholastic Awards, a project for the recognition of student achievement.

Several winners of this year's Collier's awards are from schools represented last year too. The guidance and encouragement of art teachers in our schools is evident in the high quality of entries.

Cass Tech's winner this year also won a Collier's award in 1945. He is Moshe Smith, seventeen. In a letter outlining his philosophy, Moshe wrote:

"Some people say, 'Why be a painter? You can't eat paint.' I don't mind that. When I paint I do not want to be influenced by how much money I get. Art, to me, is above any monetary standard."

Another of this year's winners, John Clague, is a triple-threat man. In addition to the Collier's award, he also won a scholarship to the Cranbrook School of Art, the James V. Spratt Scholarship of \$500, and the George H. Clapp Award of \$50. This is John's first Collier's award, but he was a prize winner in last year's

national competition. John is also an excellent public speaker and a contributor to the school's literary magazine.

Dan Toth is another Cleveland boy, but from a different high school. Dan's father died when he became an amateur, his mother, a teacher. "So we all compromised," wrote Dan, "and I am going on to industrial designing and teaching."

The National High School Art Exhibition has been conducted for the past 18 years. Before that, M. R. Robinson, publisher of the magazines which sponsor the competition, founded two weekly magazines, the Western Pennsylvania Scholastic and Scholastic.

In his work with schools, he concluded that more should be done for youngsters interested in creative things. "Athletes on the field got all the glory," he said. "And I was among the loudest rooters, too. But I began to realize that those who were working for intellectual honors might also be given a break."

What Robinson did was to organize Scholastic Awards. By this time his small weekly magazine had grown into a national publication. At first the awards were made only for commercial art; eventually artists, too, were invited to compete, and the best work was reproduced in the annual Student Achievement Issue of the magazine.

By 1928, there were so many art entries that gallery space was needed. Robinson then went to the Fine Arts Galleries, whose directors were impressed with the youngsters' work. The National High School Art Exhibition was born.

Distinguished artists have served on the juries which select the winners of the competitions. They include Lorado Taft, the sculptor; Charles E. White, Reginald Marsh and others. This year Saul Steinberg, William C. Palmer and Louis Slobodkin were among the judges.

Past winners of Scholastic Awards have themselves risen to high places. Some of them have instructed the boys and girls of the next generation of winners. Moshe Smith's teacher, for instance, is Mrs. Edith Obel, who won a scholarship to Carnegie Institute in the 1933 competition. Now she is teaching a new generation at Cass Tech in Detroit.

The youngsters who created these pictures are not famous today. Tomorrow they may be famous. But more important than that, they are young, and they know how to express themselves in other ways than five and swooning.

SEE NEXT PAGE



Daniel Toth, Jr., 17, painted this tempera study of a shack on a hill. He won a first prize and a scholarship to John Herron Art Institute in Indianapolis. Dan attends East Technical High School in Cleveland



From the Marathon Central High School of Marathon, N. Y., came this tempera study of stores on a street. It was painted by Richard Witzel, 15. All pictures chosen for the show had exceptional merit



Another tempera study showing a street corner in the rain is this painting by Bill James. This Collier's winner is 17 years old and attends Oak Park and River Forest High School, Oak Park, Illinois



First prize in its group for colored inks went to this study of a back-yard scene by Joseph Salvia, 17, of Abraham Lincoln High School, Brooklyn, N. Y. This school also had a Collier's winner last year. In both instances Leon Friend was the teacher



Denver, Colorado, is represented by this water color titled "Through a Window." Doris Friedrich, 18, of West High School in Denver, is the young painter. In addition to her Collier's award, Doris also won third prize in her group in the national contest

HAPPIEST OF ANNIVERSARIES. GIVE YOURSELVES

A GREAT BIG HUG AND KISS FROM—

**POLLY.**

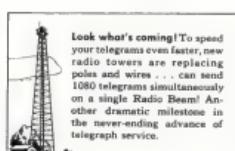


*"It's a long time since I've had the thrill of an anniversary telegram. I didn't even know the wartime ban was off. But I certainly did feel happy and important when that yellow envelope arrived!"*

THIS TIME OF YEAR is crowded with important "personal occasions"—anniversaries, weddings, graduations. June 16 is Father's Day.

And a greeting by telegram costs so little, takes only a few minutes of your time... and conveys that priceless ingredient, *thoughtfulness*.

Telegrams arrive at the right time, become treasured keepsakes. They're easy to send, too—simply go to your near-by Western Union office or call Western Union and have your telegram charged to your phone. *Isn't there someone who'd like to hear from you today?*



*"So many times a telegram means so much!"*



**WESTERN UNION  
TELEGRAM**

VBT25 12c  
MR & MRS WALTER E STANTON  
18 YORK DR CHISOLM MASS.

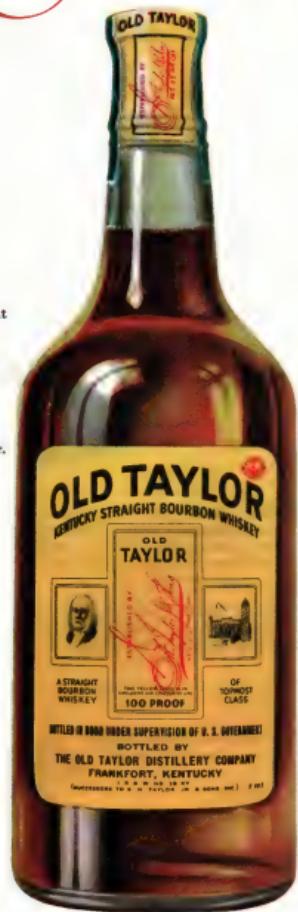
# Of Topmost Choice

The traditions of **OLD TAYLOR** are those of Kentucky's golden age—a leisurely time when men sought the richest of golden grains, the purest of limestone springs, the highest distilling skill. Now the rewards are yours—a mellow, full-bodied whiskey, rich in bouquet and good grainy flavor—all priceless qualities that place **OLD TAYLOR** among bourbons of *topmost choice* the world over.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

## KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Bottled in Bond  
100 Proof



## Queen of the Quickies

Continued from page 18

I'm just stumbling around up there, trying to do what they tell me, which includes getting a sock in the puss from Jack La Rue and taking a prat fall. Well, that was just too much. I made 'em put a rubber cushion under the piano keys. In another scene I got kicked around and beat up and that's the way it went for six days.

"It was murder. They went to work at six in the morning and they never stopped till twelve at night in order to get everything in. I never saw the script, they just handed it to me a page at a time. By the time I sixth day came up, there still had thirty pages left in the script, but they just decided to forget about 'em. They just tore 'em out and said it was over.

"Stick around," they said, "an' we'll see the rushes."

"But by this time I am black, blue and black. All I know is that I wanna get the hell outta here. I crawled on the first plane East, aching all over, just beat, thinking what a clump I am to do all this for only a thousand when I could go so much more being a lady in the theater. I say to myself, 'Gypsy Rose Lee musta gotten you this deal. She musta promoted this!'"

### Nice Profits from a Cheap Film

That was how, Miss Corio says, Swamp Woman was made. The total budget for the picture was \$18,000. On the sixth and last day of shooting, Mr. Alexander, who dreamed the whole thing up, sold the film outright to a New York distributor who figured only on releasing it. The price: \$60,000, netting the producer \$42,000 for the six days' work. This still causes Miss Corio to smolder. The picture, incidentally, is still being shown. It played for months at the Squire Theater in Manhattan, then the pictures were pulled because "the public couldn't take it any longer," says Miss Corio. So far, Swamp Woman has grossed over half a million dollars.

Two weeks after she got back to New York, Miss Corio got another quickie bid. By this time she had learned how the quickies industry really profited from her former mistake. Her price: \$5,000 a week (or picture) and Buster Crabbe. There was also a monkey in that picture, Jungle Siren, and it liked the brown paint Miss Corio wore on her legs and arms. Every time she looked around, the monkey was trying to lick the paint off her legs.

"It was," recalls Miss Corio, "having trouble enough without Buster Crabbe. He didn't want me to swim with him in the swimming scene because I couldn't swim fast enough for him, the Olympics champ. So he waited a double for me. I see, 'Lissen, you can't swim as fast as you think you can. You're as slow as me that's what's good for you.'"

Miss Corio finished that picture moaning, "Just how much abuse can a person take?"

The answer was a lot more for a lot more money. She is a sharp, hard-driving bargainer who plays every angle in the book. Once, during negotiations with a producer, she threatened to sue him unless he paid his fiduciary to give him scallions. However, in this instance, she quickly made a new deal for three more pictures with Philip Krane of Monogram Pictures Corporation. Her new terms: \$10,000 a week, 25 per cent of the picture's gross profits, a make-up man and a hairdresser, plus wardrobe, makeup, and costumes to be paid for by the studio. These last conditions she won easily.

"Costume?" murmured Mr. Krane. "Of course, we'll pay for it. After all, what can a sardon cost?" Miss Corio promptly went to Adrian, one of Hollywood's most expensive designers for a sardon and a geteven-chance. And it almost overwhelmed Mr. Krane.

They knocked out her first picture in a week. Of her work, Miss Corio complained bitterly in a letter to a friend: "I'm up at 5 A.M.—worked until ten last night. The

studio took out a huge insurance policy on me. In case I collapse during production, they get their money back. All I get is the breakdown!"

However, things went off better than they had in the past and Miss Corio was invited to get involved with Mr. Krasne, who also produces the Charlie Chan and Cisco Kid movies. "Chan, Cisco and Corio, he runs to Corio," says Miss Corio.

But when Krasne heard Miss Corio was planning to go in to a West Coast musical comedy, Sleep It Off, he was outraged. "The picture might have a long run, thus tying up Miss Corio while simultaneously masking her more of a drawing card. He wanted to have a backlog, a picture on the shelf that he could throw into the market when the time was right. Only ten days remained until Sleep It Off opened, and he had no script. However, he had the Charlie Chan series ready. Mr. Krasne saw his only opportunity. He told Miss Corio, 'You play the part of Charlie Chan.' That's how she became a girl detective in one of the world's goofiest mystery movies.

We happened to have seen that epic, Call Me Madam, and when we spoke to Miss Corio we could never figure out—

"Remember that rain scene?" asked Miss Corio, as if we could have forgotten her crawling around in a jungle during a tropic storm with only a soaking sarong to protect her. "Well," she went on, "that sarong was made of war materials and when that rain started, it began to shrink. It shrank so much that it would not cover her body. They finally had to stop the cameras and the director yelled, 'You better go up and change your handkerchief.' The thing had shrank about four inches."

Miss Corio says that everyone in quickie production takes himself very seriously. "They can't believe that the movie is over and the day is over. They sit there and say 'exceptional, terrific, best thing since Seven Up'—and congratulate one another. Why, my last two pictures took over a week to make. When we got into the second week, everybody in the studio quit work and came over to watch us make this epic."

### Her Life's Darkest Moment

The worst day Miss Corio has had in her movie career was in Seattle, Washington, where she arrived to make a personal appearance. "I didn't know who she was," she says, "they had just brought Greta Garbo's husband, Bill, brother. I almost died of fright. I just sneaked out on the stage and got off as quick as I could. I shuddered gotten an Academy Award for bravery for facing that audience."

Miss Corio's last picture, Sultan's Daughter, was a flop. She got some of the trade papers that any of her pictures have received. But Miss Corio passes it off with an old Hollywood gag: "It was so bad they didn't release it, it escaped." Then she went on, "They tell me out there, if I have any interviews, to tell 'em the picture took six months to make, cost a million. 'Lisa, you don't be silly. People see these things!'"

Since she made her last picture Miss Corio has been making personal appearances in theaters and at the Latin Quarter, one of New York's largest night clubs. She hasn't "pedaled" for five years and now does route work. Miss Corio is married to her Husband. The audiences love it. But Miss Corio is haunted by Hollywood. "If they'd just give me Technicolor and a story, I'd show them." She probably would.

Recently she went into a New York department store where the salesgirl recognized her. "Ooh, Miss Corio," she sighed, "please give me your autograph. I've seen all your pictures."

"If you have," said Miss Corio, "I want yours, honey."

Time Exp

## Hair-trigger sleepers!

Dead-to-the-worlders!

# Here's your alarm clock!



### The exciting G-E Gay Hour with SELECT-A-LARM!

IT'S that wonderful waker-upper with the brand-new feature—*volume control!*

You regulate its volume to your own...individual...taste. Like this:

**Say you are** a "touch-and-go" sleeper, who pops awake at the slightest sound. **Say you HATE sudden loud noises.** *Wonderful!* The Gay Hour's new feature softly "purs" you awake—gently!

**Say you sleep** "like a log" through fires, fights, and street noises. *Wonderful!* The Select-A-Larm feature, turned UP, awakes you in an uncertain way—with a call both loud and clear.

THUS, the Gay Hour's ingenious SELECT-A-LARM gives every sleeper the exact kind of "wake up" he wants. Loud, soft, or anything in between. And it's a fine clock in itself, built for long, accurate, trouble-free service!

For waking "as you like it" . . . for a sensational value . . . for long, accurate service, depend on the Gay Hour with SELECT-A-LARM feature! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.



AND HERE'S another  
G-E electric alarm clock "first"!  
—The Tune-A-Larm!

For the first time on any alarm clock, G-E starts your day with music—if you like! Simply plug your radio into the back of the G-E Tune-A-Larm, tune it to your favorite station, switch the switches. Come rising time, the RADIO wakes you! Loud or soft, music or news—as you choose!

General Electric Clocks



GENERAL **E**LECTRIC

You're Better Built Than You Think!



Your shoulders look broader!

Because Mansco Mansing Swimshorts are cut like a boxer's trunks, they have a taping effect—make you look taller, bunker.

Your waist looks smaller!

Hundreds of pleats flaring out from the snug elastic waistband take inches off your middle.

Your hips look flatter!

The loose, casual folds of these Mansco swimshorts camouflage extra weight and width—add to the illusion of even height.



Mansco Swimshorts are available in a variety of colorful new patterns and materials, including Hawaiian motifs, geometric patterns and solid colors. Built-in elastic supporters! Quick-drying! Tailored to stand up as well as to flatten!



**Mansco**  
SWIMSHORTS

Tailored by a World-Famous Shirtmaker



*Wing Talk*  
EDITED BY  
FREDERICK R. NEELY

J. C. HOOPER

Chief Pilot Jack Jefford, of Alaska's Civil Aeronautics Administration, stands beside colorful King Chris, his four-year-old DC-3 of all work

## Alaska's Jefford

KING CHRIS is a grand old gal, wearing a man's name. A DC-3 operated by the Civil Aeronautics Administration throughout Alaska, she is a plane with character and distinction. She has sour dough written all over her and when you see her landing among the sleek airliners at Fairbanks you think of Dawson's madam trashing a church social. She radiates color and ruggedness and so does her pilot, Jack Jefford.

Their big job is to patrol the Federal Airways of Alaska to keep them in constant working order. In view or concurrent with this never-ending flying schedule they have established a network of fuel fields and weather and radio stations scattered over the Territory. And just as quickly as the cabin can be shovelled out, it is converted into a flying ambulance for ill and injured CAA workers and their expectant wives. Or they deliver groceries on the wing, tossing them out to marooned outposts, or they're flying supplies and grain and general truck as they did for the construction of a landing strip at Seward on the River Yentna. Through her extra large cabin door has passed everything from a head of lettuce for a lonely airways keeper to a Taylorcraft personal plane. And this special door has won for her the added designation of DC-3(B) (meaning big door). Yes, she's had some fun in it—a stock model Dizzy-3, to be modest about it.

The old gal—she's only four but has lived fast and dangerously—got her name from CAA pilots and mechanics in Alaska as a tribute and token of affection for a big, blendable love guy who went up from the States several years ago to supervise laying out the Alaska airways. Captain Lample has been building airways for the CAA and its predecessor agencies for nearly 20 years and he has tramped and flown the nation, selecting sites for beacon lights, radio stations and emergency landing fields. He was no tenderfoot when he took on Alaska, and his industry, resourcefulness and ability won him loyal hard workers and friends. So when the shiny DC-3 showed up for

duty, they christened her King Chris and turned her over to Jack Jefford.

Jack is now a reformer bush pilot; he no longer flies by the seat of his pants but by radio and instruments, and while the great Alaskan pilots of yesterday will live forever in Alaska's legend, Jack Jefford and King Chris are the new heroes of the modernized modern man. Jack landed in Nome in the summer of 1937 after a career in his native Nebraska which included flying, operating a tractor and a cement mixer. He was born in McGraw in 1910 and began flying in 1929. For a while he operated a flying service in Broken Bow, but then closed it down to go to college.

In Alaska he quickly fitted into the life and times of a bush pilot. This called for such varied operations as flying a load of dynamite to a mine and carrying in his lap the percussion caps he was ready to toss out the window if it looked like a bad landing; or aiming fifty pounds of frozen meat at the rear of a team of caribou on a meadow; or racing for falling pine cones in the wilderness; or making mercy flights and stock races; or occasionally shooting a wolf from the air, then landing to collect the pelt.

In 1939 the CAA sent Marshall C. Hopkins up from Washington to put Alaskan flying on a systematic, modern basis. Hopkins' idea was to "decimate" a lot with a little, quickly, to decide it was smarter to trap and convert a few heathen airmen than to train "outside" pilots to meet Arctic problems, and one spring morning of 1940, he found Jack Jefford in his trap. Hopkins has since gone both commercial and native and is now president of Alaska Airlines, which includes the蚊子airline of the Territory, on schedules, with DC-3 "Starliners," carrying stewardesses and serving meals afloat. He announces his company is equipped "to serve all transportation needs—main line and feeders; float, skis and wheels!"

Early in Jack's career as a CAA airman, he laid the cornerstone of a legendary Jefford monument that is still rising in Alaska.

He was inspecting a site for a landing strip when a calf gave way and his forehead was badly gashed. Holding up the loose flesh to clear his eyes, Jack stumbled to his plane, got into the plane and stammered for a doctor to meet the pilot, adding he was "flying in an open cockpit."

The doctor's first shock came when he realized the injured man was also the pilot. His second shock came a couple of hours later when he dropped in the town saloon, looked in the back bar mirror and saw his bandaged patient's reflection.

"I was hungry," Jack said by way of explanation. "I had a sandwich, then I ordered, 'and started for a beer; saw this bar, concluded that a drink was the very thing I needed and . . ."

"Probably was," the doc interrupted. "Down it, I'll buy you a lunch and then you go to bed."

Jack and King Chris are tops on the Point Barrow totem pole of honor. The citizens of this farthest northern community in the United States never will forget them for making it possible for the last ship to get up there with the winter's supplies, in September 1943. They helped him in arriving at a schedule behind schedule and hauled at going all the way up to Point Barrow because he just knew the ice was coming in rapidly and he'd never make it. Jack was more optimistic but the captain's judgment held fast. Thoughts ran through Jack's mind of what would happen to Point Barrow if the ship did not get in; the population would have to be evacuated by air or kept supplied with food by plane, but there

were heavier supplies and in greater quantities than the ship just had to deliver. So Jack talked the captain into getting into King Chris to see for himself. They flew him up to Point Barrow, a distance of 300 miles apart from Kotzebue, then out to sea, finally landing in the old man that he could make it. And he did.

Jack also has had some embarrassing moments. It was early in the war and a rumor spread that a Jap task force of two battleships and some destroyers was on the loose in the Gulf of Alaska. Locating it promptly was impossible and Jack saw his duty and responsibility to do it. He did it, though, and while he was speculating whether high altitude or surface flying offered the best chance for a quick getaway, he spotted the task force—two large and several small American fishing boats.

Jack has a mustache and he almost lost it when again he saw his duty and tried to do it—this time to save a woman from a burning building at Nome. Jack and Bill Hanson—King Chris' copilot—were enjoying a little drink after a bit of winter freighting to Point Barrow when the woman was brought into the building just as the roof fell in. Presently he crawled out and Bill grabbed him, wrapped him in blankets and used several rolls of gauze to bandage an arm. Then he made Jack stay quiet on account of shock, until the doctor came. The doctor found no sign of shock and the burns were treated with a tiny spot on one thumb. So Jack and his copilot went back and finished their drink.

FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE



## The World's Greatest Splash

Continued from page 24

During a stroll one could have a free look at Charles Dickens' whiskers or Boss Tweed's diamond-studded collar—either boyish or somber-sighed—not screaming—at a close-up of Mrs. Sigourney, the great American poetess, or tittered at Jacques Offenbach, the strictly nonjazz composer, who confessed that he was afraid of the peddlers.

The town's big hotels were the setting for the most glittering parties of the season. General Williams, proprietor of the Contract House, advertised his hostelry as the headquarters for "princes, dukes, marquises, counts and lords." A specialty at the International was a brass band that brayed deafeningly throughout two hours of dinner, with diverted waiters and waitresses with the brass leaders signed—with tenor chords.

There were the socialites, the millionaires, the climbers and the eminent of all trades. And everywhere, from big hotels to down-at-the-heels boardinghouses, were schools of honeymooners.

Among such confusions it wouldn't be

reasonable to think that cabbies, guides, souvenir vendors, sideshow entrepreneurs and similar wagons might neglect their opportunity, and they didn't. Beginning at approximately the instant a visitor's foot touched Niagara soil, and ending only with its final contact, the boys were up and at 'em. The ease with which the pilgrims fell for the corniest of wiles almost embarrassed the guides.

There were other, more alarming, manifestations. Normal-enough people, suffering merely from publicity shock and excitement, developed seizures and had visions in the presence of the falls. Folks sometimes arrived in town in such a state they could hardly bring themselves to look at the catastrophe. A European who had journeyed 3,000 miles for that purpose stopped dead in his tracks at the first distant sound of the water, spun around and made for the railway station, getting out of town on the next train.

Of course nothing short of martial law

# JUNE is an important month for you!



**JUNE**—month of brides and roses—is also a vitally important month for thousands of young men this year. Here's the reason:

By enlisting in the Regular Army before July 1, 1946, you can assure yourself of two big benefits.

The first is family allowances for your dependents. Under the present law, such allowances will be paid for the support of your dependents throughout the term of your enlistment, provided you enlist before July 1, 1946.

The second advantage applies to men physically and mentally qualified who are now in the Army or who have been recently discharged. Up to June 30, 1946, you can rejoin the Army within 90 days after honorable discharge, and be enlisted in the grade you held when discharged.

Act now, before June passes! Get full information at your nearest U.S. Army Recruiting Station.

### Highlights of the Armed Forces Voluntary Recruitment Act

1. Enlistments for 1½, 2 & 3 years. (One-year enlistments permitted for men who have been in the Army six months.)
2. Enlistment age from 18 to 34 years inclusive (17 with parents' consent) except for the Regular Army which may recruit at any age, and former service men depending on length of service.
3. An increase in the resumelment bonus to \$100 for each year of active service since such men last enlisted and last entry into service, provided resumelment is within 90 days after last honorable discharge.
4. Up to 90 days' pay furnished, depending on the grade, plus travel paid to home and return, for men who resumel within the prescribed time.
5. A thirty-day furlough each year with full pay.
6. Muster-out pay (based upon length of service) to all men who are discharged to resign.
7. Option to retire at half pay for the rest of your life after 20 years' service—increasing to three-quarters of pay after 30 years' service. All previous active federal military service counts toward retirement.
8. Benefits under the GI Bill of Rights for men who enlist before October 1, 1946.
9. Family allowances for the term of enlistment for dependents of men who enlist or resign before July 1, 1946.
10. Choices of branch of service and overseas assignment of those still open for recruitment.
11. Reserve and A. U. S. commissioned officers released from active duty may be resumel in Grade 3 (Master Sergeant) and retain their rank and compensation, provided they resumel within the prescribed time.

## Enlist Now!

A GOOD JOB FOR YOU  
**U. S. Army**  
CHOOSE THIS  
FINE PROFESSION NOW!

*Tried a  
Southern Comfort Daiquiri?*

One calls for two—but—Only Two, Remember. No Glasses. With Ask for Three. To four ounces of Southern Comfort add the juice of ½ lime. No sugar. Shake well with cracked ice. Equally delicious are the recipes in the booklet on the bottle. Others on request.

100 PROOF LIQUEUR



FROM THE CINCINNATI & CLEVELAND PRESS: The Great Mississippi Downfall Race

*There's Only One  
SOUTHERN COMFORT*  
*America's Most Versatile Drink*

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

IT'S ALWAYS GOOD GOING WITH A

GLADDING  
FISHING LINE



OTHER  
FAMOUS GLADDING LINES

Coupland

Ripple

Trans-L-Crest

Vertical Link

Invisilink

(Silk or Nylon)

Dowfloss

Marine

Ribbon

Coupland

Glasgow

Excelsior

Douglas

Caroline

Cerney

Saxon

Osticlic

BAIT  
CASTING

SALT WATER  
LINES (Hemp)

ALL PURPOSE  
LINES

FLY LINES

LINE

Established 1816

BUILT TO HOLD THE BIG ONES

Depend on Gladding to help make every cast count during your precious vacation.

The Invincible is light, yet tough enough to hold fighting fish weighing far more than the test of the line. It's easy to handle, because it's precision-braided for uniformity and permanently waterproofed. And Invincible is so durable it often stays strong and lively through several seasons of hard use.

No wonder many experts use Gladding Lines in landing record catches—year after year. Whether you fish in lakes, streams or the sea, there's a Gladding Line that's just right for you. Ask your dealer . . . today!

FREE — An attractive descriptive folder on fishing lines.

Write today to Box 16-G

B. F. GLADDING & CO., INC.

Line up with Gladding

SOUTH OTSEKIC • NEW YORK

could have held back the concession ladies and plot owners near the rapids and catawicks, and it was inevitable that they would overplay their hands. They put up toll gates, false fronts and barriers until they had literally cornered the Niagara landscape. Not long ago American households in an American city, remained where one could see the falls without paying a cent. People who didn't know their way through this maze, or whose sales resistance was softer than armor plate, frequently went broke before they got to a vantage point, and left without seeing the falls.

Nowhere else in America, except in major ports, Niagara had become a bit of a gyp joint, and the grifters were not the only offenders. Property owners had messaged up the scene with billboards, laundries, stables, boardinghouses and swamplands. The hottest social parties and the most giddy, gay, carefree parties were held elsewhere.

Squawks arose, and demands for a cleanup. Newspapers and civic groups joined the protest, which spread all over the country, to Europe and to South America. Finally the pressure got too tough for the operators to stand. They lost more than \$1,500,000 on the American side and much less on the Canadian—the only real money ever spent to help the falls—their shores were swept almost clean. Nor was anything thought up to take the place of the departed amusements. Sure it was all Canadian nonsense, but it was also a colorful and mob-purified reason why people went to Niagara and stayed as long as they could.

Not all the old-time fun had a land base. For their own amusement and to give visitors a thrill, the natives once sent a full-size schooner over the Horseshoe falls. A small boat was used to bring the boat down, and the presence on the ship's deck of a group of terrified animals as passengers. Two bears broke loose and swam ashore, but the rest—another bear, a buffalo, two foxes, a raccoon, a dog, a cat, and four geese—went—when the ship swung into the very center of the great Horseshoe—and over.

Wire Fishing Provides Thrills

There was Sam Patch, a New England millworker turned high diver, who rigged a 100-foot tower of ladders and jumped from the top into the bottom of the gorge. There was a whole series of shows staged on slack and tight wires stretched 1,200 feet or more between the American and Canadian shores. The famous Blondin crossed with his head and arms in a sack, and the daredevil Patchie, who stood on his head, carried his business apert on his back, and a cookstove on which he made an omelet over the center of the chasm. He crossed at night guided by locomotive headlights, one of which went out while he was halfway over, made the trip buckward, blindfolded, with baskets on his head, and when he reached the end, stuck himself into a burning pole, on stilts.

Former performers even included a woman, but of all of them it was a rank amateur who turned up with the unique act. He was Steve Peete, a house painter who was washed over the falls and helped by theайлormen. Getting him comfortably tight one night, Steve went down to the river and, without shifting from his thick-soled boots, stepped out onto the invisible, swaying three-quarter-inch wire. Sure-footed as a goat in the darkness he made his way across the gorge, never toppling until he reached the stable anchorage on the other side, whereupon he found his body the next morning.

Captain Matthew Webb, world's champion swimmer and the only one to cross the English Channel, was drowned before a big crowd when he tried to swim through the gorge and whirled about by the currents. Philadelphia cooper, started a procession of gorilla-riders who went through the lower rapids and whirlpool inside of barrels and one-man boats. Women ignored the injuries and drownings to join the daredevils and did all right at it. And just when the voyage was at its height, another woman came and plot owners near the rapids and catawicks, and it was inevitable that they would overplay their hands. They put up toll gates, false fronts and barriers until they had literally cornered the Niagara landscape. Not long ago American households in an American city, remained where one could see the falls without paying a cent. People who didn't know their way through this maze, or whose sales resistance was softer than armor plate, frequently went broke before they got to a vantage point, and left without seeing the falls.

nowhere else in America, except in major ports, Niagara had become a bit of a gyp joint, and the grifters were not the only offenders. Property owners had messaged up the scene with billboards, laundries, stables, boardinghouses and swamplands. The hottest social parties and the most giddy, gay, carefree parties were held elsewhere.

Sam Lussier, a factory worker, built a wooden boat in which he used to row across the falls, the police and coast guard without mishap other than a few cuts and bruises. What he thought of it, however, was indicated by his terms for a repeat performance: \$300,000 cash and expenses. Again the fun at the falls, deadly but a great crowd-diverting, came to an end.

Ice Bridge a Pleasure Ground

Then there was a winter sport that shouds used to take part in—the mermaking along the "bridge" that ice jams formed between the Canadian shore and thence the quarter mile of queer gully hills and valleys between the shores, and the souvenir, quick-lunch and other businesses set up their stands and shacks on the ice mounds. In some of these it was possible to obtain an antidote for chills, and bootleggers also were on hand.

There was a winter sport that shouds used to take part in—the mermaking along the "bridge" that ice jams formed between the Canadian shore and thence the quarter mile of queer gully hills and valleys between the shores, and the souvenir, quick-lunch and other businesses set up their stands and shacks on the ice mounds. In some of these it was possible to obtain an antidote for chills, and bootleggers also were on hand.

And, suddenly, this highly happy spectacle also had to go—to many drownings and near drownings, they said, when thaws weakened the "bridges." The ice fun went the way of the falls—the gory fun.

Canadian stuff on the bridge, a paradise of society, wealth, the famous and notorious, the throngs of honeymooners.

Here we are back with the birds

and the trees; the falls a flop, nothing for visitors to do, and—though it makes no difference at all—crowds that are just terrific. Why?

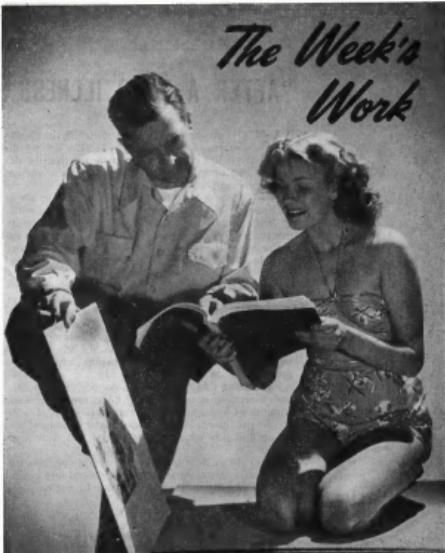
The answer is that as a judge of watery splendor, the great Mr. Wells is a dud, and those falls are pretty wonderful things. Those people massed in Prospect Park are not there because they're half asleep and don't know any other places to go. They're there because they're open air, open air at the vast flood of the American falls taking off into space from almost under their feet.

They're looking, fascinated, at the half mile of green-and-white water that, with its roar, is like the music of the United States—with Canada. They cross, and peer, on the rim of Goat Island and peer down one of those sheer 150-foot walls, over which fall 23,000,000 tons of water every hour. They gaze, hypnotized, upriver at a sky line which cannot be duplicated in this world, a high, raw-edge of waves rearing and surging and coming head on as if an ocean had got loose and were advancing down a tilted world.

And a queer thing, too, is that in those crowds are all the same kinds of people that used to make the scene so fabulous—millionaires and politicians, millionaires and politicians, millionaires and politicians, millionaires and politicians. But now they just don't make any noise about it. Neither they nor anyone else talks about Niagara any more or writes about it or has to do anything at all about it except enjoy it.

THE END

Collier's for June 8, 1945



Artist Wendell Kling and model Vicki Quarles confer on illustrations for *The Long Denial*. Vicki wears the costume you'll see in next week's installment

**Y**OU will note that the illustrations for the Vicki Baum serial, *The Long Denial* (p. 22), show a blonde, a brunette, and a redhead—singer, heroine, and hero, respectively. The artist, Wendell Kling, is pretty proud of the fact that these colorings agree with the original colors of the characters in Miss Baum's story.

Kling is very extra careful about what kind of hair he puts on his ladies' heads since that terrible day not long ago when the heroine of a Collier's story appeared in the first paragraph with short, curly, dark hair and the illustration flaunted a long, straight, blonde bob.

"I can't tell you how it happened," says Kling, "but I know Collier's got hundreds of letters asking if an artist ever reads the story he illustrates. The answer to that is, I certainly do. I practically read the story before I even start a rough sketch."

Besides being one of the country's most successful illustrators, Kling operates two art studios, one in Chicago, with 78 artists, and one in New York, with 30. He and his partners have just completed a major contract for the first ever especially designed for artists, and handily located across from Chez Paris. Kling served in the Army for two years, drawing pictures for the Army Air Forces.

**W**HEN you see a piece in Collier's about birds, bees, scenery, or other nature-y matters, it is very likely to have been written by a city fellow named William Abbott. This week his back-to-nature essay tells you about The World's Greatest Splash, i.e., Niagara Falls (p. 24).

He used to be a city newspaperman like any other, writing up crime, death, destruction and after-dinner speeches, but one day, when he was on a hunting

trip in the Maine woods, a creature flew out of a pine tree and perched on his right foot.

"Up to that instant," he says, "my absorption in ornithological stuff had been no better than normal, if any. So far as I could tell, birds were there that sang, chirped and flew around, usually away. But this thing on my foot, while a bird, was 100 per cent different. It looked like a much-blown-up, rough-plumaged sparrow with a white collar, and it sat looking me dead in the eye. Soon it began pecking at my unbuttoned socks at the base in my boot. In another jiffy it was up and at them. Getting a good grip on a lace, it would tug and jerk, slipping and skidding on the rubber top of the boot. It paid no more attention to the rest of me than if I had gone away, leaving my feet behind."

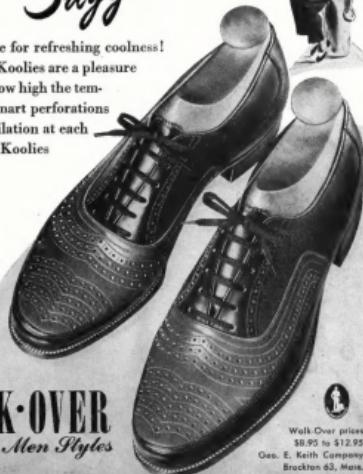
"A light snow had come in the night, and in the lonely stillness of the morning woods, with this 'wild, shy' creature apparently trying to make my boots off, I began to feel as if I were caught in the middle of a Walt Disney picture. And the next morning I found myself having slightly nuts—and not so slightly. Then a fellow hunter came out of the trees and stood grinning. He explained that my chum was a Canada jay and that his lack of fear of humans was one of the well-known mysteries connected with birds."

"Just now I am all out of animals excepting a cat and a horse, but I like them and have had a good many, including birds. Yet I still feel as if something had been put over on me by that Canadian creature."

**This week's cover:** Here artist Francis Chase does his bit for romance, rhyming moon, June and time, and choosing for his setting the subject of Abbott's article, Niagara Falls. . . . A. P.

## Hot Weather Suggestion

- Pick these for refreshing coolness! Walk-Over Koolies are a pleasure no matter how high the temperature. Smart perforations assure ventilation at each step—make Koolies your treat!



Walk-Over prices  
\$6.95 to \$12.95  
Geo. E. Keith Company  
Brooklyn 63, N.Y.

### WALK-OVER *Young Men Styles*

*Sensationally new... Radically different*

#### Hollis Automatic WINDPROOF LIGHTER featuring

*feather-touch action*



Pat. Pend.

\$16 ideal for  
manogramming

THE ONLY LIGHTER OF ITS KIND

Automatic, with unfailing precision . . . windproof with uncanny dependability. Yet, in spite of its revolutionary advances in lighter design and engineering, the HOLLIS AUTOMATIC is as handsome as fine jewelry . . . smartly streamlined, a delight to behold. No protruding parts, no "mechanical look". Light in weight . . . compact. The last word for those who take pride in fine accessories.

#### Absolute Satisfaction Guaranteed!

You need never fear that this new Hollis Automatic is a "lemon" or stays lit only a few moments. If it fails to stay lit within 10 days and your money will be refunded in full. Sorry, no C.O.D.s.

Dealers: Inquiries are invited.



Automatic flint feed

**HOLLIS CO., 11 Commerce St., Newark 2, N. J. Dept. L-2**  
Enclosed \$ ..... for ..... Hollis Automatic  
Windproof Lighters at \$6. I must be completely satisfied or my money will be refunded within 10 days.

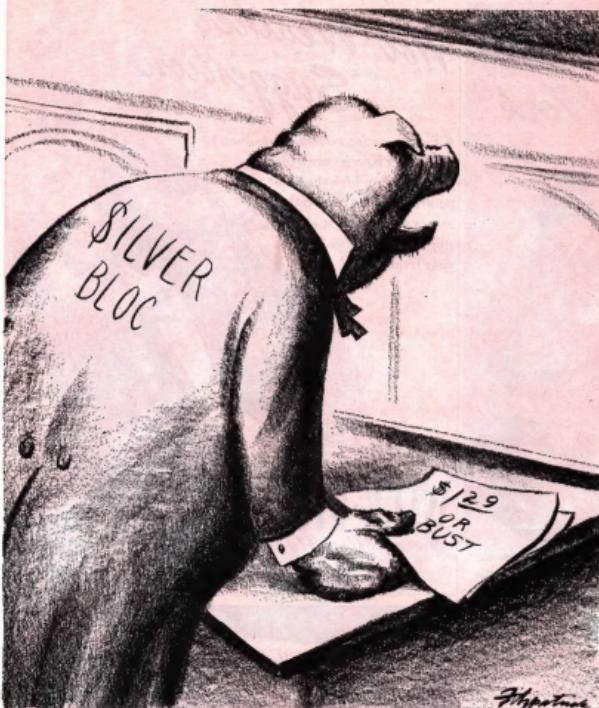
NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

ZONE

STATE



## ON THE PROWL AGAIN

THE silver bloc in the United States Senate is made up of 12 senators from our principal silver-producing Western states. Captain of these lone rangers, whose cry is eternally "Higher silver," is Senator Pat McCarran (Dem., Nev.), a fine fellow in most respects, as are his comrades in the silver bloc.

In respect to silver, however, these gentlemen constitute a prime warning of a danger which constantly threatens any democracy. This danger is that a democratic society such as ours may break down into a conglomeration of highly organized and brutally selfish gangs, each out to get more and more for its own members, with no regard for the welfare of the society as a whole.

The silver bloc long ago lobbied through Congress legislation forcing the U.S. Treasury to buy all silver mined in this country to be fed into their silver reserves. They wanted to keep our total silver reserves to 25 per cent of our total stock in monetary metal, and to sell silver at not less than \$1.29 an ounce. The government now has 225,000,000 ounces of so-called "free silver" soaked away in vaults at West Point.

Yet an acute silver shortage looms. Why? Because the silver bloc is on the prowl again. An effort is being made in Congress to enable the Treasury to sell some of its idle silver at 71 cents an ounce, the wartime price set by the OPA. Our accumulated stock of silver cost an average of 54 cents an ounce in U.S. and world markets. Thus, the 71-cent selling

price would obviously bring the Treasury a nice profit, while making silver available for industrial uses at a reasonable rate.

Those uses are many, especially in the photographic, photoengraving and electrical industries, and in medicine and dentistry. Demand for the year 1946 is estimated at 125,000,000 ounces. Silver is not a luxury metal; it is a necessity. Its luxury employment, chiefly for jewelry and fine tableware, is quantitatively minor.

So-o-o, silver being scarce following the war, and various industries being in urgent need of it, the silver bloc is fighting any and all efforts to bring the price down to a reasonable level. Nor is that all it is doing. It is also fighting to force the Treasury's buying price of all silver up to \$1.29 an ounce.

Its fight is pinching U.S. silver-short industries in two ways. It is keeping industries from getting at U.S. silver at reasonable prices. It is forcing foreign silver producers to hold silver off the U.S. market in the hope that the drive to push the buying price to \$1.29 will succeed. The amount of this held-back foreign silver is estimated at 145,000,000 ounces at this writing, or more than enough to meet estimated 1946 U.S. demand.

And there we have an edifying picture of organized greed in action in a democracy, at a time when said democracy is struggling to escape a runaway inflation and to recover from wartime to peacetime production.

## "AFTER A LONG ILLNESS"

WE GO on reading obituary notices in the papers about people who have died "after a long illness." What this phrase usually means is that the deceased died of cancer. "Long illness" is the ancient press euphemism for cancer.

Isn't it about time to start using plain English in such cases?

Time was when "a long illness" might also signify tuberculosis. That is pretty much out, now. For example, when the noted song writer, Vincent Youmans, died in Denver recently, the press dispatches said frankly that he died of tuberculosis.

There is nothing dignified about cancer, any more than about tuberculosis, or heart trouble or diabetes. By abandoning the hush-hush attitude toward tuberculosis, we contributed materially to the war against that disease. By taking to calling syphilis and gonorrhea by their right names, we brought them into the spotlight of frank discussion, which was a great gain.

The same thing needs to be done about cancer—and especially it needs to be done now, when the American Cancer Society is trying to raise \$12,000,000 for an organized, all-out research and treatment war on affliction which kills some 160,000 Americans a year.

Let's shelf the "long illness" except for those infrequent instances where there are special and cogent reasons why the cause of death should not be made public.

## THE JUDGES AND THE LAW

THE Supreme Court of the United States has been a subject of furious controversy at many points in its history, which began in 1789 with John Jay as first Chief Justice.

During Chief Justice John Marshall's long term (1801-35), the Court was frequently charged with writing into law the business-first principles of Alexander Hamilton which the voters had rejected when they elected Thomas Jefferson President in 1800.

The proselytizing decision in the Dred Scott Case (1857), during Chief Justice Roger B. Taney's term, is credited by many historians with having done as much as any other one thing to bring on the Civil War.

When the early New Deal reform measures took to capsizing one after another in the Supreme Court, the late President Roosevelt went into a historic and sustained rage and declared war on the "nine old men" who he claimed were blocking progress.

With the recent death of Chief Justice Harlan Fiske Stone, popular interest in the Supreme Court has been aroused anew. The question in many people's minds is: Where does the Court go from here?

It is past our power to answer that question. We do not know where, where we hope it goes from here?

In the last few years, the members of the Court have been able lawyers and scholars, but there has been considerable uneasiness as to just how good some of them have been as judges. A few of them have acted from time to time as if they felt it to be their duty to give labor leaders and radicals every possible break, just as Chief Justice Marshall is believed by many to have felt it his duty to give business and employers every possible break.

Neither of these attitudes, it seems to us as non-lawyers, tends to make a man ideal judge. The two qualities a judge most needs, we think, are impartiality and human understanding—the latter to temper the former.

That happens to have been Chief Justice Stone's idea: that the Supreme Court's duty was to ascertain what Congress has enacted rather than what we wish it had enacted," and that the law was "a human institution for human needs."

It is much to be hoped, we believe, that that spirit will enter pretty consistently into the Supreme Court's deliberations and decisions from now on.

## AGOG OVER ALASKA

1 "Seeing totem poles in a big-city museum is interesting," writes a friend of Canadian Club Whisky, "but seeing them in Alaska—whole 'forests' of them—is really impressive. And that's just what I came upon near Ketchikan, right over the threshold of the Territory. These story-telling monuments are so photogenic that it's hard to photograph them without including a camera fan or two."



2 "From my reading, I expected a thrill at the sight of the great Mendenhall Glacier. Even so I was awed. The big Pan American Airways Clipper circled in the picture above gives an idea of Mendenhall's vastness."



3 "Not that Alaska is all ice and snow. Why, way up in Fairbanks—almost in the Arctic Circle—I came upon this garden of giant delphinium. Here, in summer, the sun works almost around the clock."



4 "I'd always thought of Alaska as a primitive, hard-to-reach place—but only 6 hours by Clipper from Seattle, I was riding up the streets of Juneau to the luxury of a fine modern hotel."



5 "And a few moments later in the world-famed bar of that hotel I was enjoying the luxury of a whisky whose distinctive flavor is prized at smart hosteries around the world. Canadian Club!"

\* \* \*

Even these days travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth—often from a cherished pre-war supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popularity?

Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"*Canadian Club*"



Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof



**L.S./M.F.T.**

For your own real deep-down  
smoking enjoyment.. smoke  
that smoke of Fine Tobacco

**LUCKY STRIKE**

